In the dull catalogue of common things
Philosophy will clip an Angel's wings,
Conquer all mysteries by rule and line,
Empty the haunted air, and gnomed mine—
Unweave a rainbow, as it erewhile made
The tender-person'd Lamia melt into a shade.

By her glad Lycius sitting, in chief place, 240 Scarce saw in all the room another face. Till, checking his love trance, a cup he took Full brimm'd, and opposite sent forth a look 'Cross the broad table, to beseech a glance From his old teacher's wrinkled countenance. 245 And pledge him The bald-head philosopher Had fix'd his eye, without a twinkle or stir Full on the alarmed beauty of the bride, Brow-beating her fair form, and troubling her sweet pride. Lycius then press'd her hand, with devout touch, 250 As pale it lay upon the rosy couch 'Twas icy, and the cold ran through his veins; Then sudden it grew hot, and all the pains Of an unnatural heat shot to his heart 'Lamia, what means this? Wherefore dost thou start? Know'st thou that man?" Poor Lamia answer'd not. He gaz'd into her eyes, and not a jot 256 Own'd they the lovelorn piteous appeal More, more he gaz'd his human senses reel

truth. This is fine and good. It is vindicating the greater philosophy of poetry. At the same time, we wish that for the purpose of his story he had not appeared to give into the common-place of supposing that Apollonius's sophistry must always prevail, and that modern experiment has done a deadly thing to poetry by discovering the nature of the rainbow, the air, &o that is to say, that the knowledge of natural history and physics, by shewing us the nature of things, does away the imaginations that once adorned them. This is a condescension to a learned vulgarism, which so excellent a poet as Mr Keats ought not to have made. The world will always have fine poetry, so long as it has events, passions, affections, and a philosophy that sees deeper than this philosophy. There will be a poetry of the heart, as long as there are tears and smiles: there will be a poetry of the imagination as long as the first causes of things remain a mystery."

237 Cancelled readings of the manuscript, 'Destroy' for 'Unweave', and

'once' for 'erewhile'

239 The manuscript reads 'By whom'

243 Cancelled reading, 'ensure' for 'beseech'

246 7 The manuscript reads-

Had got his eve without a twinkle or stir, Fix d on the alarmed Beauty of his Bride

254-5 In the manuscript,

Wherefore dost so start?
Dost know that Man?

# THE COMPLETE WORKS

# JOHN KEATS

IN FIVE VOLUMES

VOL. II

Tis dark the iced gusts still rave and beat: "No dream, alas! alas! and woe is mine!

"Porphyro will leave me here to fade and pine -

"Cruel I what traitor could thee hither bring?

"I curse not, for my heart is lost in thine,

"Though thou forsakest a deceived thing,—
"A dove forlorn and lost with sick unpruned wing"

# XXXVIII.

"My Madeline! sweet dreamer! lovely bride!

"Say, may I be for aye thy vassal blest?

"Thy beauty's shield, heart-shap'd and vermeil dy'd?

"Ah, silver shrine, here will I take my rest

"After so many hours of toil and quest, "A famish'd pilgrim,—sav'd by miracle.

"Though I have found, I will not rob thy nest

"Saving of thy sweet self, if thou think'st well

"To trust, fair Madeline, to no rude infidel

XXXVIII. There is a rejected reading of line 1 in the Looker-Lampson manuscript-

My Madeline ! Dark is this wintry night-

and of line 4

Ah silver shrine by thee will I take rest.

Line 6 originally began with the words 'With tearful', and there are two completed versions-

With features pale and mournful Pilgrim's weeds

and

Pale featured and in weeds of Pilgrimage-

which stands uncancelled. Line 7 was first written thus

I have found, but will not rob thy downy nest!

then

Though I have found I cannot rob thy nest!

and finally the last three lines are left standing thus:

Though I have found but cannot rob thy nest!
Soft Nightingale, I'll keep thee in a cage
To sing to me—but hark! the blinded tempest's rage!

Woodhouse has 'beauty' for 'beauty's' in line 3 The inverted commas are closed at the end of the stanza by Woodhouse, and in Keats's edition. Hunt says, "With what a pretty wiful conceit the costume of the poem is kept up in the third line about the shield! The poet knew when to introduce apparent trifles forbidden to those who are void of real passion, and who, feeling nothing intensely, can intensify nothing"



#### PARTHUMENTA AND PROPERTY PARKS

Regions of peace and everlasting love;
Where happy spirits, crown'd with circlets bright
Of starry beam, and gloriously bedight,
Taste the high joy none but the blest can prove.
There thou or joinest the immortal quire
In melodies that even Heaven fair
Fill with superior bias, or, at desire
Of the omnipotent Father, cleavest the air
On holy message sent—What upleasures higher?

Wherefore does any graef our joy impair?

in line 13. There is nothing to show positively to whose death the post refers, but it seems to me that the somet was the contens of a permuel of the post-mostly published edution of Mrs. Tagho's 'Psycho's and other porms. It is safe to assume in the first place that Keut's familiarity with 'Psycho' was derived, not from the exquants and raw hitle volume prunted for Mrs. Tugho's friends in 1805 and containing 'Psycho' culy, but from either the posthurous quarto of 1811 or one of the octave repress of it. There he would find not only 'Psycho', but a number of lyrics and sometic, including one which, probably invented friends of copied in Assats' writing, had brother theorys transcribed among Kent's fingitive Mrs. Tugho's compositions—a. Jac the posthurous volumes is given the last of writing the property propositions—a. Jac the posthurous volumes is given the last of mrs. Tugho's compositions—a. Jac the posthurous volumes is given the last of perfectly removed before she question that the part of any of the fews of continuous prefetchy removed before she quitted this seems of trial and undering; and her spirit departed to a better state of existence, confiding with heavenly joy in the acceptance and two or of her Redeemer." To this statement he add in verse,

Hen this earth she passed in mortal quies, A short and painful pligrinage, shall we her and surrivon graves, that Lors divine Removed her timely to perpetual biles?—Thou art and lost!—In chasters two gand pure With us still lives thy vitrous mind, and seems A beason for the weary such, to guide Her safely through Affection's warding path, To that stream immation gained by thee!

There resures (regraed W. T) seem to indicate that the dator was William Tighe of Woodstock in the Genary of Kilkenny, who hamself scalinated the Muser", and at whose seat, not at Beanna (fo W., who hamself scalinated the Muser", and at whose seat, not at Beanna (fo W., who hamself scalinated with whom the Hiffs had not been happy, lift. Heavy Taphe does (first heaving, with the property of the spontaneous outcome of numa proof and religons of pays at stricts; and nothing is more inkey than that he wrote it not closing 'Rayche and other Fooms'. Compare the sixer does and its surroundings with the more sparify in 'cherch or picious of sixer descending' from Heaven with the home sparify in 'cherch or picious of sixer descending' from Heaven with the besting of 'Inghes' in the jumpy verses published in 1817 (Volume 1, page 20). Wilkiam Taphe, M.F. for Wickler, published 'Statistical Observations on the County of Kilkenny made in 1800 and 1801 '; and in 1806 'The Plants, a Foom', own work or that of the hold. Read's crimited facility, whether regarding his own work or that of the hold. Read's crimited facility and the control of the page of the part of the



## POSTHUMOUS AND FUGITIVE FORMS.

## SONNET.

OH! how I love, on a fair summer's eve. When streams of light pour down the golden west. And on the balmy zephyrs tranquil rest The silver clouds, far-far away to leave All meaner thoughts, and take a sweet reprieve From little cares , to find, with easy quest, A fragrant wild, with Nature's beauty drest, And there into delight my soul deceive There warm my breast with patriotic lore, Musing on Milton's fate-on Sydney's bier-Till their stern forms before my mind arise; Perhaps on wing of Poesy upsoar, Full often dropping a delicious tear, When some melodious sorrow spells mine eyes.

## SONNET.

BEFORE he went to feed with owls and bats Nebuchadnezzar had an ugly dream, Worse than an Hus'if's when she thinks her cream Made a Naumachia for mice and rats So scared, he sent for that "Good King of Cats" Young Daniel, who soon did pluck away the beam From out his eye, and said he did not deem The sceptre worth a straw-his Cushions old door-mats. A horrid nightmare similar somewhat

First given among the Laterary Remains in the 'Lufe, Letters' &c. (1948), with the date 1816 Woodhouse gives the same incomplete date in his Commonplace book. His only variation of any moment is in the 12th line, which reads

Perhaps on the wing of Poesy upsoar,

in which Keats probably meant the first word to be promounced Praps

In which nexts promony means too may not no to pure mounter a ray.

The sense 'Hefore be went' do. was preserved by Henry Stephens in a little manuscript volume consisting of Keatu's published 'Poems' of 1817 copied out, with the addition of eight progrets please of which is also was cappablished when the volume, written in 1828, came to the surface and addeduces of the associated was published in the second volume of 110st five years ago. The second volume of 110st five prior ago of the American's Centry' (1890); it is doubliess authentic, although poor, obscure, and possibly corrupt in the last time. It probably belongs to the same year as the Cannet Written in Disgust of Valgar Saperstition's, next to which it comes in



## POSTHUMOUS AND FUGITIVE POEMS.

The anxious month, relieved of its pains,
Takes as long-lost right the feel of May;
The eyelids with the passing coolness play
Like rose leaves with the drip of Summer rains.
The calmest thoughts come round us; as of leaves
Budding-fruit ripening in stillness—Autumn suns
Smiling at eve upon the quiet sheaves—
Sweet Sappho's check—a smiling infant's breath—
The gradual sand that through an hour-glass runs—
A wordland rivulet—a Per's drath.

SONNET.

## Written at the end of "The Florre and the Lefe."

THIS pleasant tale is like a little copse: The homed lines do freshly interlace To keep the reader in so sweet a place, So that he here and there full-hearted stops;

and the word 'mouth' is very plainly written instead of 'mouth'. 'The Examiner' reads 'relieving of' | Lerd linghton reads 'relieved from'. Both Woodhoom and lord Houghton read' And' for 'The' at the beguning of line 9, and 'deeping' for 'smoking' in line 12. The word 'relieving' in the extirer version must, I think, have been a sing and not an intentional use of 'relieve's an intransitive with though Keats was perhaps capable of such use in his early string after freshees of excelo.

The youngest he
That sits in shadow of Apollo's tree."

Woodhouse preserved in his Common-place book a zonn\*\*

## CONTESTS OF VOLUME IL

	Page
reface to Valume II by the Editor	tz
amia, Isabella, &c. (yahlished ta 1820)	
Editor's Note before Lamis, Isabella, do.	3
Editor's Kote before Lamia	7
Lamis. Part I	9
Lamia, Part II	21
Elitor's Hete before Imbella	35
Inabella; or, the Pet of Bunil. A Story from Boccaccio	37
Editor's Note before the Eye of St Ages:	51
Tas Eve of St. Agues	63
Editor's Reta before the Odes, &c.	85
Ode to a Rightingale	69
Ode on a Gracian Urn	100
Oda ta Tuyeka	108
Fuscy	109
Ode [ Bards of Passion and of Mirth ]	113
Lives on the Mormaid Tayora	114
Rebin Hood. To a Friend	116
Te Antenn	119
Ode on Melanaholy	131
Editor's Bets before Hyperion	125
Hyperien. Beak I	129
Hyperies. Book II	143
Hyperica. Book III	154
Porthumous and Fugitive Pound	
Editor's Rete before the Porthemore and Fugitive Porms	161
On Death	165
Senset to Byron	165
Sourcet to Chatterton	166
Sonnet to Spenter	186
Wesser, Wine and Starff	167
Ode to Apelle	147
Semest to a Young Lady who sent me a Laurel Orown	189
Нумя во Ародо	180

#### POSTHUMOUS AND PUGITIVE POEMR.

Oh I what a power hath white Simplicity!
What mighty power has this gentle story!
I that for ever feel athurst for glory
Could at this moment be content to he
Meekly upon the grass, as those whose sobbings
Were heard of none beside the mountful robins.

### TWO SONNETS.

1.

To Haydon, with a Sonnet written on seeing the Elein Marbles.

HAYDON I forgive me that I cannot speak
Definitively on these mighty things,
Forgive me that I have not Eagle's wings—
That what I want I know not where to seek:
And think that I would not be over neek.
In rolling out upfollow'd thunderings,
Even to the steep of Heliconian springs,
Were I of ample strength for such a freak—
Think too, that all those numbers should be thine;
Whose else? In this who touch thy vesture's hem?
For when men stard at what was most divine
With browless idiotism—o'erwise phlegm—
With browless idiotism—o'erwise phlegm—

With browless idiotism—o'erwise phlegm—
Thou hadst beheld the Hesperean shine
Of their star in the East, and gone to worship them.

In regard to the subject of the sames to Haydon it will be remembered that the painter had been most energeton in preaching the agepts of the Eigen Marthea, and that his friends claimed for him the distinction of being the first to apply to modern art the "principles" of those immortal works. These two cannots appeared in "The Examines" for the 6th of March 1817, agoed "J K "; but this did not present in Januari limes from letting them do sky for "Original Potty" in the April 1813 with the foll segment the "papeared in The 3 (tinks, seemingly, for April 1813) with the full segment to the papeared in The 3 (tinks, seemingly, for April 1813) with the full segment the "Analy" are propertied "regard extraor leafs made to the supportion that the "Analy" arenty regarded "regarded" or the Diamunes," with slight typographical knity i I do not trace two manuscripts. Lord Registen transposes the two somets, and eliests the beddings exceedingly, reading "indescribable" for "undescribable" in line 10 of the constant on the Marthea, and group inne 12 and 13 of the other than-

With brainless idiotism and o'erwise phlegm, Thou hadst beheld the full Hesperian shine

Both the versions published in Keata's his time read as in the taxt, except that Elmes has 'Hesperian' with as a probably not noting that the accent was to ' read on the third syllable—Hesperian. Haydon appears to have

Posthumous and Fugitive Poems				Page
Sonnet ["As from the darkening gloom"]		•	•	. 170
Stanzas to Miss Wylie	,			. 172
Sonnet ["Oh how I love, on a fair summer's eve"] .		•		. 173
Sonnet ["Before he went to feed with owls and bate"	'1		•	. 173
Sonnet written in Disgust of Vulgar Superstition	-			. 174
Sonnet ["After dark vapors have oppress'd our plains	"]			. 174
Sonnet written at the end of The Floure and the Lefe				. 175
Sonnet to Haydon with the following				. 177
Sonnet on seeing the Elgin Marbles	,			. 178
Sonnet on a Picture of Leander				178
To ["Think not of it, sweet one, so,-"]				179
Lines ["Unfelt, unheard, unseen,"]	,			181
Sonnet on the Sea				182
Sonnet on Leigh Hunt's Poem The Story of Rimini				. 183
On Oxford a Parody				. 184
The Poet a Fragment				185
Modern Love				185
Fragment of "The Castle Builder"				186
A Song of Opposites ["Welcome joy, and welcome son	row.	1		187
Sonnet to a Cat	. ,			189
Lines on seeing a Lock of Milton's Hair .				189
Sonnet on sitting down to read King Lear once again				191
Sonnet ["When I have fears that I may cease to be'				192
Sharing Eve's Apple				193
A Draught of Sunshine ["Hence, Burgundy, Claret,	ınd P	ort."	- 	194
Sonnet to the Nile .		,	•	195
Sonnet to a Lady seen for a few Moments at Vauxha	11			197
Sonnet ["Blue! 'Tis the life of Heaven,"]				198
Sonnet to John Hamilton Reynolds				199
What the Thrush said: Lines from a Letter to John H	amilt	on Re	ynold	
Sonnet—The Human Seasons	•			. 201
Extracts from an Opera				
"O! were I one of the Olympian twelve,".				202
Daisy's Song	•	•	•	202
Folly's Song .				203
Song ["On Stranger lighted from his steed"]			-	. 203
"Asleep! O sleep a little while, white pearl!"				204
Facry Song ["Shed no tear-0 shed no tear!"]			•	. 204
Facry Song ["Ah! woe is me! poor silver-wing!"]				. 205
Sonnet to Homer				. 205
Song ["Spirit here that reignest!"]			-	. 208
Teignmouth "Some Doggerel," zent in a Letter to	BR.	Have	lon	207
The Devon Maid Stanzas sent in a Letter to B. R.	Havd	.on		210

# POSTHIMOID AND PROPERTY POPUS

As if so gentle that we could not see. Untouch'd, a victim of your beauty bright, Sinking away to his young spirit's night,-Sinking bewilder'd mid the dreary sea Tis young Leander toiling to his death .

Nigh swooning, he doth purse his weary hps For Hero's cheek, and smiles against her smile O horrid dream ! see how his body dips

Dead heavy, arms and shoulders gleam awhile He's gone - up bubbles all his amorous breath !

TO \_\_\_\_\_

\*

THINK not of it, sweet one, so ,-Give it not a tear . Sigh thou mayst, and bid it go Any, any where

inserted this sonnet, he also published his own punning verses 'On a Picture of Why. Lover why

Such a Water rover? Would she love thee more For coming half seas over 7 &c.

doubt whether so real an admirer and in some senses disciple of Keats as Hood as would have thought at in good taste to invite a comparison between the flinsy cleverness of these verses and the heart-felt heanty of the sonnet, and I should devenues or uses verses and no near-rest meaning to the source, and a photon explain to myself as an editoral exigency the not over fortunate juxtaposition. Thus, the editor of 'The Gam' and a limed! in possession of a lovely source on a picture, and obtains an engraving of Hero and Leander to insert with it; when the potentia, not compared and apparent of the control of the death of Leander, but his tuccessful landing and reception by Hero, with Cupid flottering above, torch in successful landing and reception by Haro, with Outh finitering above, forch in land, and Herrs statement on the extension statement on the extension and the first land, and Herrs attended on the extension and the control statement of the land of the control statement the publishers cannot storeful the land by a control statement of the land it the print is meant for serious and the verses are not. Save for some such lanston, we could hardly acquit Hood of the imputation of making fun of

is something the same of the value given by Lord Houghton among the Literary be song "think not of it' was given by Lord Houghton among the Literary and it of the value of th manuscript with its crasures. In his Common place book Woodhouse gives

#### Dawlish Fair 215 Fragment of an Ode to Main, written on May Day 1918 216 Aerortio: Georgiana Augusta Keats 216

CONTENTS.

Posthomous and Fagitive Postes Epistle to John Hamilton Beynalis

7.1 Pare

212

217

Bouget on Visiting the Temb of Burns Ker Marille 218 A Song about Myself 220 223

A Galleway Star

224 Sennet to Affer Back Songet written in the Cottage where Burns was born 221 225 Lines written in the Highlands after a Vicit to Burns's Occupy

270 The Cadley Somest on houring the Ray-pire and secing The Stranger played at

231 Isterary StaT. 232 Scanet written upon the Top of Ben Kevis 234

Ben Herter a Dislorpe 235 Translation from a Societ of Rosewi

233 A Prophecy : to George Kents in America Stanza [ In a drear-nighted December ]

213 241 Spenserian Stanza written at the Closs of Capte II. Book v of The

Fatris Ozocza

243 List of Words altered by the Editor so as to consist with Kesta's rais or practice ж3

Who to thy sacred and ennobled hearse Would offer a burnt sacrifice of verse And melody.

10

How heavenward thou soundest,
Live Temple of sweet noise,
And Discord unconfoundest,
Giving Delight new joys,
And Pleasure nobler pinions!
O, where are thy diminions?

15

Lend thine ear

To a young Delian oath,—aye, by thy so il,
By all that from thy mortal lips did roll,
And by the kernel of thine earthly love.
Beauty, in things on earth, and things ab earth, is wear!

20

Hunt's in my possession, I found, in one of there note-books wherein he wrote and re-wrote his poems piecemeal, what seems to be the actual start made by Kents in parsuance of his friend's request. Perhaps that request was accompanied by an encouraging "Hero's a note-book, Keats; fo on!" At all events, here, botween two pages of Hunt's own verzes, are the first seventeen lines of Kenta's poem. In the folio Shakespeare in Sir Charles Dilke's possession the complete poem is written in Keats's autograph; there is another manuscript at the end of the copy of 'Pidymion' mentioned several times in these notes; and a fourth copy occurs in Woodhouse's Common-place book. In the two last-named, the date assigned to the composition is the 21st of January 1818. I presume Lord Houghton gave the poem from the Bailey letter: the variations are inconsiderable. Medwin records in his Lafe of Shelley (Volume II, page 106) the bolief that this peem had appeared in a periodical, though not at that time included in Keats's works. I have not come upon this poem in periodical literature; but Medwin may be right. The draft of the 17 lines commences with a false start, 'Father of', rejected for "Chief of organic numbers". The sixth and seventh lines are clearly meant to read

Ah what a mad endeavour Maketh he ..

but 'mad' is badly written, and 'Maketh' is written 'Macketh' (not 'Worketh'). Of line 12 there is a cancelled reading—

O living fane of Sounds-

which is much better than

Live temple of sweet noise

but had to be rejected on account of the jingle created by 'sounds' and 'soundest'. Line 17 is

Lend thine ear!

closed with a note of exclamation; so that the carrying on the sense to what follows in the text was an afterthought.

20. Lord Houghton reads 'thy' for 'thine'.

22. This line, though in Lord Houghton's editions, is not in either of Charles Dilke's manuscripts.

Adieu I for, once again, the fierce dispute Betwixt damnation and impassion'd clay Must I burn through; once more humbly assay The bitter-sweet of this Shakespearian fruit: Chief Poet! and ye clouds of Albion, Begetters of our deep eternal theme! When through the old oak Forest I am gone, Let me not wander in a barren dream, But, when I am consumed in the fire, Give me new Phoenix wings to fly at my desire.

# SONNET.

WHEN I have fears that I may cease to be Before my pen has glean'd my teeming brain, Before high-piled books, in charactery, Hold like rich garners the full ripen'd grain; When I behold, upon the night's starr'd face, Huge cloudy symbols of a high romance,

passiveness. Nothing is finer for the purposes of great productions than a very gradual ripening of the intellectual powers. As an instance of this—observe—I eat down yesterday to read 'King Lear' once again: the thing appeared to demand the prologue of a sonnet, I wrote it, and began to read-(I know you would like to see it.) "

A copy of the sonnet follows, and then the words, "So you see I am getting at it with a sort of determination and strength ... Bo far as I have ascertained, the first appearance of the sonnet was with this letter, in the 'Life, Letters' &c. (1848), Volume I, pages 96 and 97; but Medwin, in his Life of Shelley (1847, Volume II, page 108) records the belief that the sonnet had already appeared in a periodical Lord Houghton gave the title as above in 1848; and so it stands in both the Dilke manuscripts; but in the Aldine edition of 1876 it is Written before re-reading King Lear. There are several points in which the manuscripts vary from the text as formerly printed; and the readings adopted above are from these manuscripts. The first variation to note is in line 2, where the older versions

Fair plumed Syren! Queen! if far away! Lord Houghton also reads 'volume' for 'pages' in line 4, 'Hell torment' for 'damnation' in line 6, drops the word 'humbly' from line 7, and the hyphen botween 'bitter' and 'sweet' in line 8, and gives line 11 thus-

When I am through the old oak forest gonereading also 'with' for 'in' in line 13: all these readings correspond with the letter to Keats's brothers. Woodhouse reads 'this' for 'our' in line 10; but this reading stands cancelled in one of the Dilko manuscripts. Woodhouse reads 'fly to' for 'fly at' in line 14; but in the margin 'at' is written and signed 'C. B.' -as if Brown meant to answer for the right reading.

The sonnet 'When I have fears,' of which there is a fair manuscript dated 1817 in Sir Charles Dilke's copy of 'Endymion,' was printed among the Literary Comains in the second volume of the 'Life, Letters' &c. (1848). The text as

## PREFACE TO VOLUME IL

The most important sources of new readings and cancelled parages in the present volume are George Kent's little book of habsyrophs and transcripts in the Eritish Museum and Richard Woodkeess a Common-place book of transcripts meatimed at pages ribrir of the Pratice to Valume I of this edition.

Why it has been reggered that the poems in George Kesta's book art in the Autograph of the poet are in that of the spine-lakes it is difficult to imagina. Apart from the early verificials fort that all the size of them are in George Kesta's writing, it is obvious on internal evidence that the hand is that of a man, and of that particular man who signed his same as George Kesta on the first page. The book contains three heliograph poons of Kesta, and mine powers transcribed by George from the power's manuscripts. From the fact that he put the date 1800 order his singulative, it is not very name to dealess that, during the three works which the breithers passed together in January of that year, George get together all be could of John's unpublished work, taking such holographs as were available, and copying from his breither's or Brown a book when so detached copies were at hand. From the almost restic appearance of the little volume, I judge that he get the papers bound together in Kentachy as his return. The lithing is of strong levers leather (cowhide, I should my), rengtly worked; and the book opens heldy. The contexts have already been described in the Perifica to Volume I. It remains to my that the loops pagers have now been faitned in at the end of the book, that the Egerton area have been stranged upon the original recepts over, and that the book to disclailly inverse as Everton Manuscript 27700.

ever, and that the book is efficielly known as Dewton Manuscript 1780.

Weofferen's book of truncripts has been called a Oceanor-place book because it happens that he used for his purpose a back positioned to the Destate it happens that he used for his purpose a back positive for the publication was a quarte values of hank paper with a parised introduction, bound he hower grained cally and it was entitled The Literacy Disary; se, Imperved Oceanor-place Book. The prilimizary scatter consists of an explanatory treating, an antifiguous of the Astrickien of Devesities by Etchep Horne, and an Lader, formed with secontrations, on the colabrated plan of Mr. Lacks. All this machinery was of course wanted in the circumstances of the case; but the book is of good paper, and Woodherns produced very workmedities copies, concerning which much detailed information is contined through the fore-state to the present values. The Common-place book northern transcripts of no fewer than thirty-two minor peens by East, besides those of Installa, The Eve of St. Agrees, and Hyperica.

4.

Will you play once more at nice-cut-core,
For it only will last our youth out,
And we have the prime of the kissing time,
We have not one sweet tooth out.

5.

There's a sigh for yes, and a sigh for no, And a sigh for I can't bear it! O what can be done, shall we stay or run? O cut the sweet apple and share it!

# A DRAUGHT OF SUNSHINE

HENCE Burgundy, Claret, and Port, Away with old Hock and Madeira, Too earthly ye are for my sport; There's a beverage brighter and clearer. Instead of a pitiful rummer, 5 My wine overbrims a whole summer; My bowl is the sky, And I drink at my eye, Till I feel in the brain A Delphian pain— 10 Then follow, my Caius! then follow: On the green of the hill We will drink our fill Of golden sunshine, Till our brains intertwine 15 With the glory and grace of Apollo!

'A Draught of Sunshine' is part of the curious letter to Reynolds belonging to the 31st of January 1818 mentioned in the last foot-note. The present effusion was published in Volume I of the 'Life, Letters', &c. (1848), but omitted from the 'Life and Letters' of 1867 as "a page of doggerel not worth transcription". Nowadays students feel entitled to have even Keats's doggerel, some of which, by the bye, has far less reason (and rhyme too) than the present effusion—to my mind rather a bright and happy specimen, notwithstanding Keats's own plea to his correspondent, "you must forgive all this ranting—but the fact is, I cannot write sense this morning." With the view of giving Reynolds "some sense" nevertheless, he proceeds to copy out his latest sonnet, "When I have fears" &c. To the present fragment I have ventured to add a very obvious title. The British Museum Keats book contains a transcript headed "Song," dated 1818, and ending with line 16. Woodhouse's Common-place book, which at present begins with page 11, the earlier leaves having been cut out, is deprived of the greater part of this poem; but on the

## PUBLISHERS HOTE in explanation of the different types employed.

In order to merent a difficulty that semetimes arises of distinguishing between the anther and the editor, especially when author's sad editor's notes to a text both

eccer, the following then has been adopted. The text of the author and its variants have been printed throughout in old style type, while all notes do saided by the editor have been set in condensed type. It is keped that this impovation will be

found of no small service to the general reader as well as to the student.

MR.-It is a matter of doubt whether some of the titles to the Postkymers and Pugitive Pouns are Kentr's or not. A statement with regard to these will be made to Vol. III.

# LAMIA, ISABELLA, &c.



Of Kentr's third and last book, issued in the summer of 1800, the title-page reads thus:

LAMIA, ISABELLA,

THE EVE OF ST AGNES

OTHER POEMS.

BY JOHN KEATS,

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR TAYLOR AND HESSEY
FLEET STREET
1820.

It is a declaring put by in stert furb boards similar to those of Balyarin, with a backeted Lamia, Backete, for 20. It is consisted of hillettle, reading Bartin, Baltin, Backete, R. 10. It is consisted of hillettle, reading Bartino, Whitefact, title-gap, Abretinewant, and Gentent, and page 1 to 160 including the half-titles to Lamia, Inabella, The Eve of \$2. Agrea, the includinces of Penni, and Reprint. There are had-these in Reman spittal remarks throughout section, recto and rema shifts, (1) Lamia, (2) Labella, (3) Eve of \$8. Agrea, (4) Pecons, and (5) Hyperico. The pages are numbered in the sensi way with Ambie figures; and in Lamia and Hipperin. Lee Purts and Books are sensited at the mane side of the band-line in resident has brint and Books are warned at the mane side of the band-line in resident and then are sight pages of Tryin and Hissey's adventionments beginning with once of Endynam. A large part of the content of the values well exist to the port's mannerings and Professor Boltz (Orivin possesses Richard Woodbesse's Marsacryt Ends Commenpions body, the content of white base largely on the

poems in the 1820 volume In the first place, the following title for it is exercised in pencil on a blank page of the manuscript book

# LAMIA

# Hyperion, a Fragment, ISABELLA

# ST AGNES' EVE.

# and other poems

Each manuscript that I have seen will be found referred to in its place

The Advertizement prefixed to the published volume appears to have been supplied by the publishers. It is dated "Fleet Street, June 26, 1820," and reads

as follows -

"If any apology be thought necessary for the appearance of the unfinished poem of Hyperion, the publishers beg to state that they alone are responsible, as it was printed at their particular request, and contrary to the wish of the author. The poem was intended to have been of equal length with 1 NOVION, but the reception given to that work discouraged the author from proceeding"

In a copy which recently came into the hands of Canon Ainger, Kerts has drawn his pen through and through this advertizement, writing at the head, "I had no part in this, I was ill at the time." The statement about 'Endymion' he has bracketed off from the rest, and beneath it he has written "This is a lie!"

In connexion with this unusual vehemence of expression, it is but fair to mention that the Woodhouse Common-place book, used by the publishers when considering which of Keats's unpublished poems they would issue in 1820, records a vote against 'Hyperion', and the inference is that they were induced by Keats's friends to publish the fragment after all.

The poems which this 1820 volume contains are

Lamia
Isabella
The Eve of St. Agnes
Ode to a Nightingale
Ode on a Grecian Urn
Ode to Psyche
Fancy

Ode ["Bards of Passion"]
Lines on the Mormaid Tavern
Robin Hood
To Autumn
Ode on Melancholy
Hyperion, a Fragment

Leigh Hunt reviewed the book in 'The Indicator' for the 2nd and 9th of August 1820: some of his observations on it are excellent. The whole of them were reprinted in 1883 as an Appendix to the second volume of the Library edition of Keats's Works.

H.BF.



On the 13th of July 1819 Kents wrote to Raynelds that he had proceeded pretty well with Lamia, fixishing the first part, which consists of about lour hundred blace. He adds. I have great hopes of success, because I make use of my judgment more dehierately than I yet have done; but in case of fallers with the world. I shall find my content. Lord Houghton records, on the enthority of Charles Armitage Brown, that Youts wrote it with great care, after much study of Dryden's versification. In Assert Kests wrote to Belley from Winchester mentioning the half-finished Lamin among recent work. On the 5th of September 1819 he wrete to Taylor that he had finished Lauria since finishing the trapedly (Oths the Great). The manuscript from which Lauris was pristed consists of twenty-six leaves, follows follow, generally written upon one side only. It is a contribly finished manuscript, finally revised for the press. The extract from Bartan does not figure in it; but there is the following foot-note on wage 1 :- "The ground work of this story will be found in Burton a Anatomy of Melancholy Part a Sact. a Ment. Let Subs. Let. It was lent to me for use in communion with the Library edition of Easts, having remained in the Taylor family; and it was disposed of by wallin surties at the same time as the meanment; of Endyssies, namely in 1997 (See page 65 of the first volume in the present edition of Keate's works.)

The late Francis Turner Palerays assigned a very kigh place to Lemia among

Kenta's pooms. Is his Golden Treasury selection he mays —
The clear, close marration, and the metre of Lauria, reveal at once the influence of Bryden's Tales: Kests here freely admits the Alexandrine, and the complet-structure is much more marked than in Endymeon or the Epuelles; while he has admirably found and sastained the balance between a blank-verse treatment of the Herois and the spigrammatic form carried to perfection by Pops. A little of the early manuscrim remains but those overdaring strukes of imaginative diction, those spithets jarringly bold or familiar which we find in the valuence of 1817 and 1818, have here given place to the secure and lacid touches of masterly art. Details no kenger urge themselves forward to levish and bewildering profesion: the whole is supreme ever the parts, every word in its place, and yielding its effect in fulness. The rhyme, in Sudymore often fired, is managed with an epulsat case, a Sponserian financy. Lessis layes on my our an echo like the delicate richness of Verril a harameter in the Economics the note of his magical inner sweetness is, in some degree, reached upon a different instrument. I offer this as an illustration, without wining to press for the parallel between the two great Poets; yet we are reminded of Vergil's grand style the exquisite skill with which Lamis's love-eng like that of falence in Enlorue VI, is breaght in without breaking the corrent and continuity of the

The reference given to the passage thus compared points to have 296-300 of Part I :

And as he from one transe was wakening Into another, she began to sing, Happy in beauty, life, and leve, and every thing, A scar of love, too event for earthly lyres. While, like held breath, the stars drew to their positing free.

It is in the passage following, in lines 301 to 321, that the theme of Lauria s song is really so exquisitely narrated—the song final fact given, but the narrator stating of her to the third person what it was that she mag. And this is exactly what Virgil did in that most lovely Eclores in dealing with the story of the trapping of fileman after a debauch and how he was made to sing. The fact that Scylie. comes into his seng and is one of the personages of Endymism lands itself to the expossition that Kenta had really predied by this wonderful lesson in method.

Palgrave says, very happily, that "Lamia is truly Greet in its direct lucidity of phrase, in its touches fresh from Nature, in its descriptive details subordinated to serious human interest. It is Greek also, (though of a lower phase), in its simple sensuousness, which indeed, at times, though rarely, pagees the line of Some writers of modern date have gained the praise of he ng Greek by linguistic turns, quaint archaeological accuracy, or baldness supposed statuesque — Keats cares for none of these things, so far as he is Greek, he is so by birthright, yet, as mere truthful description, nothing, probably, can be found more true to Hellenic life than such a picture as that ... of Corinth at night-fall." (See lines 350 to 361 of Part L) Palgrave adds -

"Lamia is, however, essentially 'romantic' rather than 'classical,'-as the

Ere of St Agnes is a frunk piece of medineval legend

"Poetry more absolutely and triumphantly poetical than there two tales dis play, I know in no literature if the estimate may be hazarded, they appear

to me emphatically the masterpieces among the Poet's longer work"

One need not dispute a claim so well sustained, but it seems to me that in exalting 'Lamia' and 'The Eve of St Agnes' above 'Isabella' and 'Hyperion,' there is danger of giving too much weight to the treatment and not enough to the substance of the several works

H. B F.

## LAMIA.

### PART I.

UPON a time, before the facry broods	
Drove Nymph and Satyr from the prosperous woods,	
Before king Oberon's bright disdem,	
Sceptre, and mantle, clasp'd with dewy gem,	
Frighted away the Dryads and the Fauns	5
From rushes green, and brakes, and cowship'd hwns,	
The ever-smitten Hermes empty left	
His golden throne, bent warm on amorous theft	
From high Olympus had he stolen light,	
On this side of Jove's clouds, to escape the sight	10
Of his great summoner and made retreat	
Into a forest on the shores of Crete.	
For somewhere in that sacred island dwelt	
A nymph, to whom all hoofed Satyrs knelt	
At whose white feet the languid Tritons poured	15
Pearls, while on land they wither'd and adored.	

4. The manageries shows a cancelled reading, sandals for mentle! Ortifs Metamorphoses, as rendered by George Sandyn, the following striking parallel appears (Book I, Kuss 193-5) :-

Fast by the springs where she to bathe was wont,

Our Demi-goda, Hympha, Sylvans, Satyron, Famues. Who haunt cleare oprings, high Mountaines, Woods and Lawses On when since yet we please not to bestow Onleatiall dwellings) must sabrist below

At page 179 of the first volume of this edition of Xesta reasons are given for the suspicion that he read Orid in Sandyr's ventur; and the funguing lines seen to expect that view sensewhat strongly Morsover, in the sixth Book we have the story of the passants of Lycks changed to from for their weekly to Latena, whose After in the middle of a Lake inderes Ovid a margier to sak his Lycian guide a greaties (lines 320-1) ---

Then sakt, if Myseph, or Passe, therein reside, Or recall God. The Lycian thus reply'd.

And in his reply we find Latons, daughter of Owns the Titan, called Titania, a name suggestive of fairy-hand to any English integration, and sufficient to account for the presence of King Oberon in line 3. 15. Osnoslied manuscript roading. And at whose feet

50

And in those meads where sometime she might haunt,
Were strewn rich gifts, unl nown to any Music.
Though Fancy's casket were unlock'd to choose.
Ah, what a world of love was at her feet I
So Hermes thought, and a celestial heat
Burnt from his winged heels to either ear,
That from a whiteness, as the hilly clear,
Blush'd into roses 'mid his golden hair,
Fallen in jealous curls about his shoulders bare

From vale to vale, from wood to wood, he flew, Breathing upon the flowers his passion new, And wound with many a river to its head, 30 To find where this sweet nymph prepard her secret bed In vain, the sweet nymph might nowhere be found, And so he rested, on the lonely ground, Pensive, and full of painful jealousies Of the Wood-Gods, and even the very trees There as he stood, he heard a mournful voice, Such as once heard, in gentle heart, destroys All pain but pity thus the lone voice spake "When from this wreathed tomb shall I awake! "When move in a sweet body fit for life, 40 "And love, and pleasure, and the ruddy strife "Of hearts and lips! Ah, miserable me!" The God, dove-footed, glided silently Round bush and tree, soft-brushing, in his speed, The taller grasses and full-flowering weed, 45 Until he found a palpitating snake, Bright, and cirque-couchant in a dusky brake

She was a gordian shape of dazzling hue, Vermilion-spotted, golden, green, and blue, Strip'd like a zebra, freckled like a pard, Ey'd like a peacock, and all crimson barr'd, And full of silver moons, that, as she breathed, Dissolv'd, or brighter shone, or interwreathed Their lustres with the gloomier tapestries—So rainbow-sided, touch'd with miseries,

<sup>48</sup> Originally, 'Cerulcan spotted'. Leigh Hunt, in his review of the 'Lamia' volume in 'The Indicator,' says of this passage—"The admiration, pity, and horror, to be excited by humanity in a brute shape, were never perhaps called upon by a greater mixture of beauty and deformity than in the picture of this creature. Our pity and suspicions are begged by the first word: the profuse and vital beauties with which she is covered seem proportioned to her misery and natural rights; and lest we should lose sight of them in this gorgeousness, the 'woman's mouth' fills us at once with shuddering and compassion."

Part L

Upon her crest she wore a wannish fire
Sprinkled with stars, like Ariadnes tuar
Her head was serpent, but ah, bitter sweet!
She had a woman's mouth with all its pearls complete!
And for her eyes what could such eyes do there
But weep, and weep, that they were born so fair?

LAWIA.

11

85

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70

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But weep, and weep, that they were born so fair? As Proserpine still weeps for her Sicilian air Her throat was serpent, but the words she spake

Her throat was serpent, but the words she spake Came, as through bubbling boney for Love's sake, And thus while Hermes on his pinions lay

Like a stoop'd falcon ere he takes his prey

"Fair Hermes, crown d with feathers, fluttening light,

"I had a splendid dream of thee last night:
"I saw thee sitting on a throne of gold,

"Among the Gods, upon Olympus old,

"The only sad one for thou didst not hear

"The soft, lute-finger'd Muses chaunting clear "Nor even Apollo when he sang alone,

Deaf to his throbbing throat's long long melodious moan. 73

"I dreamt I saw thee, rob'd in purple flakes,

"Break amorous through the clouds, as morning breaks,

"And, swiftly as a bright Phoebean dart,

"Strike for the Cretan rile; and here thou art!
"Too gentle Hermes, hast thou found the maid?

Whereat the star of Lethe not delay'd

His rosy eloquence, and thus inquired
"Thou smooth hipp'd serpent, surely high inspired!

"Thou beauteous wreath, with melancholy eyes,
"Possess whatever bliss thou canst devise,

"Telling me only where my nymph is fled,—
"Where she doth breathe! "Bright planet, thou hast said,

"Where she doth breathe! "Bright planet, thou hast so Return d the snake, "but seal with onths, fair God!

"I swear said Hermes, "by my serpent rod,
"And by thine eves, and by thy starry crown!
Light flew his earnest words, among the blossoms blown.

Then thus again the brilliance feminine

"Too frail of heart I for this lost nymph of thine,

"Free as the air invisibly she strays

68. The manuscript reads affiver for splendid 78. In the manuscript—

And, swiftly as a mission d phothesn dart, a reading which shifts the accept from the second to the first syllable of the word

93. Oxnorited manuscript reading. Superb of heart!

/	
Crv'd, "Lycius I gentle Lycius ! 2-piersant days "She tasich" the missenseen her numble feet	95
"Leave traces in the grass and flowers sweet,	
"From weary tendrils, and bow'd branches green,	
"She plucks the fruit unseen, she bathes unseen	
"And by my power is her beauty veil'd	100
"To keep it unaffronted, unassail'd	
"By the love-glances of unlovely eyes,	
"Of Satyrs, Fauns, and blear'd Silenus' sighs	
"Pale grew her immortality, for woe	
"Of all these lovers, and she grieved so	105
"I took compassion on her, bade her steep	
"Her hair in weird syrops, that would keep	
"Her loveliness invisible, yet free	
"To wander as she loves, in liberty	
"Thou shalt behold her, Hermes, thou alone,	110
"If thou wilt, as thou swearest, grant my boon!"	
Then, once again, the charmed God began	
An oath, and through the serpent's cars it ran	
Warm, tremulous, devout, psalterian	
Ravish'd, she lifted her Circean head,	115
Blush'd a live damask, and swift-lisping said,	
"I was a woman, let me have once more	
"A woman's shape, and charming as before.	
"I love a youth of Corinth—O the bliss!	
"Give me my woman's form, and place me where he is	120
"Stoop, Hermes, let me breathe upon thy brow,	
"And thou shalt see thy sweet nymph even now"	
The God on half-shut feathers sank screne,	
She breath'd upon his eyes, and swift was seen	
Of both the guarded nymph near-smiling on the green	125
It was no dream, or say a dream it was,	
Real are the dreams of Gods, and smoothly pass	
Their pleasures in a long immortal dream	
One warm, flush'd moment, hovering, it might seem	
Dash'd by the wood-nymph's beauty, so he burn'd,	130
Then, lighting on the printless verdure, turn'd	

104. The manuscript has 'wox' in place of 'grew'
106 In the manuscript, 'bad', not' bade' as in the printed text.
114-16 There is an Alexandrine here in the manuscript—

Warm, tremulous, devout, bright-ton'd, psalterian And the next line is—

Ravish'd she lifted up her circean head,

a reading which, like that of line 78, shifts backwards the accent on the last word but one. Line 116 begins with 'Blush d to live damask'.

123. The manuscript reads 'sunk' for 'sank'.

	11
To the swoon d striperial floor of clay Policiate, but to proof the lythe on the North So done, upon the nymph his eyes he bent Full of adoring tears and blandishment, And towards her stept she, like a moon in wane, Faded before him, cower'd, nor could restrain	125
Her fearful sols, self folding like a flower That feants into itself at evening hour But the God fostering her chilled hand, She felt the warmth, her eyelids open d bland, And, like new flowers at morning song of bees, Bloom d, and gave up her honey to the lees. Into the green recessed woods they flow; Nor grew they pale, as mortal lovers do.	110
Left to herself, the serpent now began To change her elfin blood in madness ran, Her mouth foam d, and the grass, therewith besprent, Wither'd at dew so sweet and vurilent;	
Her eyes in torture fix'd, and anguish drear Hot, glaz'd, and wide, with lid lashes all sear	150
Flash'd phosphor and sharp sparks, without one cooling.  The colours all inflam d throughout her train,  She writh'd about, convuls'd with scarlet pain	tear
A deep volcanian yellow took the place Of all her milder mooned body's grace; And, as the lava ravishes the mead,	155
Spoilt all her silver mail, and golden brede; Made gloom of all her frecklings, streaks and bars,	
Echps'd her crescents, and lick'd up her stars So that, in moments few she was undrest	150

Of all her sapphires, greens, and amethyst,
And rublous-argent: of all these bereft,
Nothing but pain and ugliness were left.
Still shome her crown; that vanish'd, also she
Melted and disappear'd as suddenly;
And in the arr her new voice luting soft.

132. The measurable reads languous arm

13.2. List subsective room sungines and the like flowers, the consideration of the considerat

And her new voice, softlining in the air Cried Lycks I gentle Lycius, where, ah where ! Cry'd, "Lycius I gentle Lycius L2-Fisorne aloft
With the ought mists about the mountains hoar
These words dissolv'd Crete's forests heard no more. 170

Whither fled Lamia, now a lady bright, A full-born beauty new and exquisite? She fled into that valley they pass o'er Who go to Corinth from Cenchreas' shore, And rested at the foot of those wild hills, 175 The rugged founts of the Peræan rills, And of that other ridge whose barren back Stretches, with all its mist and cloudy rack, South-westward to Cleone There she stood About a young bird's flutter from a wood, 180 Fair, on a sloping green of mossy tread, By a clear pool, wherein she passioned To see herself escap'd from so sore ills, While her robes flaunted with the daffodils

Ah, happy Lycius!—for she was a maid

More beautiful than ever twisted braid,
Or sigh'd, or blush'd, or on spring-flowered lea

Spread a green kirtle to the minstrelsy
A virgin purest lipp'd, yet in the lore
Of love deep learned to the red heart's core
Not one hour old, yet of sciential brain
To unperplex bliss from its neighbour pain,
Define their pettish limits, and estrange
Their points of contact, and swift counterchange,
Intrigue with the specious chaos, and dispart

185

171-2 In the manuscript, according to a good practical method Keats had in such cases, the note of interrogation is after 'Lamia', and a full stop at 'exquisite'

173-4. The manuscript reads

She fled into that valley they must pass Who go from Corinth out to Cencreas,

another instance of change for the sake of altering the accent. There is yet another instance in line 176, which stands thus in the manuscript.

The rugged paps of little Perea's rills,

though here there is an additional and perhaps stronger reason for the change 182. See note to 'Endymion,' Book I, line 248.

185 The manuscript has three lines in place of this one—

Ah! never heard of, delight never known Save of one happy mortal! only one,—Lycius the happy for she was a Maid

192 In the manuscript, 'her' for 'its'.

om

Its most ambiguous occids floor of clay.
As though in Cupid's college she's appear Sweet days a lovely graduate, still unshent, And kept his rosy terms in idle languishment. Why this fair creature chose so faculy

By the wayside to linger we shall see But first 'tis fit to tell how she could muse And dream, when in the serpent prison house, Of all she list, strange or magnificent How ever where she will'd, her spirit went 205 Whether to faint Elysium, or where Down through tress-lifting waves the Nereids fair Wind into Thens' bower by many a pearly stair Or where God Bacchus drains his cups divine, Stretch d out, at ease, beneath a glutinous pine; 200 Or where in Pluto's gardens palatine Mulciber's columns gleam in far piazzian line. And sometimes into cities she would send Her dream, with feast and noting to blend; And once, while among mortals dreaming thus, 915 She saw the young Connthian Lycius Character foremost in the envious race. Like a young Jove with calm uneager face, And fell into a swooning love of him. 720 Now on the moth time of that evening dim He would return that way as well she knew To Corinth from the shore, for freshly blew The eastern soft wind, and his galley now Grated the quaystones with her brazen prow In port Cenchreas, from Egina isla-275 Fresh anchord: whither he had been awhile To sacrifice to Jove, whose temple there Waits with high marble doors for blood and incense rare. Jove heard his yows, and better'd his desire For by some freakful chance he made retire 230 From his companions, and set forth to walk, Perhaps grown wearied of their Corinth talk Over the solitary hills he fared,

ISE Compare with this line Tempora's now constantly quoted phrase, sweet girl-graduates, in the Prologue to The Princess. \$12. The words far Plantian line were written in the first instance; but for was struck out in favour of long. As for stands in the first edition, I presume Xests restored it on reconsideration. 225. Originally In harbour Cencress altered with the same result as

regards the accept as in line 174.

190. The manuscript reads. Their for Its

Serid, "Lycius I gentle Lycus Latar appeared	
His phantasy where reason fades,	235
In the calm'd twilight of Platonic shades	
Lamia beheld him coming, near, more near-	
Close to her passing, in indifference drear,	
His silent sandals swept the mossy green,	
So neighbour'd to him, and yet so unseen	210
She stood he pass'd, shut up in my steries,	
His mind wrapp'd like his mantle, while her eyes	
Follow'd his steps, and her neck regal white	
Turn'd-syllabling thus, "Ah, Lycius bright,	
"And will you leave me on the hills alone?	225
"Lycius, look back! and be some pity shown"	
He did, not with cold wonder fearingly,	
But Orpheus-like at an Eurydice,	
For so delicious were the words she sung,	
It seem'd he had lov'd them a whole summer long	250
And soon his eyes had drunk her beauty up,	
Leaving no drop in the bewildering cup,	
And still the cup was full,—while he, afraid	
Lest she should vanish ere his lip had paid	
Due adoration, thus began to adore,	255
Her soft look growing coy, she saw his chain so sure	
"Leave thee alone! Look back! Ah, Goddess, see	
"Whether my eyes can ever turn from thee!	
"For pity do not this sad heart belie-	
"Even as thou vanishest so shall I die	260
"Stay! though a Naiad of the rivers, stay!	
"To thy far wishes will thy streams obey	
"Stay! though the greenest woods be thy domain,	
"Alone they can drink up the morning rain	
"Though a descended Pleiad, will not one	265
"Of thine harmonious sisters keep in tune	
"Thy spheres, and as thy silver prove shine?	
"So sweetly to these ravish'd ears of mine	
"Came thy sweet greeting, that if thou shouldst fade	
"Thy memory will waste me to a shade —	270
"For pity do not melt!"—"If I should stay,"	

Thou to Elysium gone, here for the vultures I

The suppositions of Lycius as to who the fair apparition may be recall curiously the surmises of Endymion concerning his mistress's identity. See Book II, lines 689-96

270 'Thy memory', the reading of the first edition, is also the original reading of the manuscript, where however the words are altered to 'Their

memories'

<sup>236</sup> The manuscript reads 'platonian shades'
260 After this line, the manuscript has an additional one, an Alexandrine—

273

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m

275

315

310

Said Lamia, "here, upon this floor of clay "And pain my steps upon these flowers too rough. "What canst thou say or do of charm enough

"To dull the nice remembrance of my home? "Thou canst got ask me with thee here to roam

"Over these hills and vales, where no toy is .--

"Empty of immortality and bliss !

"Thou art a scholar Lycius, and must know

"That finer spirits cannot breathe below

"In human climes, and live Alas! poor youth. "What taste of purer air hast thou to soothe

"My essence? What serener palaces,

"Where I may all my many senses please, "And by mysterious sleights a hundred thirsts appeare? 255

"It cannot be-Adieu ! So said, she rose

Tiptoe with white arms spread. He, sick to lose

The amorous promise of her lone complain.

Swoon'd, murmuring of love, and pale with pain.

The cruel lady without any show Of sorrow for her tender favourite's woe,

But rather if her eyes could brighter be,

With brighter eyes and slow amenity Put her new lips to his, and gave afresh The life she had so tangled in her mesh

And as he from one trance was wakening

Into another she began to sing Happy in beauty life, and love, and every thing A song of love, too sweet for earthly lyres,

While, like held breath, the stars drew in their panting fires. And then she whisper'd in such trembling tone,

As those who, safe together met alone For the first time through many anguish d days, Use other speech than looks ; bidding him raise

His drooping head, and clear his soul of doubt. For that she was a woman, and without

Any more subtle fluid in her veins Than throbbing blood, and that the self-same pains

Inhabited her frail strung heart as his.

And next she wonder'd how his eyes could miss

Her face so long in Corinth, where, she said. She dwelt but half rethrd, and there had led Days happy as the gold coin could invent

\$72. In the measurement the word here does not cooke in this line. \$87 Alternative readings of the manuscript, Tip-toe with white spread and On tiptoe with white arms

303. The manuscript reads though for through 508. Osmosiled measurement reading. Then throbbed in his

3

Without the aid of love, yet in content Till she saw him, as once she pass'd him by, Where 'gainst a column he leant'thoughtfully At Venus' temple porch, 'mid baskets heap'd	315
Of amorous herbs and flowers, newly reap'd Late on that eve, as 'twas the night before The Adoman feast, whereof she saw no more, But wept alone those days, for why should she adore? Lycius from death awoke into amaze,	320
To see her still, and singing so sweet lays, Then from amaze into delight he fell To hear her whisper woman's lore so well, And every word she spake entic'd him on To unperplex'd delight and pleasure known.	325
Let the mad poets say whate'er they please Of the sweets of Faeries, Peris, Goddesses, There is not such a treat among them all, Haunters of cavern, lake, and waterfall, As a real woman, lineal indeed	330
From Pyrrha's pebbles or old Adam's seed Thus gentle Lamia judg'd, and judg'd aright, That Lycius could not love in half a fright, So threw the goddess off, and won his heart More pleasantly by playing woman's part, With no more awe than what her beauty gave,	335
That, while it smote, still guaranteed to save Lycius to all made eloquent reply, Marrying to every word a twinborn sigh, And last, pointing to Corinth, ask'd her sweet, If 'twas too far that night for her soft feet	340
The way was short, for Lamia's eagerness Made, by a spell, the triple league decrease To a few paces, not at all surmised By blinded Lycius, so in her comprized They pass'd the city gates, he knew not how, So noiseless, and he never thought to know	3 <del>1</del> 5

320 The manuscript reads 'of which' in place of 'whereof'. 322. In the manuscript—

As men talk in a dream, so Corinth all,

And all her populous streets and temples lewd,

Throughout her palaces imperial,

Lycius from death woke into an amaze 328. Palgrave rightly points to this passage as one which "passes the line taste whilst here also the Perus and Adam touch a dissonant note"

849 Cancelled manuscript reading, 'never car d to know'.

And threw their moving shadows on the walls, Or found them cluster'd in the corne'd shade 300 Of some arch d temple door or dusky colonnade. Muffling his face, of greeting friends in fear Her fingers he press'd hard, as one came near With curl'd gray beard, sharp eyes, and smooth bald crown, Slow-stepp'd, and rob'd in philosophic gown کنز Lycius shrank closer as they met and past, Into his mantle, adding wings to haste, While hurried Lamia trembled "Ah," said he. "Why do you shudder love, so ruefully?

"Why does your tender palm dussolve in dew? -

"I'm wearied, said fair Lamia "tell me who " Is that old man? I cannot bring to mind "His features -Lyclus | wherefore did you blind "Yourself from his quick eyes? Lycius reply'd. "Tis Apollonius sage, my trusty guide

"And good instructor but to-night be seems The ghost of folly haunting my sweet dreams. While yet he spake they had arriv'd before A pillar d porch, with lefty portal door Where hung a silver lamp, whose phosphor glow

LANIA

Mutter'd, like tempest in the distance brew'd, To the wide spreaded night above her towers. Men, women, rich and poor in the cool hours,

Shuffled their sandals o'er the pavement white, Companion'd or alone while many a light Flar'd, here and there, from wealthy festivals,

10

223

270

275

220

Pert L

Reflected in the slabbed steps below Mild as a star in water : for so new And so unsully'd was the marble's hue, And pressing hard her fingers, one came near

363. The maxweelpt reads-

371-3. The manuscript has pray who said why did you so blind ... 377 The closing inverted comme, weating to the first edition, appear in the

man moript. 579. The memescript reads-A royal squared lofty portal door

\$83. This line was originally written thus— And so unsullid was the marble a line.

end efforwards altered to And so unsullid did the marble show

, but either Keats or his publisher gave the preference to the first reading, which is hewever appeared in the first edition with a bismish : the apertrephs and a taken out for the sake of the second reading were not put in again in reverting to the first.

So through the crystal polish, liquid fine, Ran the dark veins, that none but feet divine 325 Could e'er have touch'd there. Sounds Æolian Breath'd from the hinges, as the ample span Of the wide doors disclos'd a place unknown Some time to any, but those two alone, And a few Persian mutes, who that same year 390 Were seen about the markets none knew where They could inhabit, the most curious Were foil'd, who watch'd to trace them to their house And but the flitter-winged verse must tell, For truth's sake, what woe afterwards befel, 395 'Twould humour many a heart to leave them thus, Shut from the busy world of more incredulous

386 The manuscript reads 'coluan'; the first edition 'Æolian'. 393 Originally written—

Who watch'd to maze them home to their house but altered to—

Were foil'd, Who watch'd to maze them to their house and left standing so in the manuscript.

396 In the manuscript, 'close' stands cancelled at the end of this line, 'leave them thus' being substituted.

#### PART II.

LOVE in a hot, with water and a crust, Is-Love, forgive us !-cinders, ashes, dust Love in a palace is perhaps at last More grievous torment than a hermit's fast -That is a doubtful tale from facry land, Hard for the non-elect to understand. Had Lycius hy'd to hand his story down, He might have given the moral a fresh frown. Or clench d it quite but too short was their bliss To breed distrust and hate, that make the soft voice hiss, 10 Besides, there, nightly, with terrific glare, Love, jealous grown of so complete a pair Hover'd and buzz'd his wings, with fearful roar Above the lintel of their chamber door And down the nassage cast a glow upon the floor. 15 For all this came a ruin side by side They were enthroned, in the even tide, Upon a couch, near to a curtaming Whose any texture, from a golden string Floated into the room, and let appear Unveiled the summer heaven, blue and clear

Floated into the room, and let appear Duriell's the summer heaven, blue and clear Betwart two marble abarts—there they reposed, Where use had made it sweet, with eyelds closed, Saving a tythe which love still open kept, That they might see each other while they almost slept When from the slope side of a suburb hill,

10. The manuscript reads maken for make is the late throughton are two haves from a final of Part II of Lania. One page of this fragment lagins with line 20, and each with his 40. Between these three is a cancelled reading of line 23, annely

But left a thought at work in Lychus' head.
Of lines 30 to 35 there are the following residence:

For the first time since that had been his... For the first time since he had harbour'd in That { happy Palace... purple-limed Palace...

Deafening the swallow's twitter, came a thrill	
Of trumpets—Lycius started—the sounds fled,	
But left a thought, a buzzing in his head	
For the first time, since first he harbour'd in	$\mathfrak{A}$
That purple lined palace of sweet sin,	
His spirit pass'd beyond its polden bourn	
Into the noisy world almost forsy orn	
The lady, ever watchful, penetrant,	
Saw this with pain, so arguing a vant	<b>5</b> 5
Of something more, more than her empery	
Of joys, and she began to morn and sigh	
Because he mus'd beyond her, knowing well	
That but a moment's thought is passion's passing bell	
"Why do you sigh, fair creature?" whisper'd he	50
"Why do you think?" return'd she tenderly	
"You have deserted me,—v here am I now?	
"Not in your heart while care weighs on your brox	
"No, no, you have dismiss'd me, and I go	
"From your breast houseless—aye, it must be so"	45
He answer'd, bending to her open eyes,	
Where he was mirror'd small in paradise,	
"My silver planet, both of eve and morn!	
"Why will you plead yourself so sad forlorn,	
"While I am striving how to fill my heart	50

For the first time since he soft harbour d in That purple lined palace of sweet sin Not. His spirit pass d beyond its golden bourne. Into the world. Into  $\left\{\begin{array}{c} the \\ a \end{array}\right\}$  busy world almost foresworn.

In line 34 'Lamia' appears instead of 'The Lady', and line 37 originally began with the words 'Of joys devote to him'. In line 39 we read 'n minute's thought' instead of 'n moment's thought', and line 40 stands

Why do you sigh, fair Lamin? said he

Line 42 has two cancellings, thus-

You have described me, \{ I am a \} ou mould ...

and line 47 appears thus-

Wherein he saw himself in Paradise-

45 In the finished manuscript, this speech has another couplet— Too fond was I believing fancy fed In high deliriums, and blossoms never shed!

49 Kents adopted here, in the manuscript, a pointing neticed before. he placed the note of interrogation at the end of this line, a semi-colon at the end of line 51, and a full stop at the end of line 54. The pointing of the text is from the first edition.

art IL TAWES.

"With deeper crimson, and a double smart? "How to entangle, trammel up and snare "Your soul in mine, and labyrinth you there "Like the hid scent in an unbudded rose? "Aye, a sweet kiss-you see your mighty woes. "My thoughts! shall I unveil them? Listen then! "What mortal hath a prize, that other men "May be confounded and abash'd withal, "But lets it sometimes pace abroad majestical, "And triumph, as in thee I should resoice "Amid the hearse alarm of Counth's voice. "Let my foes choke, and my friends shout afar "While through the thronged streets your bridal car "Wheels round its dazzling spokes. -The lady's cheek Trembled she nothing said, but, rale and meek, Arose and knelt before him, went a rain Of sorrows at his words at last with pain Beseeching him the while his hand she wrung To change his purpose. He thereat was stung Perverse, with stronger fancy to reclaim Her wild and timid nature to his aim Besides, for all his love, in self despite, Against his better self, he took delight Luxurious in her sorrows, soft and new His passion, cruel grown, took on a hue Fierce and sangumeous as twas possible In one whose brow had no dark yeins to swell. Fine was the mitigated fury like Apollo's presence when in act to strike The serpent-Ha, the serpent I certes, she Was none. She burnt, she lov'd the tyranny In the married pt-Thy soul in mine, and labyrinth thee there .... 67 Cancelled manuscript reading, at his purpose for at his words? 81. In the manuscript, furteed of lines 82 to 105, the following originally steed : Became herself a flame—'twas worth an are Of minor joys to revel in such rage. She was persuaded, and she firt the hour When he should make a Bride of his fair Paramour

55

70

73

After the hot(t)est day comes languidest The colour d Eve, half-hidden in the west; So they both look'd, so spake, if breathed sound, That almost ellence is, bath ever found Compare with nature s quiet. Which lov'd most, Which had the weakest, strongest, heart so lost, So rain d, wreck d, destroy d: for certes they Scarcely could tell they could not guess Whether 'twas misery or happiness,

And, all subdu'd, consented to the hour When to the bridal he should lead his paramour. Whispering in midnight silence, said the youth, "Sure some sweet name thou hast, though, by my truth, &

Spells are but made to break Whisper'd the Youth "Sure some sweet name thou hast, though by my truth "I had not ask'd it, ever thinking thee "Not mortal but of heavenly progeny, "As still I do Hast any mortal name? "Tit silver appellation for this dazzling frame? "Or friends, or kinsfolks on the citied Earth, "To share our marriage feast and nuptial mirth?" "I have no friends," said Lamia "as you list "Intrent your many guests" Then all was wist She fell asleep, and Lycius to the Shade Of deep sleep in a moment was betray'd.

The passage beginning at

After the hottest day comes languidest occurs also on one of the leaves in the Houghton collection and shows some

variations, as

The colour d eve, half-lidded in the west-

and again

for certes they

Scarcely could tell if this was misery

In the next line the Houghton fragment has the cancelled reading, 'said then the youth' for 'whisper d the youth', and a little lower down 'As now I do' stands rejected in favour of 'As still I do'. There is also a further varietion of line 89, namely

Of fit sound for this soft ethereal frame.

Lamia's avowal that she had no friends is followed by several cancellings:

"I have no friends" said Lamia as you list Seeing it must be Do with your own

Intrent your many guests. Then all was was [sic] wist She fell asleep, and Lycius to the shade

Of sleep sunk with her \{\begin{array}{l} \text{when} \\ \text{dreaming} \end{array}\) his fancy stray'd

Into a dream Of sleep went

Of deep sleep in a moment was betray'd

Before this was all struck out and remodelled according to the text, Keats cancelled in the finished manuscript from 'as you list', and wrote in

no not one,

My presence in wide Corinth is unknown, and the next six lines as in the text, adding—

With any pleasure on me, summon not Old Apollonius. Lycius ignorant what

Strange thought had led her to an end so blank,

and so on as in the text, lines 103-5

83 In the rewritten version there is the cancelled reading—
When he should to the bridal lead his Paramour.

LAMIA.

95

m

Ø5

100

105

110

115

120

"I have not ask'd it, ever thinking thee

"Not mortal, but of heavenly progeny "As still I do. Hast any mortal name, "Fit appellation for this dazzling frame?

"Or friends or kinsfolk on the cited earth. "To share our marriage feast and nuptial mirth?"

"I have no friends, said Lamia, "no, not one

" My presence in wide Connth hardly known "My parents' bones are in their dusty urns

"Sepulchred, where no kindled incense burns,

"Seeing all their luckless race are dead, save me, "And I neglect the boly rate for thee.

"Even as you list invite your many guests; "But if, as now it seems, your vision rests

"With any pleasure on me, do not bid "Old Apollonius-from him keep me bid.

Lycius, perplex'd at words so blind and blank.

Made close inquiry : from whose touch she shrank, Feigning a sleep ; and he to the doll shade Of deep sleep in a moment was betrav'd.

It was the custom then to bring away The bride from home at blushing shut of day Veil'd, in a charrot, heralded along By strewn flowers, torches, and a marriage song,

With other pageants but this fair unknown Had not a friend. So being left alone,

(Lycius was gone to summon all his kin) And knowing surely she could never win His foolish heart from its mad pompousness,

She set herself, high thoughted, how to dress The misery in fit magnificence.

She did so, but 'us doubtful how and whence Came, and who were her subtle servitors.

About the halls, and to and from the doors, There was a noise of wings, till in short space The glowing banquet-room shope with wide-arched crace.

A haunting music, sole perhaps and lone

89-90. In writing these two lines the second time, Kents inserted the ward offer before appellation and per kinefolks again.

101. Cancelled accelerate rading, from his eye in place of from him

112. Cancelled measurements rading, being for was

121. Cancelled manuscript reading, high-lamp d for glowing 122-4. Hunt notes in The Industry — This is the very enthicesence of the rementic. The passage eccurs in the Houghton fragments, but spens with the transposed wards--

Supportress of the facry-roof, made moan Throughout, as fearful the whole charm might fade. Fresh carved cedar, mimicking a glade 125 Of palm and plantain, met from either side, High in the midst, in honor of the bride Two palms and then two plantains, and so on, From either side their stems branch'd one to one All down the aisled place, and beneath all 130 There ran a stream of lamps straight on from wall to wall So canopy'd, lay an untasted feast Teeming with odours Lamia, regal drest, Silently pac'd about, and as she went, In pale contented sort of discontent, 135 Mission'd her viewless servants to enrich The fretted splendour of each nook and niche Between the tree-stems, marbled plain at first, Came jasper pannels, then, anon, there burst Forth creeping imagery of slighter trees, 140 And with the larger wove in small intricacies

There was also some hesitation as to what line 125 should be.

The carved cedar Sweet cedar carv'd there

Fresh Carved Cedar { spread a minucking a glade

appear successively There is a rejected reading for line 129— On either side a forest they

and another of line 130-

All down the aisled-place—far as the eye could view

133 Cancelled readings of the finished manuscript 'Teeming a perfume', and 'Teeming wing'd odours'

'Teeming wing'd odours'
134-7. In the Houghton fragments, in line 134 'silverly' occurs in place of 'silently', line 135 is wanting, and line 137 stands as follows—

The splendid finish of each nook and niche.

138. Rejected reading of the finished manuscript 'wainscoated' for 'murbled plain'.

140 The Houghton fragment reads thus-

Forth { creeping tenderer } imagery of { slighter tenderer } trees

141-4. In the Houghton fragment, in line 141 'smallest' is cancelled in favour of 'in small,' and between that and line 142 occurs the following passage:

And so till she was sated—then came down

Soft ligh[t]ing { on her head o'er her Brows } a brilliant crown

Wreathed turban { wise like } of tender wannish fire And sprinkled o'er with stars like Ariadne's tiar

The close of line 144 shows no fewer than four readings rejected in favour of 'revels rude', namely 'woeful time', 'woeful day', 'time of woe', and 'day of woe', each of which, preferable in itself to the reading adopted, must have had to give place on account of the exigencies of rhyme

LANCA Part II.

> Approving all, she faded at self will. And shut the chamber up, close, hush d and still. Complete and ready for the revels rude.

1 6 4

150

155

100

170

When dreadful guests would come to spoil her solitude. 165 The day appear d, and all the gossip rout. O senseless Lycrus! Madman! wherefore flout

The silent blessing fate, warm closster'd hours, And show to common eyes these secret bowers? The herd approach d; each guest, with busy brain, Arriving at the portal, gar'd amain, And enter'd marveling for they knew the street. Remember'd it from childhood all complete

Without a gap, yet ne'er before had seen That royal porch, that high built fair demestie; So in they hurned all, mard, curious and keen Save one, who look'd thereon with eve severe. And with calm planted steps walk'd in austere Twas Apollonius something too he laugh'd, As though some knotty problem, that had daft His patient thought, had now begun to thaw And solve and melt -twas just as he foresaw

He met within the murmurous vestibule His young disciple. "Tis no common rule, "Lycrus," said he, "for uninvited guest 165 "To force himself upon you, and infest "With an unbidden presence the bright throng "Of younger friends; yet must I do this wrong "And you forgive me." Lycus blush d, and led

The old man through the inner doors broad spread With reconciling words and courteous mien Turning into sweet milk the sophist's spleen. 145-7 Of this next couplet the received text is a great improvement on the

Houseton draft, which reads The day came soon and all the goodp-rout O sensions Lyclus Dolt | Fool | Madman | Lout |

In the finished measurabt also the words came soon coots, but are struck out in favour of appear'd

160. The manuscript reads The Herd arriv'd the word arriv'd being substituted for came and

152. Cancelled reading of the manuscript, wondring for marvelling 163-72. This passage was an afterthought. The line following 162 in the

manuscript in the first instance was

Of wealthy Lustre was the Banquet room, but this is emcelled, and lines 163-72 are interpolated, first on the back of the preceding page of the measurable, and then rewritten on a separate leaf.

Of wealthy lustre was the banquet-room,	
Fill'd with pervading brilliance and perfume.	
Before each lucid pannel fuming stood	175
A censer fed with myrrh and spiced wood,	
Each by a sacred tripod held aloft,	
Whose slender feet wide-swerv'd upon the soft	
Wool-woofed carpets fifty wreaths of smoke	
From fifty censers their light voyage took	160
To the high roof, still mimick'd as they rose	
Along the mirror'd walls by twin-clouds odorous	
Twelve sphered tables, by silk seats inspher'd,	
High as the level of a man's breast rear'd	
On libbard's paws, upheld the heavy gold	125
Of cups and goblets, and the store thrace told	
Of Ceres' horn, and, in huge vessels, wine	
Come from the gloomy tun with merry shine	
Thus loaded with a feast the tables stood,	
Each shrining in the midst the image of a God	190

When in an antichamber every guest
Had felt the cold full sponge to pleasure press'd,
By minist'ring slaves, upon his hands and feet,
And fragrant oils with ceremony meet
Pour'd on his hair, they all mov'd to the feast
In white robes, and themselves in order plac'd
Around the silken couches, wondering
Whence all this mighty cost and blaze of wealth could spring

Soft went the music the soft air along,
While fluent Greek a vowel'd undersong 200
Kept up among the guests, discoursing low
At first, for scarcely was the wine at flow,

174. Cancelled reading of the manuscript-

Fill d with light, music, jewels, gold, perfume.

177. The manuscript has 'slender' in lieu of 'sacred', and in the next line 'tripple' instead of 'slender'.

191-8 This passage occurs in the Houghton fragment with cancellings, thus-

When in an antichamber every guest With fragrant oils his
When in an antichamber every guest Tended by ministering slaves his

When in an antichamber every guest  $Had \left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{felt} \\ \text{had} \end{array} \right\}$  the cold full sponge to pleasure press'd.

195-6. In the Houghton fragment occurs the rejected reading, they all to banquet came In white robes hymeneal.

But when the happy vintage touch'd their brains, Louder they talk, and louder come the strains Of powerful instruments -the gorgeous dyes, 225 The space, the splendour of the draperies, The roof of awful richness, nectarous cheer, Beautiful slaves, and Lamin's self, appear Now when the wine has done its rosy deed, And every soul from human trammels freed, 218 No more so strange, for merry wine, sweet wine, Will make Elysian shades not too fair, too divine. Soon was God Bacchus at mendian height : Flush d were their cheeks, and bright eyes double bright 215 Garlands of every green, and every scent From vales deflower'd, or forest-trees branch rent, In baskets of bright oner'd gold were brought High as the handles heap d, to suit the thought Of every guest; that each, as he did please, Might fancy fit his brows, silk pillowd at his ease. 220 What wreath for Lamia? What for Lycius? What for the sage, old Apollonrus? Upon her aching forehead be there hung The leaves of willow and of adder's tongue And for the youth, quick, let us strip for him 275 The thyrsus, that his watching eyes may swim Into forgetfulness and, for the sage, Let spear grass and the spitcful thistle wage War on his temples. Do not all charms fly

At the mere touch of cold philosophy? There was an awful rambow once in heaven We know her woof her texture; she is given 203. Cancelled reading of the manuscript. Skillian vintage 218-19. Cancelled reading of the management.

High as the handles beap d, of every sort Of fragrant wreath, that each as he did please... 230

235. In the meanmentpt, Thyreth 231. In the Autotroprophy of Haydon, as edited by the late Mr. Tun Taylor, we read at page 354 of Volume I (edition of 1853) that Kents and Lamb, at one of the meetings at Haydon's house, agreed that Hewton had destroyed all the poetry of the rainbow by reducing it to the primutic celestrs. This meeting was postry of the rain bow by reducing it to the primmatic coleans what Haydon calls the immurial dinner of the 26th of December 1817; so that the idea appears to have perchain in Kastris shald. He don't Hant had the passage specifyly in view when he made the fallowing observations in The Indicator.

Mr. Louis has departed as smoch from common-place in the character and moral of this story as he has in the sector of it. He would see fair shay to the suspent, and makes the power of the philosopher as H-matured and distribution thing. Lamis though fiable to be turned into pairful shapes had a seul of humanity; and the post dose not see why she should not have her pleasures accordingly merely because a philosopher new that she was not a mathematical There was no recognition in those orbs. "Lamia! he cry'd-and no soft ton'd reply The many heard, and the loud revelry Grew hush the stately music no more breathes The myrtle sicken'd in a thousand wreaths.

Some hungry spell that loveliness absorbs :

Part II

LANTA.

21

260

395

270

275

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200

205

By faint degrees, voice, lute, and pleasure ceased A deadly silence step by step increased, Until it seem d a bornd presence there, And not a man but felt the terror in his hair

"Lamus! he shrick'd; and nothing but the shrick With its and echo did the mience break.

"Begone, foul dream! he cry'd, gazing again In the bride's face, where now no azure vein Wander'd on fair-spac'd temples no soft bloom

Misted the cheek, no passion to illume The deep-recessed vision -all was blight; Lamia, no longer fair there sat a deadly white. "Shut, shut those juggling eyes, thou ruthless man !

"Turn them aside, wretch! or the righteous ban "Of all the Gods, whose dreadful images

"Here represent their shadowy presences,

"May pierce them on the sudden with the thorn "Of painful blindness leaving thee forlorn,

"In trembling dotage to the feeblest fright "Of conscience, for their long offended might,

"For all thine impious proud heart sophistries, "Unlawful magic, and entiring lies.

"Counthians ! look upon that grey beard wretch ! "Mark how possess'd, his lashless eyelids stretch

"Around his demon eyes! Counthians, see! "My sweet bride withers at their potency "Fool! said the sophist, in an under-tone Gruff with contempt which a death-nighing moun From Lycius answer'd, as heart struck and lost,

He sank supine beside the aching ghost. "Fool! Fool! repeated he, while his eyes still Relented not, nor mov'd: "from every ill

200. Cancelled reading, in for was

293-4. In the marrantuct... From Lyenn answer'd, as he sunk supine Upon the couch where Lamia a beannes pine.

298. In the manuscriptfrom every [1] That youth might suffer have I shielded then Up to this very hour and shall I see Thee married to a Serpent? Pray you Mark, Corinthians! A Serpent, plain and stark!

"Of life have I preserv'd thee to this day, "And shall I see thee made a serpent's prey?" Then Lamia breath'd death breath, the sophist's eye, Like a sharp spear, went through her utterly, 300 Keen, cruel, perceant, stinging she, as well As her weak hand could any meaning tell, Motion'd him to be silent, vainly so, He look'd and look'd again a level-No! "A serpent!" echoed he, no sooner said, 305 Than with a frightful scream she vanished And Lycius' arms were empty of delight, As were his limbs of life, from that same night On the high couch he lay !—his friends came round— Supported him—no pulse, or breath they found, 310 And, in its marriage robe, the heavy body wound.

302 Cancelled reading, 'motion' for 'meaning'
311 The following extract is appended in Keats's edition as a note to the last
line of 'Lamis'—

"Philostratus, in his fourth book de Vita Apollonii, hath a memorable instance in this kind, which I may not omit, of one Menippus Lycius, a young man twenty-five years of age, that going betwint Cenchreas and Cornth, met such a phantasm in the habit of a fair gentlewoman, which taking him by the hand, carried him home to her house, in the suburbs of Corinth, and told him she was a Phœnician by birth, and if he would tarry with her, he should hear her sing and play, and drink such wine as never any drank, and no man should molest him, but she, being fair and lovely, would live and die with him, that was fair and lovely to behold young man, a philosopher, otherwise staid and discreet, able to moderate his passions, though not this of love, tarried with her a while to his great content, and at last married her, to whose wedding, amongst other guests, came Apollonius, who, by some probable conjectures, found her out to be a serpent, a lamia, and that all her furniture was, like Tantalus' gold, described by Homer, no substance but mere illusions When she saw herself descried, she wept, and desired Apollonius to be silent, but he would not be moved, and thereupon she, plate, house, and all that was in it, vanished in an instant many thousands took notice of this fact, for it was done in the midst of Greece."

Burton's 'Anatomy of Melancholy' Part 3 Sect 2.

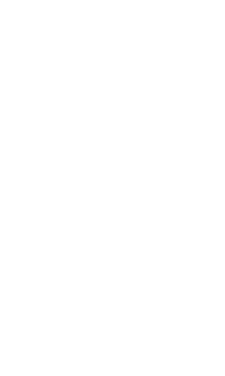
Memb I Subs I

# ISABELLA or

THE POT OF BASIL

A STORY FROM BOCCACCIO.





Two of the tales from Boccaccio versified by Reynolds were published in 'The Garden of Florence,' &c. (1821). In view of the unachieved scheme of joint authorship, the following sentences from the Preface to Reynolds's volume should

stand associated with his letter and with 'Isabella' -

"The stories from Boccacoo (The Garden of Florence, and The Ladye of Provence) were to have been associated with tales from the same source, intended to have been written by a friend,—but illness on his part, and distracting engagements on mine, prevented us from accomplishing our plan at the time, and Death now, to my deep sorrow, has frustrated it for ever! He, who is gone, was one of the very kindest friends I possessed, and yet he was not kinder perhaps to me, than to others. His intense mind and powerful feeling would, I truly believe, have done the world some service, had his life been spared—but he was of too sensitive a nature—and thus he was destroyed! One story he completed, and that is to me now the most pathetic poem in existence!"

In the British Museum is preserved a small volume of Keats holographs and transcripts, including the holograph of 'Isabella'—called simply 'The Pot of Basil'—probably the one sent to Reynolds and duly returned by him. Mr R. A. Potts possesses what would seem to be two fragments of the original draft. This manuscript is of Stanzas xxx to xl, exclusive of Stanza xxxii, two leaves, one shorter than the other by the length of a stanza, written upon both sides of the paper, and probably having lost stanza xxxii with stanza xxix at the back of it by a stroke of those generous soissars wherewith manuscripts of Keats were dis-

tributed by Severn, formerly the owner of these fragments.

In the Woodhouse common-place book mentioned in the preface to this edition (Volume I, page xii) is a transcript from an autograph manuscript of 'Isabella,' with notes and corrections, some in the poet's writing and some in other handwritings. It would be almost safe to assume that any variation of Woodhouse's version from the printed text is a genuine reading incidental to the stage of the composition which had been reached when the holograph was transcribed, but as a matter of fact the transcript was made from the very holograph now in the Museum. At the close of the Woodhouse transcript are inscribed the words "Written at Teignmouth in the Spring of 1818 at the suggestion of J. H.R." Leigh Hunt in his 'Indicator' review refrained from analysing the story at length more suo, on the ground that the public had "lately been familiarized with it in the 'Sicilian Story' of Mr. Barry Cornwall."

the 'Sicilian Story' of Mr Barry Cornwall."

Tempora mutantur / In 1820 Hunt appeals to Prooter's poem to stand him in stead for the tale of Isabells. Now the book containing that and other poems by Bryan Waller Prooter is read perhaps by a few students for purposes of comparison with Keats's 'Pot of Basil,' and found to be still interesting for itself—not so much as an example of the way to tell the story of Boocaccio in verse, as for

qualities of the author's own.

#### ISABELLA,

OK.

#### THE POT OF BASIL

1

FAIR Isabel, poor simple Isabel I
Lorence, a young palmer in Loves eye!
They could not in the self same manson dwell
Without some siti of heart, some malady
They could not sit at meals but feel how well
It soothed each to be the other by
They could not, sure beneath the same roof sleep
But to each other dream, and nightly weep.

11

With every morn their love grew tenderer
With every eve deeper and tenderer still
He might not in house field, or garden stir
But her full shape would all his seeing fill;
And his continual voice was pleasanter
To her than notic of trees or hidden nil
Her lute string gave an echo of his name
She spoilt her half-done brodery with the same.

III.

He knew whose gentle hand was at the latch Before if e door had given her to his eyes; An I from her chamber window he would catch Her beauty further than the falcon spies

I In the Estial Known happy, half the Woollone transiett, has 6 real three.

It seemed each to be each other h.

It seeded each to be each other h

If he has 6 to Kusera belogn h shree to exceed rading agh for
the first file of the file of the bounds.

And constant as her vespers would he watch,
Because her face was turn'd to the same skies,
And with sick longing all the night outwear,
To hear her morning-step upon the stair

#### IV

A whole long month of May in this sad plight
Made their cheeks paler by the break of June
"To-morrow will I bow to my delight,
"To-morrow will I ask my lady's boon"—
"O may I never see another night,

"Lorenzo, if thy lips breathe not love's tune"— So spake they to their pillows, but, alas, Honeyless days and days did he let pass,

# ٧.

Until sweet Isabella's untouch'd cheek
Fell sick within the rose's just domain,
Fell thin as a young mother's, who doth seek
By every lull to cool her infant's pain
"How ill she is," said he, "I may not speak,
"And yet I will, and tell my love all plain
"If looks speak love-laws, I will drink her tears,
"And at the least 'twill startle off her cares"

### VI

So said he one fair morning, and all day
His heart beat awfully against his side,
And to his heart he inwardly did pray
For power to speak, but still the ruddy tide
Stifled his voice, and puls'd resolve away—
Fever'd his high conceit of such a bride,
Yet brought him to the meekness of a child
Alas! when passion is both meek and wild!

IV After 'paler' in line 2 in the holograph, 'than' is struck out and line 6 reads

Lorenzo, if thy tongue speak not love's tune.

This reading of course recurs in the Woodhouse transcript, but in it 'lips breathe is written, as a correction, for 'tongue speak'

VI Opposite the close of this stanza, in the Woodhouse transcript, Keats has

written in pencil "Stop this as you please"

#### VII.

So once more he had wak'd and anguished A dreary night of love and misery If Isabel's quick eye had not been wed

To every symbol on his forehead high
She saw it waxing very pale and dead,
And straight all flush'd; so, lisped tenderly

And straight all flush'd; so, lisped tenderly
"Lorenzo!"—here she ceas'd her timid quest,
But in her tome and look he read the rest.

But in her tone and look he read the rest.

#### VIII.

"O Isabella, I can half perceive

"That I may speak my grief into thine ear;

"If thou didst ever anything believe,
"Believe how I love thee, believe how near

"My soul is to its doom I would not grieve

"Thy hand by unwelcome pressing would not fear "Thine eyes by gazing but I cannot live

"Another night, and not my passion shrive.

VII. The word said stands cancelled before lisped in the holograph, in which, as in the trussmip, the stanse cietae with a different sweplet from that of the text and is followed by a stanse altimately rejected. The sharps is among Kanta's maxim-strokers of cunning confinements by here are the ten extended lines —

Lorenzo, I would clip my ringlet hair To make thee langh again and debonneir

Then should I be, said be, full defeed And yet I would not have it, clip it not For, ledy, I do lore it where its tied About the neck I dote on, and that spot That anxious dimple it doth take a pride To play shout—Aye lady, I have got

Its shidow in my hoart and every sweet
Its mistress owns there summed all complete.

In marther hand-writing, on the blank page opposite this passage in the holograph, stand the various.

Lorenzo in the twilight Morn was wont To rome the clamorous Kennel to the Hust;

And then his cheek inherited the Ray
Of the outpouring Sun; and ere the Horn
Could call the Hunters to the Chace away
His voice more softly woke me: Many a Morn

From sweetest Dreams it drew me to a Day
More sweet but now Lorenzo bolds in scorn
His Health, and all these bygone Joys are Dreams
To me—to him, I mean—so chang'd he seems.

VIII. The halograph reads Thine for 'Thy in line 6 and Those for 'Thine in line 7; and on the opposite page is the penalled variant

Thine Eye by gazing, nor shd, thy hand four Unwelcome pressing | but I cannot live,

### IX

"Love! thou art leading me from wintry cold,
"Lady! thou leadest me to summer clime,
"And I must taste the blossoms that unfold
"In its ripe warmth this gracious morning time."
So said, his erewhile timid lips grew bold,
And poesied with hers in dewy rhyme
Great bliss was with them, and great happiness
Grew, like a lusty flower in June's caress

# x

Parting they seem'd to tread upon the air,
Twin roses by the zephyr blown apart
Only to meet again more close, and share
The inward fragrance of each other's heart
She, to her chamber gone, a ditty fair
Sang, of delicious love and honey'd dart,
He with light steps went up a western hill,
And bade the sun farewell, and joy'd his fill

#### XΙ

All close they met again, before the dusk
Had taken from the stars its pleasant veil,
All close they met, all eves, before the dusk
Had taken from the stars its pleasant veil,
Close in a bower of hyacinth and musk,
Unknown of any, free from whispering tale.
Ah! better had it been for ever so,
Than idle ears should pleasure in their woe

# XII

Were they unhappy then?—It cannot be—
Too many tears for lovers have been shed,
Too many sighs give we to them in fee,
Too much of pity after they are dead,
Too many doleful stories do we see,
Whose matter in bright gold were best be read,
Except in such a page where Theseus' spouse
Over the pathless waves towards him bows

XI. In line 3 'evens' is cancelled in favour of 'eves' in the holograph.

IX. In the holograph, notes of exclamation close lines 1 and 2

X. The holograph reads 'all close' for 'more close' in line 3 and 'Sung' for 'Sang' in line 6

£

#### TIII.

But, for the general award of love,
The luttle sweet doth kull much butterness;
Though Dido silent is in under-grove,
And Isabella's was a great distress,
Though young Lovenou in warm Indian clove
Was not embalm d, this truth is not the less—
Even bees, the luttle almamen of spring bowers,

Even bees, the little almsmen of spring bowers. Know there is richest juice in poison flowers.

#### **T**137

With her two brothers this fair lady dwelt, Enriched from ancestral merchandize, And for them many a weary hand did swelt In torched mines and poisy factories, And many once proud quiverd loins did melt In blood from stinging whip —with hollow eyes Many all day in darning river stood, To take the neb-or'd driftings of the flood.

#### XV

For them the Ceylon diver held his breath,
And went all naked to the hungry shark,
For them his ears gush d blood for them in death
The seal on the cold ice with piteous bark
Lay full of darts for them alone did seethe
A thousand men in troubles wide and dark
Half ignorant, they turn d an easy wheel,
That set sharp racks at work, to punch and peel.

HIII. The hidge-sph reach, the truth in line 6.

INT The reading many once proof-optivated loins of the published text,
With the stating many once proof-optivated loins of the published text,
with its intractive hypion, has no support from either measureript and the disapposeance of the hypion-lawres the same many leins once proof, now optivated by
eithering, which is characteristic of Kesti, though set intelligible described. The
optities provide-optive of, as an equivalent to hearing proof quiesers (of
errosse), never commended theid to me what Kests held in which.

XV is to discuss that the state of Digwine west drawing in Manta than

It Eastern Quarties ripening precises Dev :
For them the Johnstone Bahn did event,
And in het Corline Spice Penerts grav
Even the position of the account in Geylen in the name, through motion usage phone

it on the second symbols. There are two carlons spallings in the halograph, scath in line 5 and post! in line 8.

# XVI

Why were they proud? Because their marble founts Gush'd with more pride than do a wretch's tears?—Why were they proud? Because fair orange-mounts Were of more soft ascent than lazar stairs?—Why were they proud? Because red-lin'd accounts Were richer than the songs of Grecian years?—Why were they proud? again we ask aloud, Why in the name of Glory were they proud?

#### NVII

Yet were these Florentines as self-retired
In hungry pride and gainful cowardice,
As two close Hebrews in that land inspired,
Pal'd in and vineyarded from beggar-spies,
The hawks of ship-mast forests—the untired
And pannier'd mules for ducats and old lies—
Quick cat's-paws on the generous stray-away,—
Great wits in Spanish, Tuscan, and Malay

# XVIII

How was it these same ledger-men could spy
Fair Isabella in her downy nest?
How could they find out in Lorenzo's eye
A straying from his toil? Hot Egypt's pest
Into their vision covetous and sly!
How could these money-bags see east and west?—
Yet so they did—and every dealer fair
Must see behind, as doth the hunted hare

XVII. In the holograph, in line 7, the compound word 'stray away' has no hyphen. This stanza is followed by a stanza very wisely cancelled

Two young Orlandos far away they seem'd,
But on a near inspect their vapid Miens—
Very alike,—at once themselves redeem'd
From all suspicion of Romantic spleens—
No fault of theirs, for their good Mother dream'd
In the longing time of Units in their teens
Of proudly bas d addition and of net—
And both their backs were mark'd with tare and tret.

XVIII. In line 8 the holograph reads 'a hunted hare'.

#### XIX.

O eloquent and famed Doccaccio!
Of thee we now should ask forgiving boon,
And of thy spicy myrdes as they blow
And of thy roses amorous of the moon,
And of thy lillies, that do paler grow
Now they can no more hear thy ghittern a time
For venturing syllables that ill beseem
The must glooms of such a viteous theme.

#### XX.

Grant thou a pardon here, and then the tale
Shall move on soberly as it is meet;
There is no other crume, no mad assail
To make old prose in modern thyme more sweet
But it is done—succeed the verse or fail—
To bonour thee, and thy gone spirit greet
To stead there as a verse in English tongue,
An echo of thee in the north wind sure.

#### TTI

These brethren having found by many signs What love Lorenso for their sister had, And how she loved him too, each unconfines. His butter thoughts to other well nigh mad That he, the servant of their trade designs, Should in their sister's love be blithe and glad, When twas their plan to coax her by degrees To some him hobbe and his oliver tree?

#### XIX. In the holograph line 1 reads-

O eloquent Boccaco of green Arno I and the final outplet has bet an autonatos in lieu of a rhyme—

For resturing one word unseemly nean
In such a place, on such a daring theme.
For these three lines the published venton rands substituted in Kesta's writing in

the Woodhesse transcript.

It is the heigenph the choing couplet was written as published; but Inter the heigenph the first into Woodhesse transcript,

Thy Muse's Vicar in the english tongue

and afterwards rejected that for the original reading.

EXL The word forest in line 8, is exceeded for 'olive' in the holograph.

#### XXII

And many a jealous conference had they,
And many times they bit their lips alone,
Before they fix'd upon a surest way
To make the youngster for his crime atone;
And at the last, these men of cruel clay
Cut Mercy with a sharp knife to the bone,
For they resolved in some forest dim
To kill Lorenzo, and there bury him

# IIIXX

So on a pleasant morning, as he leant
Into the sun-rise, o'er the balustrade
Of the garden-terrace, towards him they bent
Their footing through the dews, and to him said,
"You seem there in the quiet of content,
"Lorenzo, and we are most loth to invade
"Calm speculation, but if you are wise,
"Bestride your steed while cold is in the skies

### XXIV

"To-day we purpose, aye, this hour we mount
"To spur three leagues towards the Apennine,
"Come down, we pray thee, ere the hot sun count
"His dewy rosary on the eglantine."

Lorenzo, courteously as he was wont,
Bow'd a fair greeting to these serpents' whine,
And went in haste, to get in readiness,
With belt, and spur, and bracing huntsman's dress

# XXV

And as he to the court-yard pass'd along, Each third step did he pause, and listen'd oft

XXIV Hunt cites the "exquisite metaphor" of lines 3 and 4 as an instance in which Keats "over-informs the cocasion or the speaker" But I doubt whether it is fair to class this kind of "over-informing" as an error If people of this kind are to be denied one element of poetry, they must be denied another, and it is scarcely more strange to find the vile brethren of Isabella talking in metaphor than to find them talking in rhyme and metre. For the rest, a commonplace Italian, even a villainous Italian, feels so intensely the sunlight of his land, that we need not object to the metaphor even on dramatic grounds. The holograph reads 'pry thee' for 'pray thee' in line 3 and 'courteous' for 'courteously' in line 5 Woodhouse also has 'courteous'.

XXV In this stanza the holograph reads 'footsteps' for 'footstep' in line 4,

and has, in place of lines 7 and 8, the unfinished couplet

If he could hear his lady's matm-song
Or the light whisper of her footstep soft;
And as he thus over his passion hung
He heard a laugh full musical aloft
When, looking up, he saw her features bright
Smile through an in-door lattice, all deliviti.

XXVI.

"Love, Isabel! said he, "I was in pain

"Lest I should miss to bid thee a good morrow:
"Ah! what if I should lose thee, when so fain

"I am to stifle all the heavy sorrow

"Of a poor three hours' absence? but we'll gain
"Out of the amorous dark what day doth borrow

"Good bye I'll soon be back. —"Good bye! said she — And as he went she chanted merrily

#### XXVII.

So the two brothers and their murder'd man Rode past fair Florence, to where Armo's stream Gurgles through stratter'd banks, and still doth fan Itself with dancing bulrush, and the bream keeps head against the freshets. Sick and wan The brother's faces in the ford did seem.

And looking up he saw her smiling through

where laughing has been cancelled for smiling. In the transcript Woodhouse left a blank for the couplet Kents inserted

When, looking up, he saw her features fair Smile through an indoor lattice, debonair

Someone, probably Taylor, teak exception to this, and suggested.

When is an indeer lattice met his view

And har fair features smiller slavful threach.

Keets, ever modest with the friends, showed his own excitat to that of the text. A propose of the word deforement is added the sate.— As I have seed this word before in the peex you may see your judgment between your lines and state.—If think my last alteration with 60. This would seem to include that, at that sings in the proceedings, he had not thought of altering the couplest of starms wit and stricting out the original stames with.

LIVI. The holograph slows a seriod error in fine 7. I soon for 171 soon LIVII. Hunt may of fine 1— The following matterly articipation of his endocropyed in a single word, has been justly activated — 7 is not know to what published admiration this remark has reference, as whether to crything in print at all. The helegraph reads straightened for strained in his 51 and in

the 5 Pale stands cancelled in favour of Sick

Lorenzo's flush with love.—They pass'd the water Into a forest quiet for the slaughter

## XXVIII

There was Lorenzo slain and buried in, There in that forest did his great love cease. Ah! when a soul doth thus its freedom win, It aches in loneliness-is ill at peace As the break-covert blood-hounds of such sin They dipp'd their swords in the water, and did tease Their horses homeward, with convulsed spur, Each richer by his being a murderer

#### XXIX

They told their sister how, with sudden speed, Lorenzo had ta'en ship for foreign lands, Because of some great urgency and need In their affairs, requiring trusty hands Poor Girl! put on thy stifling widow's weed, And 'scape at once from Hope's accursed bands. To-day thou wilt not see him, nor to-morrow, And the next day will be a day of sorrow

She weeps alone for pleasures not to be, Sorely she wept until the night came on, And then, instead of love, O misery! She brooded o'er the luxury alone His image in the dusk she seem'd to see, And to the silence made a gentle moan, Spreading her perfect arms upon the air, And on her couch low murmuring "Where? O where?"

## XXXI

But Selfishness, Love's cousin, held not long Its fiery vigil in her single breast,

XXVIII. In line 4 of this stanza the holograph manuscript has 'a peace' for 'at peace', and in line 6 'River' for 'water'
XXX. The manuscript fragment and the holograph read 'wept' for 'weeps' in

line 1, and line 5 stands thus in the fragment:

What might have been too plainly did she see XXXI. In lines 2 and 3 the manuscript fragment shows the cancelled reading— Its fiery vigil in her native Mind For joy escap d she mourn'dShe fretted for the golden hour and hung
Upon the time with feverath unrest—
Not long—for soon into her heart a throng
Of higher occupants, a richer rest,
Came trage; passion not to be subdu'd,
And sorrow for her how on travels rude.

#### XXXIL

In the mid days of autumn, on their eves
The breath of Winter comes from far away
And the sick west continually bereaves
Of some gold tinge, and plays a roundelay
of death among the bushes and the leaves,
To make all bare before he dares to stray
From his north cavern. So sweet laxle

By gradual decay from beauty fell.

XXXIII.

Because Lorenzo came not. Oftentimes Sho sak'd her brothers, with an eye all pale, Striving to be itself, what dungeon chimes Could keep him off so long? They spake a tale Time after time, to quiet her Their crimes Came on them, like a smoke from Hinnom's vale; And every night in dreams they ground a doud, To see their sister in her snowy abroud.

while in lines 7 and 8 there is the rejected reality.—

Passions not to be subdued Exalting her to patient Fortitude,

and again

A yearning for her Love.

In fine 5 of the stansa in the holograph, 'throng is substituted for 'richer sest which had been written in error

XXXIL The holograph has a comma at even

TIXIII. In this 4 the necessary fragment reads blod for keep; and in the 6 Month after Month for Thom after time 1 this reading recent is the halograph. In this 4, heavy is cancelled between Came and on it the fragment. For Hissoni's Vale see the Second Book of the Obrasicion of the King of Lineal, Okaprice xrell, www 3.0 \*\*Hissonies is bounded on the Minney, and beam his children in the first, after the absunctions of the Lineal and local cet before the children of Lineal. Pre-sensibly through hadvestone, Kacta wrote Himmons for Hinnons's in the kelograph.

### XXXIV

And she had died in drowsy ignorance,
But for a thing more deadly dark than all,
It came like a fierce potion, drunk by chance,
Which saves a sick man from the feather'd pal
For some few gasping moments, like a lance,
Waking an Indian from his cloudy hall
With cruel pierce, and bringing him again
Sense of the gnawing fire at heart and brain.

# XXXV

It was a vision —In the drowsy gloom,

The dull of midnight, at her couch's foot
Lorenzo stood, and wept—the forest tomb

Had marr'd his glossy hair which once could shoot
Lustre into the sun, and put cold doom

Upon his lips, and taken the soft lute
From his lorn voice, and past his loamed ears
Had made a miry channel for his tears

## XXXVI

Strange sound it was, when the pale shadow spake;
For there was striving, in its pitcous tongue,
To speak as when on earth it was awake,
And Isabella on its music hung

XXXIV The holograph reads 'drank' for 'drunk' in line 3 The fragment shows a cancelled reading of line 4—

Which saves the sick some moments from the Pall

XXXV In line 1 the manuscript fragment reads 'heavy' for 'drowsy', and I cannot but think this application of the same adjective to \*\*gnorance\* and to gloom in the same page was a printer's or copyist's error In line 3, 'His' has been struck out in favour of 'The', and lines 4 to 7 originally read—

Had marr'd his glossy hair, that once could shoot Bright gold into the Sun, and stamp'd his doom Upon his soiled lips, and took the mellow Lute From his deep voice, and down past his loamed ears

But the readings 'put cold doom', and 'taken the soft Lute' were afterwards substituted; and the redundant words 'soiled' and 'down' were struck out. In the holograph there is a cancelled word, probably 'shot', before 'shoot', in line 4; and in line 6 a copyist's error, 'past his loamed ears' stands corrected by the substitution of 'taken the soft Lute'. The writing is not quite clear in line 7; but it is just possible (as also in line 4 of stanza lxii) that the word printed 'lorn' is in the holograph 'low' Compare 'deep' of Potts manuscript.

XXXVI. In line 1 the fragment shows the cancelled reading 'Strange was the sound'; and 'poor' for 'pale' stands in the fragment and the holograph manuscript. Line 5 of the fragment opens with 'Passion there was in it', and did open with 'And there was Love in it' Line 7 begins with 'But' in both

fragment and complete manuscript.

Languer there was in it, and tremulous shake, As in a palsied Druid's harp unstrung ; And through it moun'd a ghostly under song Like hoarse night-gusts sepulchral brears among

#### XXXVII.

Its eyes, though wild, were still all dewy bright With love, and kept all phantom fear aloof From the poor girl by magic of their light, The while it did unthread the horrid woof Of the late darken'd time,-the murderous spite Of pride and avarice,—the dark pine roof In the forest,-and the sodden turied dell, Where, without any word, from stabs he fell.

#### XXXVIII.

Saying moreover, "Isabel, my sweet!
"Red whortle-berries droop above my head,

"And a large flint-stone weighs upon my feet i "Around me beeches and high chestnuts shed

"Their leaves and prickly nuts" a sheep fold bleat "Comes from beyond the river to my bed

"Go, shed one tear upon my heather-bloom, "And it shall comfort me within the tomb.

#### XXXIX.

"I am a shadow now alas i alas i

"Upon the skirts of human nature dwelling "Alone I chant alone the holy mass,

"While little sounds of life are round me knelling

ICEVIL The fragment reads fears' in line 2. ICEVIII. In line 6, instead of river—the Potts management reads—Ano—(for Armo); and the final couplet in both fragment and helegraph is---

Go shed a tear upon my bether bloom And I shall turn a diamond in my tomb.

Probably I' should be it ; but I is very plainly written, in both manuscripts. On the other hand the Wandhouse any revised by Kents reads It IXIII. In the Petts measurable is a cancelled specing for line 3, I mean alone; line 5 begins with While instead of And and the couplet was first

existence to time Paining me through-those sounds to me grow strange And thou art far beyond them ...

but the reading of the text is supplied. In copying the stame, into the Masseum holograph Kasta wrete like 7 as the 50th line and strenk it set again, get a semisalen at the end of the 2, and a comme after Alono in line 2, began him 5 with While and pet semicolous after tolling in line 6 and through in line ?

"And glossy bees at noon do fieldward pass,
"And many a chapel bell the hour is telling,

"Paining me through those sounds grow strange to me,

"And thou art distant in Humanity

# XI.

"I know what was, I feel full well what is,
"And I should rage, if spirits could go mad;
"Though I forget the taste of earthly bliss,

"That paleness warms my grave, as though I had

"A Scraph chosen from the bright abyss

"To be my spouse thy paleness makes me glad,

"Thy beauty grows upon me, and I feel

"A greater love through all my essence steal"

# MI

The Spirit mourn'd "Adicu!"—dissolv'd and left
The atom darkness in a slow turmoil,
As when of healthful midnight sleep bereft,
Thinking on rugged hours and fruitless toil,
We put our eyes into a pillowy cleft,
And see the spingly gloom froth up and boil;
It made sad Isabella's eyelids ache,
And in the dawn she started up awake,

### XLII.

"Ha! ha!" said she, "I knew not this hard life,
"I thought the worst was simple misery,
"I thought some Fate with pleasure or with strife
"Portion'd us—happy days, or else to die,
"But there is crime—a brother's bloody knife!
"Sweet Spirit, thou hast school'd my infancy.
"I'll visit thee for this, and kiss thine eyes,
"And greet thee morn and even in the skies"

XL. After 'what was', in line 1, the words 'and now' are cancelled in the Potts manuscript, in which line 2 reads 'rave' for 'rage' and 'shadows' fo 'spirits', and line 3 stands thus—

Though I forget what Pleasure was a kiss In the holograph line 2 shows a cancelled reading, 'weep', for 'rage', and line stands thus—

Though I forget the heaven of a Kiss
In the Woodhouse copy 'heaven of a kiss' is cancelled in favour of 'taste c earthly bliss'

XLII. The holograph reads 'thou has' in line 6.

#### XLIII

When the full morning came, she had devised How she might secret to the forest hie How she might find the clay so dearly prized, And sing to it one latest fullaby; How her short absence might be unsurmised, While she the inmost of the dream would try

While she the immost of the dream would to Resolv'd, she took with her an aged nurse, And went into that dismal forest hearse.

#### XLIŸ

See, as they creep along the over side,
How she doth whisper to that aged Dame,
And, after looking round the champaign wide,
Shows her a knile.—"What ferezons bectic fiame
"Burns in thee, child?—What good can thee betide,
"That thou should's smile again? —The evening came,
And they had found Lorento's earthy bed
The filst was there, the berries at his head.

#### XLV

Who hath not lotter'd in a green church yard, And let his spurt, like a demon mole. Work through the clayer soil and gravel hard To see soull, coffind bones, and finneral stole Pitying each form that hungry Death hath marr'd, And filling it none more with human soul? Ab! this is boilday to what was felt. When Isabella by Lurenov kielt.

#### XLVL

She gar'd into the fresh-thrown mould, as though One glance did fully all its secrets tell

XLIII. The belograph reads hereo for hearso in line it.

XLIV Is fine 5, the belograph and tensories read campulgar for champaign 1 fine 5 the belograph reads dont fire abouted in the Live In line 7 the belograph reads that for this

LIVI. Here describes relation with the whill as the core of the story of and territor attention to their formed unions. If it is continue contributes the horseving from his Indianter as any places from his Exercises the was also horseving from another providing. The arrangement his core of the story not altogether a consumeration planes, is to be found in Railley's paper on Manderstilla, which had appeared in The Exercises 1 for the Story and the story not which had appeared in The Exercises 1 for the Story of the other planes.

Clearly she saw, as other eyes would know
Pale limbs at bottom of a crystal well,
Upon the murderous spot she seem'd to grow,
Like to a native lilly of the dell
Then with her knife, all sudden, she began
To dig more fervently than misers can

**XLVII** 

Soon she turn'd up a soiled glove, whereon Her silk had play'd in purple phantasies, She kiss'd it with a lip more chill than stone,

And put it in her bosom, where it dries

And freezes utterly unto the bone

Those dainties made to still an infant's cries Then 'gan she work again, nor stay'd her care, But to throw back at times her veiling hair

### XLVIII

That old nurse stood beside her wondering,
Until her heart felt pity to the core
At sight of such a dismal labouring,
And so she kneeled, with her locks all hoar,

XLVII. Lines 5 and 6 were written as in the text both in the holograph and in the Woodhouse transcript—

And freezes utterly unto the bone

Those dainties made to still an infant's cries,

In the transcript Keats struck out line 6 and substituted 'Love's sighful throne' for 'unto the bone', without completing the revision, but the original reading is marked by another hand for restoration. In line 8 the holograph shows 'through' cancelled for 'throw'. The sixth line has been a topic of censure, but I think wrongly. Taken in itself apart from the poem, it might be held to be an inopportune description, but in the context of this most tragic and pathetic story, it has to me a surpassing fitness—a fitness astonishing in the work of a youth of Keats's age in 1818. The idea of maternity thus connected as it were by chance with the image of this widowed girl on the borders of insanity emphasizes in the most beautiful way the helpless misery of a life wrecked by the wickedness of others, and throws into ghastly contrast the joy of what should have been and the agony of what was

XLVIII. Line 6 of this stanza originally stood in the holograph thus—

Three hours were they at this travel sore,

and in the Woodhouse copy thus-

Three hours were they at this travail sore,

this is altered in Keats's hand to

Three hours they labour d at this travail sore, presumably because someone objected to 'hours' being made to do duty for two syllables, and failed to observe that 'labour'd' and 'labouring' both came into the stanza as revised. The reading Three hours beheld them was suggested by

And put her lean hands to the horrid thing Three hours they labour'd at this travail sore : At last they felt the kernel of the grave, And Isabella did not stamp and rave.

#### TIIT

Ah! wherefore all this wormy circumstance? Why linger at the yawning tomb so long? O for the ventleness of old Romance. The simple plaining of a minstrel's song ! Fair reader at the old tale take a glance. For here, in truth, it doth not well belong To speak -O turn thee to the very tale. And taste the music of that vision pale.

With duller steel than the Perséan sword They cut away no formless monster's head. But one, whose gentleness did well accord With death, as life. The ancient harps have said. Love pever dies, but fives, immortal Lord

If Love impersonate was ever dead, Pale Isabella kiss'd it, and low mean d. Twas love : cold.—dead indeed, but not dethron d.

In anxious secrecy they took it home. And then the prize was all for Isabel She calm d its wild hair with a golden comb. And all around each eye's sepulchral cell

parther hand, in pencil, on the holograph; and even or rare was also suggested for stamp and rave' in line 5. Heart observe here—"It is centime to see hew the simple pathes of Booncode, or (which is the same thing) the simple intensity of the hereine's facility, suffices our author never and murs, as he gets to the end of his story. And he has related it as happily as if he had never written any pactry but that of the boart.

A. This starm opened thus in the holograph—

With duller sliver than the Persean sword They cut away-no foul Medusa s head But one a...

This was inconstruct in the Weetherse copy; and the published reading was then rubutined in Kentr's writing, save the climination of the passentre of tree the Sent word. The strik line of the stance in both halograph and transcript is If ever any piece of Love was dead,...

LL In the 5 of this stame the holograph has single for fringed

Pointed each fringed lash, the smeared loam
With tears, as chilly as a dripping well,
She drench'd away —and still she comb'd, and kept
Sighing all day—and still she kiss'd, and wept.

### LII

Then in a silken scarf,—sweet with the dews
Of precious flowers pluck'd in Araby,
And divine liquids come with odorous ooze
Through the cold serpent-pipe refreshfully,—
She wrapp'd it up, and for its tomb did choose
A garden-pot, wherein she laid it by,
And cover'd it with mould, and o'er it set
Sweet Basil, which her tears kept ever wet.

### LIII

And she forgot the stars, the moon, and sun,
And she forgot the blue above the trees,
And she forgot the dells where waters run,
And she forgot the chilly autumn breeze;
She had no knowledge when the day was done,
And the new morn she saw not but in peace
Hung over her sweet Basil evermore,
And moisten'd it with tears unto the core.

### LIV

And so she ever fed it with thin tears,
Whence thick, and green, and beautiful it grew,
So that it smelt more balmy than its peers
Of Basil-tufts in Florence, for it drew
Nurture besides, and life, from human fears,
From the fast mouldering head there shut from view
So that the jewel, safely casketed,
Came forth, and in perfumed leafits spread

LII In line 4 the holograph reads 'Though' for 'Through'
LIII. The holograph reads 'the sun' for 'and sun' in the first line.
LIV In line 6 the holograph reads 'mouldring' for 'mouldering': on the blank page opposite another hand than Keats's has suggested in pencil the reading And from the mouldering Whether the "savage and tartarly" assailants of Keats's day availed themselves of the word 'leafits' in the 8th line for an accuration of word-coining, I do not know; but as far as I have been able to ascertain this diminutive of 'leaf' is peculiar to the present passage.

#### LY

O Melancholy linger here awhile!
O Music, Music, breathe despondingly!
O Echo, Echo, from some somer isle,
Unknown, Lethean, sigh to us—O sigh!
Spirits in grief, lift up your heads, and smile
Lift up your heads, sweet Spirits, heavily
And make a pale light in your cypries glooms,
Tinting with silver wan your marble tombs,

#### LVZ.

Mean hither, all ye syllables of woe,
From the deep throat of and Melpomene I
Through bronzed lyre in trage order go,
And touch the strings into a mystery;
Sound mournfully upon the winds and low;
For simple Isabel is soon to be
Among the dead She withers, like a palm
Cut by an Indian for its picty balm.

#### LVIL

O leave the palm to wither by itself; Let not quick Winter chill its dying hour !— It may not be—those Ballites of pelf, Her brethren, noted the continual shower From her dead eyes; and many a curlous elf, Among her kindred, wonder'd that such dower Of youth and beauty should be thrown aside By one mare'd out to be a Noble's bride.

#### LVIII.

And, furthermore, her brethren wonder'd much Why she sat drooping by the Basil green, And why it flourish d, as by magic touch; Greatly they wonder'd what the thing might mean : They could not surely give belief, that such A very nothing would have power to wean

LVII. The halograph manuscript has Of the From' in Ras 5.

LVIIII. On the book of the preceding leaf the halograph nanuscript has in pencil,
opposite line 4 the suggested reading What it all suight mean—not in Austra
writing.

Her from her own fair youth, and pleasures gay, And even remembrance of her love's delay.

### LIX.

Therefore they watch'd a time when they might sift
This hidden whim, and long they watch'd in vain;
For seldom did she go to chapel-shrift,
And seldom felt she any hunger-pain,
And when she left, she hurried back, as swift
As bird on wing to breast its eggs again,
And, patient as a hen-bird, sat her there
Beside her Basil, weeping through her hair.

### LX.

Yet they contriv'd to steal the Basil-pot,
And to examine it in secret place
The thing was vile with green and livid spot,
And yet they knew it was Lorenzo's face
The guerdon of their murder they had got,
And so left Florence in a moment's space,
Never to turn again —Away they went,
With blood upon their heads, to banishment.

### LXI

O Melancholy, turn thine eyes away!
O Music, Music, breathe despondingly!
O Echo, Echo, on some other day,
From isles Lethean, sigh to us—O sigh!
Spirits of grief, sing not your "Well-a-way!"
For Isabel, sweet Isabel, will die,
Will die a death too lone and incomplete,
Now they have ta'en away her Basil sweet.

LIX. In line 8 the holograph reads 'the basil' for 'her B: LX. The punctuation of the holograph brings out a shade of difference in the sense of lines 6 and 7—

> And so left Florence in a moment's space— Never to turn again away they went,

LXI. Line 5 of this stanza stands in the holograph thus— Spirits of grief, sing not you well away

67

#### IXII

Pitcous she look'd on dead and senseless things,
Asking for her lost Besil amorously,
And with melodious chuckle in the strings
Of her lorn voice, she oftentimes would cry
After the Playim in his wanderings,
To ask him where her Basil was and why
Twiss hid from her "For cruel 'us, said she,
"To steal my Basil pot away from me.

#### LXIIL

And so she pind, and so she died forlors.
Imploring for her Baril to the last.
No heart was there in Florence but did mourn
In pity of her love, so overcast.
And a said ditty of this story born
From mouth to mouth through all the country pass'd
Still is the burthen sume.—"O cruelty

From mouth to mouth through all the country pass'd Still is the burthen sung—"O cruelty "To steal my liasil-pot away from me!

LUII. Line I reads at fer fon in the halograph. Heat says. The assays about the toms of her wode,—the post observation descripe,—the size-this, in which also sates after the trape of the freedy for the same of the size of

contact any new way acquiring of min where he head wis.

LITTLE Line 4 reads "At for In in the holograph. The tracing of the "and
fility was not an easy matter; but an advocate of it will be found in the Appendix
to the second volume of the Lineary childre, where are also translations by fit.
Adult Payre of Boosando's Story and the Duty Of this last the following is the

spening states :

Alack! ak who orald the III Christian be
That stale my pet every
My pot of basil of Release from no ?

Frest therity with samp a gray
And I with raise over hand did plant the tree,
Even on the fetted day.

The felony to wests enother's ware.

THE EVE OF ST AGNES

In a letter to George Kents and his wife dated the 14th of February (1816). Keets mys that he took with him to Chickerter, where he had been staying in Jamesry some of the this paper, and wrote on it a little poem called St. Agner' Eve, which yet will have as if it, when I have finished the blank part of the rest for you." Lard Houghton says the poor. was begun as a visit in Hampshire, at the communication of this year (IRIO) and finished an his return to Hampeters. On the 6th of September 1819, Kants service to Taylor from Winebester that he was eccepted to revising St. Aguer Eve, and studying Italian. A management of The Eve of M. Apres, wanting the first seven atmosa, is in the Leckin mappes collection. It was among the rather which person to be let Joseph Bovens to a Dr. Valeriani, and which were afterwards longist and sold by Massra. Sotheren of Piccedilly This manuscript is written in druble calcums on both sides of very thin chlong paper, prerumably that taken to Unichaster, and shows abundant and extensive revisions and corrections. Hothing could be more in-teresting as a study of a great poet a way of work. It is possible that the opening stamus were separated to be sent to Mr Taylor in support of Kantris complaints that a liberty had been taken with the text of the seventh stame; but, as the Woodherns Common-piace book, containing a transcript of the poem, was in use at the publisher's house and could have been appealed to, it is parhaps more probable that Severa cut the stances of far an autograph collector. Portugately the Woodthat service out the statement on my an asseption subsector. For exactly the week-bears transmitted seems to here bean made from the Locker-Learning hillegraph ladder H was statistical, and may be half to registy for exitinal purposes the stating errors fatemed. It shows expecting a supposed can be bringen the published statement it and it. Welchiscon's divergence from the final state of the indepreha-tor asymmetry of a triting wind. The holograph is difficult to read completely and there was room for two interpretations of the author's final meaning here and there. Marrover, Weedhouse was in communication with Kents, and may have got an aral sharps or two, as fer restance in the matter of the here's name, which he over an all of the his amount amount of the transport of the place of the his amount of the his amount of the place of the his amount of t scripts with Essis's published text, I have noted even variations of ne great someometre in themselves in order to give as complete an ineight as possible into the composition of this deservedly arech-prized poem. Leigh Hunt, in his Lendan Journal for the Slat of January 1836, printed the whole poem with a delightful running commentary between the stances; and this I have transferred to the present edition to the shape of foot-notes, after collecting it with the revision which coruples a preminent piece in Imagination and Fanoy I have not thought it necessary to emit whatever is left out of the revision; but have adopted the leter readings wherever it is close that a change was made for the simple sake of improvement. Hent spens his paper in the Journal than t

The reader should give an three peach, instead of three half-peace, for this number of our decreast, for its peacest has with the scale of Mr. Raster's beautiful point, entitled as above, —to say solding of our leving community. We specified, some then age, in giving questions from Thomassis's 'leasted of Indobnes, to read a small point considerably with the reader ofter this finding. Communitation have not been more receivable as of the processor we were to design of it, and also have we reduce it; as we hope we often shall. To-degré the leve of the Agent, and the second of the peace of the peac

are said to have had a vision of her, surrounded by angels, and attended by a white lamb, which afterwards became sacred to her. In the Catholic church formerly the nuns used to bring a couple of lambs to her alter during mass. The superstition is (for we believe it is still to be found) that by taking certain measures of divination, damsels may get a sight of their future husbands in adreum. The ordinary process seems to have been by fasting Aubrey (as quoted in Brand's 'Popular Antiquities') mentions another, which is, to take a row of pins, and pull them out one by one, saying a Pater noster, after which, upon going to bed, the dream is sure to ensue. Brand quotes Ben Jonson '—

And on sweet St. Agnes' night, Please you with the promis'd sight— Some of husbands, some of lovers, Which an empty dream discovers.

But another poet has now taken up the creed in good poetic earnest; and if the superstition should go out in every other respect, in his rich and loving pages it will live for ever"

Hunt is wrong in saying the 21st of January is the Eve of St. Agnes. That day is the Feast of St. Agnes the Eve or Vigil is of course the 20th. An account of the superstations connected with this Vigil, the English equivalent of the Scotch "Halloween," may be read in Chambers's Book of Days.

of the Scotch "Halloween," may be read in Chambers's Book of Days.

As will be seen by reference to the editorial note prefixed to 'Lamia,' the late
Francis Turner Palgrave held that 'The Eve of St. Agnes' divided the palm with

'Lamia' as "the masterpieces among the Poet's longer work."

H. B. F.

### THE EVE OF ST AGNES

ı.

ST Agnes' Eve—Ah, bitter chill it was I The owl, for all his feathers, was a-cold, The hare limp'd trembling through the frozen grass, And silent was the flock in woolly fold

L Westlemes reads cold for chill in the 1, were for was in line 4, in fact for in the 9, and prayers for prayer in the 8. The measure copy through set above part of the 8. The measure copy through act above variation as for while in the 9. Heat, quoting this first line as an illustration for the super A "Now; decorption of a Cold Dop in the Lendon Journal for the 8d of Documber 15%, changes the ear of the world and reads—

"The owl, with all her feathers, is a-celd,

er you titlak her se. In his comment on the whole stanza he again subspaces the libs. He says, What a complete fielding of winter-time in here, together with an intimation of those Cathelle eleganoide, of which we are to have more in the posm!

The ewi, with all his feathers, was a-celd.

Could be have selected an image more warm and constructable in timel, and, therefore, better contradicted by the season? We feel the plump, hatthey bird in its socia, altivering in spite of his natural harmshold warmin, and starting out at the strange weather. The have entanging through the cell grass is very pitsons, and the silent fool very patient; and how quiet and gentle, as well as winterly as all these elementations, and it to open a quitt end gentle point. The levent of the silent fool very patient; and how quiet and gentle, and is a similar in of the silent patients, literate it is piece incomes, completes them, and is a similar in of the silent patients, literate it is piece incomes, completes them, and is a similar in of the silent patients of the silent patients of the silent in the silent patients. The season of the consequence of the consequence of the silent in the silent patients and to be the sea of the consequence of the season, and the silent patients are silent in the silent patients of postry may in this image alone, see what imagination is haven. Yenng students of postry may in this image alone, see what imagination is part of its multiting. It is not applicable in one point, and the reverse in another. In the letter winth Kasti verse to Thyrica about an attention made in stars with the second then a price which keet were to Thyrica about an attention made in stars with the second then a present made altered delite to

cold / W may solly assume that the shoults first a cold wa improved studys, from Blakespace, since in Kastle copy of the 1909 file; flower V of Act III of King Lear I hears withness of having been read near about the time of Tem Leat's death, and its words power Town, it the immediate sightherized of Tow's c-ookly, mr underlined, the date Sunday coverage Oct 4, 1818, being written alongside by Kasta. Numb were the Beadsman's fingers, while he told
His rosary, and while his frosted breath,
Like pious incense from a censer old,
Seem'd taking flight for heaven, without a death,
Past the sweet Virgin's picture, while his prayer he saith

11

His prayer he saith, this patient, holy man; Then takes his lamp, and riseth from his knees, And back returneth, meagre, barefoot, wan, Along the chapel aisle by slow degrees

II. Woodhouse reads 'prayers' for 'prayer' in line 1. Hunt says "The germ of the thought, or something like it, is in Dante, where he speaks of the figures that perform the part of sustaining columns in architecture. Keats had read Dante in Mr. Cary's translation, for which he had a great respect. He began to read him afterwards in Italian, which language he was mastering with surprising quickness. A friend of ours has a copy of Ariosto, containing admiring marks of his pen. But the same thought may have originally struck one poet as well as another. Perhaps there are few that have not felt something like it in seeing the figures upon tembs. Here, however, for the first time, we believe, in English poetry, it is expressed, and with what feeling and elegance! Most wintry as well as penitential is the word 'aching,' in 'icy hoods and mails;' and most felicitous the introduction of the Cathelic idea in the word 'pargatorial.' The very colour of the rails is made to assume a meaning, and to shadow forth the gloom of the punishment—

# Imprisoned in black purgatorial rails."

The passage of Dante referred to is in Canto x of the Purgatorio, and relates to "the souls of those who expiate the sin of pride, and who are bent down beneath the weight of heavy stones". I quote the version of Cary, as that with which Keats was familiar:

As, to support incumbent floor or roof,
For corbel, is a figure sometimes seen,
That crumples up its knees unto its breast,
With the feign'd posture, stirring ruth unfeign'd
In the beholder's fancy, so I saw
These fashion'd, when I noted well their guise
Each, as his back was laden, came indeed
Or more or less contracted, and it seem'd
As he, who show'd most patience in his look,
Walling exclaim'd: "I can endure no more"

Cary adds the following note to this passage "Chillingworth, cap. vi. § 54, speaks of 'those crouching anticks, which seem in great buildings to labour under the weight they bear'. And Lord Shaftesbury has a similar illustration in his Essay on Wit and Humour, p. 4, § 3."

The sculptur'd dead, on each side, seem to freeze, Emprison d in black, purgatorial rails kinghts, ladies, praying in dumb orat'ries, He passeth by and his weak spirit fails To think how they may ache in it'v boods and mails.

111

Northward he turneth through a little door And scarce three steps, ere hiusi'es golden tongue Flatter'd to tears this aged man and poor Bot no—already had his deathbell rung The jorys of all his life were said and sung His was harsh penance on St. Agnes' Eve: Another way he went, and soon among Rough ashes sat he for his soul's reprieve, And all night kept awake, for suners' sake to grieve.

III. Weotherse reads turn'd for went in line 7 and Black for Rough in line 3. Hunt italiciers and comments then:

Flatter'd to tears this aged man and poor

This fattered is exquisite. A true poet is by antere a metaphysician; far greater in general them metaphysicians perfected. He field instinctively what the others get at by long sourchase. In this word flattered is the whole theory of the secret of tours; which are the tributes, more or less worthy of self-pity to salf-love. Whenever we shed there, we take pity on ourselver; and we feel, if we do not consciously say so, that we deserve to have the pity taken. In many cases, the pity is just, and the self-love not to be countreed unbanded well-Is many others, it is the reverse; and this is the reason why selfish peop are so often femal among the teer-shoulders, and why they even as we to shoul them for others. They imagine themselves in the situation of the others, as indeed the meet generous must, before they one sympathics; but the generous omnole as well as ween. Seltich tears are algoredly of everything but themselves. Fastured to tears. Yes, the poor old man was moved, by the sweet maris, to think that so rewest a thing was intended for his confirt as well as for others. He felt that the arreterious kindness of heaven did not easit even his poor 'ald, sorry case, in its numerous workings and visitations; and, as he wished to live longer, he began to think that his wish was to be attended to. He began to consider hew week he had suffered—how much he had suffered wrongly and mysteriously—and hav much better a men he was, with all his sins, than fate seemed to have taken him for. Hence, he found himself deserving of tears and self-pity, and he shed them, and falt soothed by his poor old, leving self. Hot understrokly either; for he was a prins-taking pligrim, seed, patient, and hemish, and writingly suffered seld and talk, for the sels of something better than he oyald otherwise deserve; and so the pity is not eminatraly on his own side; we pity him too, and would fain see him out of that cold shapel, gathered into a warmer place than a grave. But It was not to be. We must, therefore, console secretives with knowing, that this ky sadaremoe of kis was the last, and that he soon found himself at the swamy gate of harves. IV

That ancient Beadsman heard the prelude soft; And so it chanc'd, for many a door was wide, From hurry to and fro Soon, up aloft, The silver, snarling trumpets 'gan to chide The level chambers, ready with their pride, Were glowing to receive a thousand guests. The carved angels, ever eager-ey'd,

Star'd, where upon their heads the cornice rests, With hair blown back, and wings put cross-wise on their breasts

v.

At length burst in the argent revelry,
With plume, tiara, and all rich array,
Numerous as shadows haunting facily
The brain, new stuff'd, in youth, with triumphs gay
Of old romance These let us wish away,
And turn, sole-thoughted, to one Lady there,

IV. After Stanza iii, Woodhouse has the following Stanza, suppressed in the poem as printed:—

But there are ears may hear sweet melodies, And there are eyes to brighten festivals, And there are feet for nimble minstrelsies, And many a lip that for the red wine calls—Follow, then follow to the illumined halls, Follow me youth—and leave the eremite—Give him a tear—then trophied banneral And many a brilliant tasseling of light

Shall droop from arched ways this high baronial night.

In line 7, 'banneral' should of course be 'bannerals' In what is now Stanza iv, Woodhouse has 'and now aloft' for 'Soon, up aloft', in line 3, and 'Seem'd anxious' for 'Were glowing' in line 6 The Museum transcript reads 'High-lamped' for 'The level' in line 5

V Woodhouse has the first line thus—

At length step in the urgent revelers

and lines 3 to 6 thus—

Ah what are they? the idle pulse scarce stirs, The muse should never make the spirit gay, Away, bright dulness, laughing fools away,— And let me tell of one sweet lady there

The Museum transcript shows that Keats wrote line 2 thus—

With tiara and plume and rich array,

but George Keats has written 'tiard' The change is one of many made by Keats to shift the accent in a word at first wrongly accented. The Museum copy reads 'time' for 'times' in line 9.

Whose heart had brooded, all that wintry day
On love, and wing'd St. Agnes' saintly care,
As she had heard old dames full many times declare.

#### ₹L

They told her how, upon St. Agner Eve, Young virgins might have visions of delight, And soft adoning from their leves receive Upon the honey'd middle of the night, If ceremonies due they did anght As, supperless to bed they must reture, And couch supine their beauties, lilly white; Nor look behind, nor sideways, but require Of Heaven with upward eyes for all that they desire.

#### VII.

Full of this whim was thoughtful Madeline.
The music, yearning like a God in pain,
She scarcely heard her maiden eyes divine,
Fu'd on the floor saw many a sweeping train.

VI. The British Museum manuscript reads love, for loves in line 3, has no comma after beauties in line 7, and reads enquire for require in line 2. Between Steme vi and vil to her the Schowing states, not be the original cust :—

> Twas said her future lord would there appear Offering as assentifice—all in the draum-Delicious food event to her lips brought near Vanats and white said fruit and engard cream. To touch her pable with the fine currence of the said that the said that the said that and the said that and the said that the said

VII. Worthouse reads Touch d not her beart for She scarcely heard in a letter to Taylor dated the 11th of June 1820 (see Letters) Kents may be has been reading the proofs, and has found what appears to be at alteration here, annuly—

her mailes eyes incline Still on the floor, while many a sweeping train Pass by

My manths, may the port, is quite destroyed by the alteration. I do not use that, for concerns of passers by but for dirtit sweeping along the fact. If this was the measure of the right of alteration both the barriers of possible directly we say be sure that a good shall of other modifications as carried through without facts faring it set. The post is very lateral ben, withouth given any observation on the rule worked to be gammary of Pass by—she heeded not at all in vain
Came many a tiptoe, amorous cavalier,
And back retir'd, not cool'd by high disdain,
But she saw not her heart was otherwhere
She sigh'd for Agnes' dreams, the sweetest of the year

### VIII.

She danc'd along with vague, regardless eyes,
Anxious her lips, her breathing quick and short
The hallow'd hour was near at hand—she sighs
Amid the timbrels, and the throng'd resort
Of whisperers in anger, or in sport,
'Mid looks of love, defiance, hate, and scorn,
Hoodwink'd with facty fancy, all amort,
Save to St Agnes and her lambs unshorn,
And all the bliss to be before to-morrow morn.

### IX.

So, purposing each moment to retire,
She linger'd still Meantime, across the moors,
Had come young Porphyro, with heart on fire
For Madeline. Beside the portal doors,
Buttress'd from moonlight, stands he, and implores
All saints to give him sight of Madeline,

VIII. The holograph shows the following variation:

She dane'd along with vague uneager eyes
Her anxious mouth full pulp d with rosy thought
The hour was near at hand—and she sighs

but the reading of the text is substituted in the case of lines 2 and 3. In line 7 the reading 'She was hoodwink d with fancy' is superseded by that of the text. The Museum transcript has 'uneager' in line 1, and reads 'and in sport' in line 5, and 'a la mort' in line 7 Keats's use of the old word 'amort' is peculiarly happy it is more expressive of deadened perception than any other single word, and is full of poetic associations Compare 'The Taming of the Shrew,' Act IV, Scene iii, line 36—

How fares my Kate? What, sweeting, all amort? also the First Part of 'King Henry VI,' Act III, Scene 11, line 124—

What, all amort? Rouen hangs her head for grief and Massinger's 'Parliament of Love,' Act IV, Scene v,—

Jovial! doctor, No, I am all amort as if I had lain Three days in my grave already.

IX. The holograph has the cancelled reading, 'She lingered fearful who might'; and in line 3 'Porphyro' is cancelled and 'Lionel' substituted, while

But for one moment in the tedious hours,
That he might gare and worship all unseen
Perchance speak, kneel, touch, knss—in sooth such things
have been.

X.

He ventures in let no buzzd whisper tell: All cyes be nuffled, or a hundred swords Will storm his heart, Love's fev'rous citadel: For him, those chambers heelt barbaran hordes, Hyens foemes, and hot-blooded hords, Whose very dogs would excerations how! Against his fineage not one breast affords Him any mercy in that mansion fool, Save one old beldame, weak in body and in soul.

#### TI.

Ah, happy chance! the aged creature came, Shuffling along with ivory headed wand,

we read aftre for on fire both in the helograph and in the Museum copy.

After Madeline in the 4 there is a cancelled reading—

Most pitcous he implores

All milita

and before the reading of the text was arrived at there was a midway reading, Within the Portal Doors. Line 8 originally stood, unfatished,

That he might gare,—or speak, or kneet presentably completed in the port's mind by the wards much things have been.

I The opening line was first written in the holograph thus—

He ventures in wrapped in a dark disguise,,,

and then we get the reading.

He ventures in cloak d up in dark disguise Let no Man see him—or a bundred swords Will storm his heart for all his amorous signs,

Fert we have

I rectures he—let no damn d whisper tell,
then the rading of the tart, anoyt the word burn'd (for damn d ) which is
not in the margarity. Line 8 stignally acided with 'bork and line 8 with,
dark' There is cancelled reading for the 7. Against his name and lineage,
and line 9 stiglinally stood unfaished.—

Save one old Beldame nigh to lose the...

XI. The helagraph reads Beldame for creature in line 1; and line 2 was originally written—

Tottering along with ivory headed staff.

In the 3 the Museum copy reads torobes for torobe In the 4 huge is cancelled in the holograph in favour of broad In the 8 the Leobus-Lampus, and Museum manuscripts read. Morey Jeru 1 for "Morey Porphyro".

To where he stood, hid from the torch's flame, Behind a broad hall-pillar, far beyond The sound of merriment and chorus bland He startled her, but soon she knew his face, And grasp'd his fingers in her palsied hand, Saying, "Mercy, Porphyro! hie thee from this place. "They are all here to-night, the whole blood-thirsty race!

### XII.

"Get hence! get hence! there's dwarfish Hildebrand,

"He had a fever late, and in the fit

"He cursed thee and thine, both house and land

"Then there's that old Lord Maurice, not a whit

"More tame for his gray hairs-Alas me! flit!

"Flit like a ghost away"—"Ah, Gossip dear,

"We're safe enough, here in this arm-chair sit,
"And tell me how"—"Good Saints! not here, not here; "Follow me, child, or else these stones will be thy bier"

### XIII

He follow'd through a lowly arched way, Brushing the cobwebs with his lofty plume, And as she mutter'd "Well-a-well-a-day!" He found him in a little moonlight room,

XII. The holograph has the cancelled reading, 'Ferdinand' for 'Hildebrand,' and in line 2 'his fit.' Line 4 originally stood-

> There's old Francesco Mendez not a wit [810] Tamer for all his Palsy

Another reading is

Then there's old Lord Maurice Lacey not a wit More tame for his gray hairs

And yet another, 'Then there is old Lord Maurice ' is in Woodhouse's transoript. In line 8 'Good God!' stands cancelled in favour of 'Good Saints!'and line 9 originally began 'Follow me Child-hush, hush '

XIII. In the Locker Lampson manuscript, the line

He followed her along a passage dark

is cancelled, and the reading of the text given. The Museum copy reads 'utter d' for 'mutter d' in line 3. Line 5 originally began 'Pale casemented', for which 'Pale latticed high' was substituted and duly copied by Woodhouse, but 'chill' is not in the holograph or in Woodhouse's transcript, which, in line 7, read 'Goody' for 'Angela' (as does also the Museum copy), and in line 8 'holy' for 'secret'. In line 9, 'do weave full piously' is cancelled for 'are weaving piously'. Hunt comments thus: "The poet does not make his 'little moonlight

- Pale, lattic'd, chill, and silent as a tomb.
- "Now tell me where is Madeline, said he,
  "O tell me. Angels, by the holy loom
- "Which none but secret sisterhood may see,
  "When they St. Agnes' wool are wearing prously

### XIX

'St. Acnes ! Ah! it is St. Agnes' Eve-

- "Yet men will murder upon holy days:
- "Thou must hold water in a witch s sieve,
- "And be liege-lord of all the Eives and Fays,
  "To venture so it fills me with amaze
- "To see thee, Porphyro I-St, Agnes' Eve !
- "God's help I my lady fair the conjuror plays
- "This very night good angels her deceive!
- "But let me laugh awhile, I've mickle time to grieve."

#### XY

Feebly she laugheth in the languid moon, While Porphyro upon her face doth look,

poor confertible, observe. The high texts of the exceldent is kept up. All is still winty. There is to be an execute in the poor but what is given by least. All does may be left to the sold write. St. Agreef west is of centre the west shown from the two lands brought by the sense in the situar off in Agree (see sets before the poor, page 62) to be address while the Agrees was also before the which the word was seen and were by the acre.

which the weel was spin and weven by the name.

IIV In line 2 the holograph reads holidays for holy days ; and is knee 5 and 6 there is a samothed reading.

in truth it doth amare

Young Signor Porphyro.

The Museum transcript shows a further variation here-

about these thorny Ways Aft tempting Beliebub.

Woodhense reads elfs for Elves in has 4 and To see thee Lionel—' in hire 6. In Reginalé Soit's Discovery of Witchersh' (Book XII, Chapter svil a penyer is smattened whereby night be carried in a giver water or other liques. XV The holograph has a cancelled rading of him 1.

Feebly she laurhs in the bright languid Moon...

and it has 8 As doth an Urchin I stands altered to As puzzled Urchin 1, while in line 9 there is a cannoid reading among those keyends old. The Massent transcript reads Soutden for But soon. We filled 8, Sight, for Tears in line 8, As Swoot for And in line 9. But soon this 6, Sight, for Tears in line 9. Heur's comment is as follows: Es absent shell tears—of synapticly to think low his treatures is expended to the cold—and of delight and price to think of her shorting beauty and leve leves for kinestif. This puszge sakep in his of legents (4) is in the highest integristive tears, faming top these the inaginative tears, faming top these the inaginative stands.

Like puzzled urchin on an aged crone
Who keepeth clos'd a wond'rous riddle-book,
As spectacled she sits in chimney nook
But soon his eyes grew brilliant, when she told
His lady's purpose, and he scarce could brook
Tears, at the thought of those enchantments cold,
And Madeline asleep in lap of legends old

### XVI.

Sudden a thought came like a full-blown rose, Flushing his brow, and in his pained heart Made purple riot—then doth he propose A stratagem, that makes the beldame start.

and the spiritual, the remote and the near Madeline is asleep in her bed, but she is also asleep in accordance with the legends of the season; and therefore the bed becomes their lap as well as sleep's. The poet does not critically think of all this; he feels it and thus should other young poets draw upon the prominent points of their feelings on a subject, sucking the essence out of them into analogous words, instead of beating about the bush for thoughts, and, perhaps, getting very clever ones, but not thoroughly pertunent, not wanted, not the best. Such, at least, is the difference between the truest poetry and the degrees beneath it." Hunt should have said, to be quite exact, not Madeline is asleep in her bed, but Porphyro imagines Madeline asleep in her bed. It is curious that the critic takes no notice of the strange misuse of brook for the sake of rhyme. Perhaps the feeling of the word baulk was in Keats's mind, as that is clearly the meaning of the passage, and brook was probably written during a casual absence of critical vigilance.

XVI. The opening originally stood thus in the Looker-Lampson manuscript:

Sudden a thought more rosy than the rose
Flush'd his young Cheek, and in his painfle head
Made not fierce—and then doth he propose

The revision of this passage leaves it incomplete, thus-

Sudden a rosy thought

Heated his Brow and in his painfle head
Made purple riot then doth he propose

The reading of the text is not supplied at all. The phonetic spelling 'painfie' for 'painful' is curious, and the word 'head' where 'heart' now stands, though it has no rhyme in the manuscript, is perfectly legible. At the close of the stanza the manuscript reads first—

by Christ I deem

Thou canst not be the Youth

and then

O Christ I deem

Thou canst not surely be the same as thou didst seem—
'as' being finally altered to 'that' The Museum copy reads, 'full blown like a rose', in line 1, 'Heated' for 'Flushing', in line 2, and 'O Christ', for 'Go, go'! in line 8. There are no turned commas at the end of the stanza in Keats's edition.

- "A cruel man and impious thou art
- "Sweet lady let her pray and sleep, and dream
- "Alone with her good angels, far apart
- "From wicked men like thee. Go, go!-I deem
- "Thou caust not surely be the same that thou didst seem."

### 2211

- "I will not harm her, by all saints I swear Outth Porphyro "O may I ne'er find grace
- "When my weak voice shall whisper its last prayer
- "If one of her soft ringlets I displace,
- "Or look with ruffian passion in her face
- "Good Angela, believe me by these tears
- "Or I will even in a moment's space
- "Awake, with bornd shout, my formen's ears.
- "And beard them, though they be more fang'd than wolves and bears.

#### XVIII.

- "Ah! why wilt thou affright a feeble soul?
- "A poor, weak, palsy stricken, churchyard thine
- IVII. In the helograph manuscript, lines I to 4 read.-
  - I will not harm her by the great St. Paul; Swear th Porphyro, -O may I me er fied grace When my weak voice shall unto heaven call
- If one of her son ringlets I misplace
- In fine 2 Swear th has been substituted for Says ; and Woulkerse, indeed, reads Swears Lione! There is a practical reading in line 1, liv the Saints and another in line 3, Shall send to Heaven his prayer! The sinth line originally stood thus...
  - Good Angela, thou bearest how I swear-
- but this is cancelled for the realing of the text. The Museum copy follows the holograph in lines 1, 2, and 3, and reads forman's for formen s' in line 2.
- TAVILL The Riserms opposed How cannot thou terrify for Ahi why will thou affright in his 1. The helograph shows the encoded reading morning for midnight in his 3 in his 6 Llocal is written over Porphyro as if Lasts were till in dealt which same his leves shrall bears in the ? gentle' stands for world ; and the end of the stanta ericinally stood that:
  - That the old Beldam promises to do Whatever he shall say betide her weal or woo.
- Dame' is substituted for Beidam, and the end of line 8 is strack eat; but nething is supplied in its place. Weedhouse had apparently found the character of this starm too much for him, and left it blank after speech in Has &. It is filed in in penell, I think by Konta and the pencilled portion reads gentle in the 7 beldame taline & and say not with talias &

"Whose passing-bell may ere the midnight toll,
"Whose prayers for thee, each morn and evening,
"Were never miss'd"—Thus plaining, doth she bring
A gentler speech from burning Porphyro,
So woful, and of such deep sorrowing,
That Angela gives promise she will do
Whatever he shall wish, betide her weal or woe.

### XIX.

Which was, to lead him, in close secrecy,
Even to Madeline's chamber, and there hide
Him in a closet, of such privacy
That he might see her beauty unespy'd,
And win perhaps that night a peerless bride,
While legion'd faeries pac'd the coverlet,
And pale enchantment held her sleepy-ey'd
Never on such a night have lovers met,
Since Merlin paid his Demon all the monstrous debt.

XIX. The holograph shows two cancelled readings of line 1,

- (1) Which was, as all who ever lov'd will guess,
- (2) Which was, to guide him in close secrecy

Line 3 stands thus both in the holograph manuscript and in the Museum copy-

## Him in a Closet if such one there be-

and line 5 opens in both with 'Or' instead of 'And'. In line 6 'round her pillow flew' is cancelled in the holograph in favour of 'paced the Coverlet', while in line 8 'O Where' gives place to 'Never', and in line 9 'the denions' to 'his Demon' Hunt says, "What he means by Merlin's 'monstrous debt,' I cannot say. Merlin, the famous enchanter, obtained King Arthur his interview with the fair Iogerne; but though the son of a devil, and conversant with the race, I am aware of no debt that he owed them. Did Keats suppose that he had sold himself like Faustus?" I do not see the commentator's difficulty the monstrous debt was his monstrous existence, which he owed to a demon and repaid when he died or disappeared through the working of one of his own spells by Viviane It seems probable that, of the many sonroes from which Keats might have acquired his knowledge of Merlin, Dunlop's 'History of Flotion' was the work of which this fine line was a reminiscence; for the alternative readings 'the demons' and 'his Demon' point to the two opening sentences of the section on Merlin, namely (I quote the second edition, of 1816, Volume I, page 203) "The demons, alarmed at the number of viotims which daily escaped their fangs since the birth of our Saviour, held a council of war It was there resolved that one of their number should be sent to the world with instructions to engender on some virgin a child, who might act as their vicegerent on earth, and thus counteract the great plan that had been laid for the salvation of mankind." As to the words "never on such a night," &c., it is presumable that they refer to the tempest, which according to tradition, passed over the woods of Broceliande the night after the magneian was spell-bound.

#### II.

"It shall be as thou wishest," said the Dame

"All cates and dainties shall be stored there

Ounckly on this feast night by the tambour frame

"Her own lute thou wilt see no time to spare, "For I am alow and feeble, and scarce dare

"On such a catering trust my dizzy head.

"Wait here, my child, with patience kneel in prayer "The while Ah! thou must needs the lady wed.

"Or may I never leave my grave among the dead."

#### TTI.

So saving, she hobbled off with busy fear The lover's endless minutes slowly pass'd; The dame return'd, and whisper'd in his car To follow her with aged eyes aghast

XX. In time 6 And is cancelled in the belograph in favour of For Of Itse I there are two manuscript readings—

But walt an hour's time-and kneel in prayer

**₽4** But walt an hour's passing-kneel in prayer

but the reading of the text does not appear either in the helograph or in Woodhouse's copy which reads. But wait an hour a passing. The words of the text appear in the Messern copy which also reads. Sooth for Ahl in line S. III. Cancelled reading of the helegraph-

So saying she hobbled out busily

And we will pass the Lover a endless hour ;

The second line is rewritten thus a

The Lover a codios minutes, quickly pass d

slowly! does not appear in the holograph or the Kussum memasories; but it is written in penalt in the margin of Woodhease's books so in anxious for endless fa line 2. In Ene 5 the holograph reads whispers In line 5 dim captal is substituted for what seems to have been sky vision The 6 steed stigitually—

Through loneliest passages and they gain d. came and reach took being substituted in turn for gain'd and the line being at length laft so as to read

Through lonely onken Galleries they reach...

Woodhouse stopped copying at they in like 6; and gain was sittentialy added ta pencil,—the other three lines being pencilled in, I think by Keats, thus ;-The maiden a chamber allem healt'd & chaste

There he in panting covert will remain From Purgatory sweet to view what he may attam.

Islan 8 first stood thus in the helograph-There in a panting covert to remain

and then

Where he in panting covert must remain,

From fright of dim espial Safe at last,
Through many a dusky gallery, they gain
The maiden's chamber, silken, hush'd, and chaste;
Where Porphyro took covert, pleas'd amain
His poor guide hurried back with agues in her brain

### IIXX

Her falt'ring hand upon the balustrade,
Old Angela was feeling for the stair,
When Madeline, St Agnes' charmed maid,
Rose, like a mission'd spirit, unaware
With silver taper's light, and pious care,
She turn'd, and down the aged gossip led
To a safe level matting Now prepare,
Young Porphyro, for gazing on that bed,
She comes, she comes again, like ring-dove fray'd and fled.

'must' being altered to 'will', but the reading of the text not being supplied. For the Alexandrine there are several attempts,—

Upon the frontier
Love, purgatory sweet
From purgatory sweet to view love's own domain.
In purgatory sweet to what may he attain

There is no trace in the holograph of the Alexandrine of the text; but it is in the Museum copy

XXII. Cancelled openings from the holograph—

There secreted Scarce had old Angela the Staircase found Ere Madeline, like an affrighted Bird Flew past her Scarcely had

Before these were struck out, 'Swan' was substituted for 'Bird.' Line 1 was next written—

With faultring hand upon the Ballustrade

and lines 4 to 6 appear first as

Rose like a spirit to her unaware And with her taper's light and gentle care She turn d and led the aged gossip down

the reading of the text being, however, substituted all but the word 'pious' for 'gentle' In line 8 'Porphyro' stands cancelled in favour of 'Lionel', which Woodhouse maintains, and we read 'a gazing', not 'for gazing' The word 'again' in line 9 was an afterthought. The British Museum copy gives lines 4 and 5 as follows—

Rose, like a spirit to her, unaware With silver taper light, and pious care,

and line 8 thus—

Young Porphyro, a gazing on that Bed.

#### XXIII.

Out went the taper as she hutried in; It is that smoke, in pallid moonshine, died She clor'd the door she panted, all akin To spirits of the air and visions wide No uttered syllable, or woe beticle! But to her heart, her heart was voluble, Paming with eloquence her balmy side As though a tongueless nightingale should swell Her throat in vain, and die, heart-staffed, in her dell.

XXIV

A casement high and triple-arch d there was, All garlanded with carren imagines Of fruits, and flowers, and bunches of knot-grass, And dismonded with panes of quaint device.

IXIII. The halograph sunrescript shows ne variation in this wonderful stansatill we some to the Alexandrian ariginally I think, written as a line of balled maters:

Her harren throat in vain and die heart-stided in her dell

barren and in win have both been causelled, but in wain has been rethered. The Museum copy reads (souted the hurred in the b. Hwat ages of the second line. This is were in the texts of Glancer, full of shrints procced truth. The meaks of the vert taper seems almost as otherial and fair at the meaklight, and both refi such either and the keroine. But what a lovely line is the seventh, these the heart.

Paining with aloguence her labor side!

And the nightingule i have touching the simile! It is heart a temporaless nightingule, dying in the held of the bosons. What therough resoftens, and perfection of entry trangery! Here see fellowery in heaved prox mother! But for a hours of rickness, naisease, selected, modeling surfathing the macenlight, as if a door of heaven were spread, read the stansam that follows:

XXIV This semptaces pusage corupted the post's cure very considerably. The following spening stands cancelled in the Locker Lawrence measurements:

A Casement tripple arch d and diamonded With many coloured glaw fronted the Moon In mists wile percet a sife jided sentiation shed High blushing gules—she knowled asintly down And inly prayed for grace and heavenly boon. The blood red guise fall on her silver cross

In line 2 of this, of which stands cancelled in favour of whereof 1 and line 4 originally began with. High binahing gules upon. A second fresh start is—

There was a Casement tripple arch d and high All garlanded with curven imageries Of fruits and trailing flowers and sunny corn

And her white hands devout.

Innumerable of stains and splendid dyes,
As are the tiger-moth's deep damask'd wings;
And in the midst, 'mong thousand heraldrics,
And twilight saints, and dim emblazonings,
A shielded scutcheon blush'd with blood of queens and kings.

### $\lambda \lambda V$

Full on this casement shone the wintry moon, And threw warm gules on Madeline's fair breast, As down she knelt for heaven's grace and boon, Rose-bloom fell on her hands, together prest,

before this was rejected the third line was amended thus-

Of fruits and flowers and sunny corn cars parch'd I presume Keats noticed that 'corn' did not rhyme with 'high', and meant to transpose the first line thus—

There was a casement high and triple arch'd,

but there is no trace of this in the manuscript. In the stanza as finally written there is the following cancelled reading of lines 6 &c.—

As is the wing of evening tiger moths And in the midst 'mong many heraldries And dim twilight

Before the present tiger-moth line was arrived at, the epithet 'rich' instead of 'deep' was tried, and 'deep-damasked' in the manuscript stands cancelled in favour of 'deep sunset.' Woodhouse reads 'fruit' for 'fruits' in line 3, and 'deep sunset' in line 6 Presumably Keats reverted to 'deep-damasked' when revising the proofs, and it is certainly the happiest expression imaginable. Of this supreme result of poetic labour Hunt says, "Could all the pomp and graces of aristotracy, with Titian's and Raphael's aid to boot, go beyond the rich religion of this picture, with its 'twilight saints,' and its 'soutcheons 'blushing with the blood of queens?'"

XXV. Line 2 originally stood in the holograph thus—

And threw rich gules on Madeline's fair face

but 'warm' was substituted for 'rich', and again 'rich' for 'warm', and 'breast' for 'face'. Keats must have reverted to 'warm' when the proofs came In line 3 the manuscript reads 'kneel d' for 'knelt', and there are the following cancelled readings of line 4—

Tinging her pious hands together prest, Tinging with red her hands together prest, And rose bloom on her hands together prest.

In line 7 the manuscript reads 'silvery angel' for 'splendid angel' (Woodhouse makes it 'She seem'd like silver angel') and there is a cancelled reading—

She seem'd like an immortal a[n]gel drest

In line 8, again, 'Porphyro' is struck out and 'Lionel' substituted; and line 9 reads

She knelt too pure a thing, too free from mortal taint In the Museum copy the Alexandrine is

She pray'd, too pure a thing, too free from mortal taint,

And on her silver cross soft amethyst, And on her harr a glory like a saint She seem d a splendid angel, newly drest, Save wmgs, for heaven —Porphyro grew faint She knelt, so pure a thing so free from mortal taint.

#### XVL

Anon his heart retires her vespers done, Of all its weathed pearls her hair she frees Unclasps her warmed jewels one by one Loosens her fragrant boddice by degrees

Hent's comment runs thus: This levely and insecret senting, thus gaying mode the proposes painted window completes the emending and strape about 70 this picture,—one that will for ever stand by itself in postry as an addition to the short. It would have riscule a piev on the heat of flatherparts hisself. He might have piet langua at Ophila tunior such a shrine. Here prope, as well as privily the heatilist term price, confidencing the constant. Role would not have been a fritted part in great. As will not at heat the most and the fact means have a first row solvent, that has determined the shrine the same that the first row will as privily the heatilist term point, and the fact heating has not shown in the situation of the press, he was not to the first the same that the same

IXVI. The first opening of this starm in the Lecker-Lampson managerist is-

But soon his heart revives-her prayers said

She keys aside her well She strips her hair of all its wreathed pearl

Unclarps her bosom jowels

And twists it in one knot upon her head,

Refers this was struck out altogether, 'wreathed pearl was situred to pearled wreaths. The next energie-

But soon his heart revives—her praying done
Of all its wreathed pearl she strips her heir
Unclusps her warmed jewels one by one
Looses the boddies from her...

and this last line to altered several times, thus-

Lossess her bursting boddles...
Lossess her Boddles isco-strings...
Lossess her Boddles, and her bosom haro...
Lossess her fragrant boddles and doth hare
Her ...

Her rich attire creeps rustling to her knees Half-hidden, like a mermaid in sea-weed, Pensive awhile she dreams awake, and sees, In fancy, fair St Agnes in her bed, But dares not look behind, or all the charm is fled

### XXVII.

Soon, trembling in her soft and chilly nest, In sort of wakeful swoon, perplex'd she lay, Until the poppied warmth of sleep oppress'd Her soothed limbs, and soul fatigued away,

till at last all is struck out and a fresh start made, thus—

But soon his heart revives—her praying done
Of all its wreathed pearls her har she strips
Unclasps her warmed jewels one by one
Loosens her fragrant boddice, and down slips
Her sweet attite

Then 'Anon' seems to have been substituted for 'But soon' in line 1, 'frees' for 'strips' in line 2, and the words 'and down slips' in line 4 were struck out for the reading—

to her knees

Her sweet attire falls light.

Then 'falls light' gives place to 'creeps down by', which probably indicates that the complet contemplated was—

Unclasps her fragrant boddice to her knees Her sweet attire creeps down by slow degrees,

but then all is abandoned for the reading of the text, except that the word 'rich' is not here in the manuscript. Of the next lines there is a cancelled reading,

Half hidden like a Syren of the sea And more melodious

and the seventh line in the manuscript is-

She stands awhile in dreamy thought and sees

(Woodhouse reads 'dreaming') In line 9 'fled' is struck out and 'dead' substituted, but 'fled' must have been reinstated when the proofs came. Hunt remarks, "How true and cordial, the 'warmed jewels,' and what matter of fact also, made elegant, in the rustling downward of the attire, and the mixture of dress and undress, and of the dishevelled hair, likened to a 'mermaid in seaweed!' But the next stanza is perhaps the most exquisite in the poem"

XXVII. There are the following rejected openings in the Locker-Lampson

manuscript-

Then stepping forth she slips
The charm fled not—she did not look behind.

and of line 2 these readings -

She lay and had not seen her She lay and till the poppied warmth of sleep. She lay in sort of wakeful swoon perplext Flown, like a thought, until the morrow-day Blissfully haven'd both from joy and pain Clasp'd like a missal where swart Paynims pray; Blinded alike from sunshine and from rain, As though a rose should shut, and be a bud again,

#### XXVIIL

StoPn to this paradise, and so entranced, Porphyro gard upon her empty dress, And Intend to her breathing if it chanced To wake into a alumberous tenderness;

#### Woodhouse reads lines 4 and 5 thus-

Her scothed limbs, and soul fatigued, away Flown like a thought until the morrow s day

and I am hadhed to think that the printers are responsible for the scene of the text, as altered by the punctionsism. Line 7 eightfully began with South like a Missell which was altered first to Line a dust Missell that to Line a charged Missell, and then to Canpel dilea as missell. Line 8 eightfully began with Dead to 1; and in line 9 about, which was first written, was track not for close and close was against stroke for the close and close was against stroke for the close to close with the stroke for the close to the control of the secretical polyment that I is never as we had been the integery of the close and the close to the control of Papears in that it to say, where Christian prayer books must not be seen, and are, timestre, doubty circuited for the damper. And then, atthrong sorting on surpose the preferences of this like, it is belles of the beautiful covering all—surposes the professions of the like, it is belles of the beautiful covering all—surpose the preferences of the like, it is belles of the beautiful covering all—

Blanded slike from exactine and from rain, As though a rose should shut, and he a bad equin.

As though a rose should shut, and he a bad egain.

Thus it is that postry in its intense sympathy with creation, may be said to create wave rendering its words more impresers than the objects they speak of,

and individually more leating; the spiritual perpetuity putting them on a level (out to speak it preducely) with the facility compound.

YILL The holograph has the following consolled passages before the stance starts their;

Her alumbrous breathing
The listening Porphyro her breathing heard
And when...
The entranced Porphyro stol'n to Paradisa.

Line 5 originally stood sufmished...

Which when he heard he breath d himself...

Of line 7 mather version is—
Noisoless as Fear amid a wilderness,

and has 8 some to have been means to read—

And o'er the silent carpet husbing stept,

sion the residing of the text was given. Weethers, who reads I Prophyron is line 8, brings out a face sense than that of the safe that sense is sent as the state of the sense is sense; which was branch with the delective attentiably that Prophyro stopped it being that that he half his tanges while stepring as the prophetic state that the sense is the prophetic text that he half his tanges while stepring as the prophetic state they are the prophetic text they have been able to be hologoph reads and for 'y

Which when he heard, that minute did he bless,
And breath'd himself—then from the closet crept,
Noiseless as fear in a wide wilderness,
And over the hush'd carpet, silent, stept,
And 'tween the curtains peep'd, where, lo !—how fast she slept.

### XXIX.

Then by the bed-side, where the faded moon Made a dim, silver twilight, soft he set A table, and, half anguish'd, threw thereon A cloth of woven crimson, gold, and jet — O for some drowsy Morphean amulet! The boisterous, midnight, festive clarion, The kettle-drum, and far-heard clarinet, Affray his ears, though but in dying tone — The hall door shuts again, and all the noise is gone.

### XXX.

And still she slept an azure-lidded sleep, In blanched linen, smooth, and lavender'd,

XXIX. In the Looker-Lampson manuscript, the first three lines read thus:

Then by the bed side where the fading Moon Made an illumed twilight soft he set A Table, and with anguish spread thereon.

and there is a cancelled reading of line 3-

A Table light, and stilly threw thereon

Woodhouse reads-

A table and with care quick spread thereon In line 6 there are cancelled readings, 'Clarions of the feast' and 'Clarions of the Ball' for 'festive clarion', and line 7 originally began with

Sounded though faint and far away,

altered to 'Sound in his ears', before the reading of the text was inserted, in which, by the bye, we read 'clarinet' not 'clarionet'. For line 8 the manuscript reads—

Affray his ears though but in faintest tone, and there are cancelled readings, 'Affrayd', and 'with' for 'in', and 'Reach'd his scar'd ears'. In line 9 there are rejected readings 'shut' and 'was' for 'shuts' and 'is'. The Museum transcript reads 'braying' for 'midnight' in line 6, and has 'clarinet' in line 7, as has Woodhouse The first edition has the common but inaccurate word 'clarionet'

and XXX. In the Museum transcript line 3 reads-

While he brought from the cabinet a heap ine 4 originally began with 'Of candied sweets', altered in the holograph to If candied fruits' before the reading of the text was supplied. In line 5 this

While he from forth the closet brought a heap Of candied apple, quace, and plam, and gourd; With jellies soother than the creamy curd, And lacent strops, tinct with chanamon

manacute read 'cremed card' which has been neighteed for 'daisy card Lies 6 seighnly read syrups smooth with cinnamon | lest 'smooth is concolled in favour of dioci | and the Messens copy reads syrup for syrups Weethous reads creamed for creamy in lies 6 and syrups in lies 6. Of the sorty passage there are in the helegraph the following rejected readings-

And sugar'd dates from... And sugar'd dates that o er Emphrates fared

And manna mead and... And sugar'd dates and manna mead transferred

In Brigard cates and manual ment transport

Manna and dates in Brigantine transferred...

The word errory to complete the reading of the term is neptical in the nergio. In this 2 two adjustment conceiled before the larger spitter affects in surrival acwealther and neather word of which I cannot make anything but quilted subserials of the predicted for pitters. For the purpose of inspiring pickwass, qualified in an an inconseivation arrayments; for if full is nich quilted sith is pickwass, qualified in an an expanse of writing a fun-firthed word as he was of striking it sets on a revision. Prejutyra's handlers in a little energetities of the second course in the read spread for Jeptics and Microstry by Basels and Philoment (Orbit's Microscophesses, Hold VIII, versus 677-60, Energy's Tanachitum;

Philiperts, dry fign, with regged dates, rips plusmes, Bwest-mailing apples, dains in enter twines; And purple grapes new gather'd from their vines; I' th' midet, a lenny sembs.

But Kenta's starm is will now organize of the regatering banquet sequently. Eve for the Archingel Rapinel ( Families Lori, Book V lines 337-48): Wanters Earth, all-bearing mother yields,

In India Bart or West, or middle above.
In India Bart or West, or middle above.
In Powters or the Portico coast, or where
Abindus reigned, fruit of all kinds, in cost
Rangh or most hinds, or bearted levels, or abill,
Else guthern, tribute lerge, and on the beard
Heaps with asymptotic plane. For drink the grape
Else wrathes, incidences worst, and meeths
From many a borry and from yearst kernels presend
Else trapper dubor creation—our those to hald
Wants har if weeds pure y then stryen the ground

The cas of scotler as the comparative of the adjustive south in emission surely the must have meant if for an optivalent of source scotling, are recorder or smeather on Pulprave in his Golden Treasury Kanti engages. Here he may have been missed by the great fewerment in word-orth, Multine, who engines this word, occuwhat don't think in the expectative degree in Comma (the EM) where he makes the fighting past of

With rose and edours from the shrab unfamed

The southert Shepherd that e'er piped on plains

Prebably Militan means "the most truth-speaking shopkers ; but it is not cartain In any sens southest would justify seether; and it is well to note here if Manna and dates, in argosy transferr'd From Fez, and spiced dainties, every one, From silken Samarcand to cedar'd Lebanon

### XXXI

These delicates he heap'd with glowing hand
On golden dishes and in baskets bright
Of wreathed silver sumptuous they stand
In the retired quiet of the night,
Filling the chilly room with perfume light—
"And now, my love, my scraph fair, awake!
"Thou art my heaven, and I thine cremite
"Open thine eyes, for meek St. Agnes' sake,
"Or I shall drowse beside thee, so my soul doth ache."

### HXXX

Thus whispering, his warm, unnerved arm Sank in her pillow Shaded was her dream

resemblance of the highly elaborate syrup line to one in the same poem ('Comus,' lines 672-4)

And first behold this cordial Julep here That flames, and dances in his crystal bounds With spirits of balm, and fragrant Syrops mix'd.

We have here even the same provalent assonance on the vowel sound 1, and surops with an o as in Keats's line. Leigh Hunt says in his dainty way, "Here is delicate modulation, and super-refined epicurean nicety!

Lucent syrups, tinet with cinnamon,

make us read the line delicately, and at the tip-end, as it were, of one's tongue "XXXI. The Looker-Lampson manuscript reads 'golden salvers' in line 2, but I presume 'dishes' was inserted in the proof to avoid using salvers twice, and he would scarcely disturb the lustrous salvers of the next stanza. Lines 4 &c. in the manuscript were originally written—

Amid the quiet of St. Agnes' night And now, saith he, my Seraph with perfume light Teeming

And line 4 is left standing so in the manuscript, while the rest gives place to the reading of the text. There is a rejected reading of line 6—

And now saith he my Seraph may awake

Woodhouse has 'thy' for 'thine' in line 7.

XXXII. There is a cancelled opening in the Locker-Lampson manuscript giving 'sleep' for 'dream' at the end of line 2, and 'dreamless of alarm' as the end of line 3, and another gives 'shaded were her dreams' in line 2, in which the manuscript reads 'sunk' for 'sank'. Of line 6 there is a rejected version, un finished.

Broad golden fringe lies wealthy on the f 'probably 'floor' was the unfinished word), and in line 9 'stood' stands cancelled a favour of 'mus'd'. The Museum copy reads 'sunk' for 'sank' in line 2

By the dask cuttains —'was a midnight charm Impossible to melt as iced stream: The lestrous salvers in the moonlight gleam; Broad golden fringe upon the carpet lies it seem'd be never nover could redeem From such a stedfast spell his lady's eyes So muy'd swhile, entoil'd in woofed phantasies.

### XXXIIL

Awakening up, he took her hollow lute,—
Tumultinosis,—and, in chords that tenderest be,
He play'd an ancient drity long since mute,
In Provence call'd, "La belle dame sans mercy."
Close to her ear tooching the melody.—
Wherewith disturb'd, she utter'd a soft moan
He cess'd—she panted quick—and suddenly
Her blue affrayed eyes wide open shone
Upon his knees he sank, pale as smooth sculptured stone.

XXXIV

Her eyes were open, but she still beheld, Now wide awake, the vision of her sleep

XXXIII. Is like 5 to held and be touched stand excelled in the hilo-graph in flower of touching's and in like 7 there is a spined reading, for treathing cassed for the panned quick. This accessories reads half frayed for affraced in like 8, and such for such in like 8, 50 deep Wedthesse. The Messens copy also reads such exact, in the same that, fair analytim'd for amounts for such in like 1,50 deep Wedthesse. The Messens copy also reads such exact like as in The lidestor for the 10th of Key 1200 that Kantrie wouldn'th peen La Balle Dame same March was arganted by secting that title at the best of a translation from Alain Chartier, at the send of Discourse's works. The content of museting the title here with a few forwards it is at the same time, practly inaginative and only a little has playful keys fruid a Truchdoor at the them, and may them to be Balle Dame Agree Social, who was theoryte and flowed Mercy.

XXXIV Line 2 was originally written in the helegraph...

The vision of her steep, now wide awake

the transportion is marked in the maximum; where, in line 3, some painful change stands stand to a painful change. Line 6 originally began with As which also said in line 6 the markenity reads little words through willows in written by way of measuradous in the margin. Line 8 and 9 read-

Who with an aching brow and pitcous eye
Feared to move or speak she look d so dreamingly
The Museum crys shows a color at the set of fine 4 and reads mourn for

moun in him d. Woollerne reads visions in line 2, Lionel in line 7 and Four d to remove in line 2. There was a painful change, that nigh expell'd
The blisses of her dream so pure and deep
At which fair Madeline begap to weep,
And moan forth witless words with many a sigh;
While still her gaze on Porphyro would keep,
Who knelt, with joined hands and piteous eye,
Fearing to move or speak, she look'd so dreamingly

## XXXV.

"Ah, Porphyro!" said she, "but even now

"Thy voice was at sweet tremble in mine ear,

"Made tuneable with every sweetest vow,
"And those sad eyes were spiritual and clear

"How chang'd thou art! how pallid, chill, and drear!

"Give me that voice again, my Porphyro,

"Those looks immortal, those complainings dear!

"Oh leave me not in this eternal woe,

"For if thou diest, my Love, I know not where to go"

XXXV. There are two half cancelled openings in the holograph,

At length she speaks, 'Ah Porphyro here

and

Ah Porphyro, saith she but even now

and no complete line is supplied. In line 2 'by' is cancelled in favour of 'in', and the holograph reads 'by' for 'with' in line 3, 'thy kind eyes' for 'those sad eyes' in line 4, and 'a[r]t thou' for 'thou art' in line 5 Woodhouse reads line 1 thus—

She speaks-"Ah Lionel, but even now

he copied only the words 'Give me the voice again' of line 6, and 'sweet Prospero' is added in pencil—I think by Keats. On the blank page opposite is pencilled in another hand—

Give me again that voice's warbling flow

In line 9 Woodhouse reads 'Ah!' for 'For'. In the Museum transcript line 5 reads:

And tim'd, devout, with every softest vow

The t is clearly dotted: nevertheless tun'd was probably intended, not tim'd. This copy reads 'cold' for 'chill' in line 5; and lines 8 and 9 read thus—

See while she speaks his arms encroaching slow Have zon'd her, heart to heart—loud, loud the dark winds blow

Compare the first quatrain of this stanza with 'A Midsummer Night's Dream' (Act I, Scene 1, lines 183-4)—

Your eyes are lode-stars; and your tongue's sweet air More tuneable than lark to shepherd's ear,

#### XXXVI.

Beyond a mortal man impassion'd far
At these voluminous accents, he arone,
Ethereal, flush'd, and like a throbbing star
Seen mid the aspihire heaven's deep repose
Into her dream he melted, as the rose
Blendeth its odour with the violet,—
Solution sweet meantime the frost wind blows
Like Love's slarum pattering the sharp skeet
Arannat the window paner. St. Adver's moon hath set.

#### XXXVIL

Tis dark quick pattereth the flaw blown sleet: "This is no dream, my bride, my Madeline!

XXXVI. In the belograph, line I was originally written than :

Impassion d far beyond a mortal man—
but the transposition is searched to manuscript. Weedhouse, by what must
have been a men alsh in issuantibing, reads four for far. In this 2 words
for accents stands consolled. This 4 originally began with Was ofther as
fifthe magnificant third him was at first inhanded to refar to Expriyer's eyes—

This a throbbing this was either eys. With her bright forem and I a beyond the bright forem are rejected readings for into her drawn. In this 6 this mannering reads her odour and originally said her perform. For his 7 there is a blue start, And are one and for his 8 austice, Darimets. Like 9 enginestly sensed with Apaliant the Casement gloom mannering shade to Windows gloom. Casement dark and Windows dark: the like like faulty startles.

Against the windows dark. St. Agnes moon had set.

The reading of the text is not in the helograph, though it is in the Museum transociet, wherein lines I to Y read thus

For on the midnight came a tempest fell, More south for that his close rejoinder flows Into her burning ear—and still the spell Unbroken guards her in screen repose. With her wild dream he mingled as a rose Marrweth its odour to a violet.

Still, still she dreams. —louder the frost wind blows...

Against the world Sepond a mortal same, Hust makes the arts. Madalles is half awake, and Peophyro researce her with loving, kind locks, and no affectionate embrace. I samed but think that in this can include the communitative is very desidedly at think, and that no contents in referred to in the status, though one was deliberably contined from status, raw.

is very assessed it and, can can be meated in numeric in the nature, burge,
one was deliberably entitled from stants rarey
ILIVII. The locker-burgeous and flameous retrained by and still for
quick in the 1. In the former the word Ah stands consolled at the heginating of him 5; him 5 was estimately written so in the text; but foreshess;
reads smoothly, in fiver of a boundett leave formaken of which results; the
words shoulded leave are also struck set; him 9 has the word. To cannot had
at the beginning, and the rejected results A states materies done.

home reads | Lionel | In the L.

#### YXXIX.

- "Hark! 'as an elfin-storm from facry land.
- "Of haggard seeming but a boon indeed
- "Arise arise ! the morning is at hand -"The bloated wassnillers will never heed -
- "Let us away my love, with happy speed
- "There are no cars to hear or eves to see .-
- "Drown d all in Rhenish and the sleepy mead
- "Awake I arme I my love, and fearless be,
- "For o'er the southern moors I have a home for thee."

#### ۲I.

She hurned at his words, beset with fears, For there were alcening dragons all around. At glaring watch, perhaps, with ready spears-Down the wide stairs a darkling way they found.-

XXXIX. Idea 2 originally ended in the holograph with but, my love, to us which was altered first to but a boon in truth and then to but a boon indeed. Lies 5 has a samelled reading. Arree, my Love. For line 6 there is a filter start. Over the moors. Line 7 stightally unded with the dretch meant altered in the dropching meant before the happier reading of the text. was supplied. The last two limes stand thes in the holograph-

Put on warm clothing sweet, and fearless be Over the dartmoor blook I have a home for thea.

There is a causalled reading. Over the blenk Dartmoor —but for which cas night not have felt parietly cartain that dortmoor black (with a small d) was an alliesies to that more wherein the river Dart takes its rise, and which Kents could locate from Telgamouth by leaking up the Estaary of the Telga at Hay Tox, Saidle Tor, and Rivers Tor,

XL. In the 2, about stands cancelled for around in the Looker-Lawrence managerist; and line 3 was first written then :

Or perhaps at gisting watch with ready spears-

but the reading of the text is substituted. Well is struck out at the bestuding of the 4; he has 5 not a is strenk set and heard no written herted, and the Massum copy parkets by a site to transcription, reads found for beard Then the halograph shows much flustifiesteness in the matter of going on, thru-

Though every... But noise of winds besteging the high towers...

But the b...

But the bouleging Storm... The Lamps were flickering death shades on the walls

Without, the Tempest kept a hollow rost... The Lamps were flickering...

The Lamps were dying in.... But here and there a Lamp was fickering out...

A drooping Lamp was flickering here and there.

In all the house was heard no human sound A chain-droop'd lamp was flickering by each door; The arras, rich with horseman, hawk, and hound, Flutter'd in the besieging wind's uproar, And the long carpets rose along the gusty floor

# XLI.

They glide, like phantoms, into the wide hall, Like phantoms, to the iron porch, they glide, Where lay the Porter, in uneasy sprawl, With a huge empty flaggon by his side The wakeful bloodhound rose, and shook his hide, But his sagacious eye an inmate owns

All these readings are rejected, and the stanza then proceeds to the end without further erasures except the word 'flutter'd' after 'arras' in line 7, and 'with cold' after 'Flutter'd' in line 8 Hunt observes upon the Alexandrine "This is a slip of the memory, for there were hardly carpets in those days. But the truth of the painting makes amends, as in the unchronological pictures of old masters." Dante Gabriel Rossetti, in similar circumstances in his magnificent ballad of 'The King's Tragedy', has avoided the unchronological flaw thus:

And now the ladies fied with the Queen;
And thorough the open door
The night-wind wailed round the empty room
And the rushes shook on the floor

XLL Lines 1 and 2 were first written in the holograph thus:

Like Spirits into the wide-paven hall They glide,—and to the iron porch in haste,

but the reading of the text is supplied in the manuscript. In line 3, 'slept' is substituted for 'lay', and 'lay' again for 'slept'. In line 4 the Looker-Lampson and Museum manuscripts read 'beaker' for 'flaggon'. Woodhouse reads 'a large empty beaker'. For line 6 was originally written in the holograph—

And paced round Madeline all angerless,

and next

But with a calmed eye his mistress owns,

and then the reading of the text except that 'unanger'd' has the place of 'sagacious', which does not appear in the manuscript at all. Woodhouse reads—

But quick his calmed eye its mistress owns

Of line 7 there is a rejected opening, 'The chains are loos'd, the ' and again a rejected close—

the easy bolts back slide

Silent

Line 8 was originally-

Upon the pavement he the heavy chains, and in the line of the text as written 'lay' stands for 'he' in both manuscripts. Woodhouse reads—

The chain lay silent on the footway stones

By one, and one, the bolts full easy slide -The chains lie silent on the footworn stones -The key turns, and the door upon its hinges groans.

#### XI.II.

And they are gone aye, ages long ago These lovers fled away into the storm. That night the Baron dreamt of many a woe. And all his warrior-guests, with shade and form Of witch, and demon, and large coffin-worm, Were long be-nightmar'd. Angela the old Died palsy-twitch d, with meagre face deform; The Beadsman, after thousand aves told, For ave unsought for slept among his ashes cold.

XLIL Lines 1 to 6 were at first written to the halormon thus :

And they are gone—Aye, ages long ago These lovers fied into a night of storms— That night the Baron dreamt of many a wor And all his warrior Quests with shades and forms Of Witches, Deamons, and large comn worms Were long benight mared. Angels no er told...

Line S is left unfinished, so a night of is struck out and the storm (f) inserted her the second word emcalled. In the 3 night is struck out in favour of Morn 1 her Morn was rejected and night restored, dealthes, when in revising the proof night was removed from line 2. In line 5 charmed stands cancelled for coffin Woodkerse has coffin d In line 6 long is cancelled and all left standing in its place; and for the rest the menuscript is revised to correspond with the states as given in the text. In the Minsons copy lines 6 to 9 read thes-

Were all benightmared. Angels went off Twitch d with the Palsy and with face deform The beadsman stiffen d, twixt a sigh and laugh Ta en suriden from his beads by one week little cough, Heat's last word is. Here endsth the young and divine Post, but not the delight

and cratitade of his readers; for, as he stare eleculars....

A thing of beauty is a joy for ever. In Imagination and Fancy (1864) Hunt printed this poem among his selections from Kenta's works. In the introduction the following paragraph:

CONTRACT 1 Let the student of poetry observe, that in all the luxury of the Eve of St. Agnet there is nothing of the conventional craft of artificial writers; no hearing

up of words or similes for their own saless or the rhyse's sales; no gainly common-places; no horrowed airs of carnestness; no tricks of invention; no rehectionless of reading or of ingustions thoughts for heiting or spontantity; no irrelevancy or unitiates of any sect. All flows out of shooting and person. The writer is as much in leve with the bareine as this here is; his description of the painted winder hewever gargeous, has not an untrue or expectation word; and the only speck of a fault in the whole pour arises from an expose of emotion.

# POEMS Published with Lamie day, 1820.

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1				

If Kent's challengs to the orbits and the reading public of 1820 had considered of artifating but its mane powers forming this divinities of the hart whene, they show would have been carried to withink the title not only to be saveng the Registric points there is death, but to take one of the highest places in the opinion principles of the century juri closed, and closed upon a new public which has but contains and contentation and possible for the best works and where play for the residency less contentation and possible for the residue works and where play he had been provided to the possible forming the complete for the sames of the possible from the order in which they were arranged, to with ---

One so a Neutrinale One so a Okenia Une One so Percen Faror One [Berls et Parlon and et Mirk] Leves on the Menhaid Tayere Roser Hood. To Autum

ending with that sembre but true and noble critisism of life which depicts so vividy the fate of the dying post who was then completing his servowful plightness. I but the reader note that the hist innesses of this young man of twesty-feet to temperaturities countrymen, then growtling at the last of Byren, was that Metandally from it the west sensor of Boarty and of Jey-

#### Jey whose hand is ever at his lips Bilding adjour:

that Malanchely lives also with Pleasure and princes the draught she affirm; that Malanchely reigns supreme in the very temple of Delight, though only seen by him who has power to tarte the highest joy—the poet; and that the poet's coul shall tarte the sedmen of the might of this same Melanchely.

#### And he among her alendy trophies heavy

How terribly true this phinosphy is, her professedly each pathetically applicable to Kentin even held and dissertors expenses of life, rose can full is see who have read the short account of that fill prefixed to the first wheme of this efficient. Those who go can to read to the each tip specify bettern well see cell more slearly the seed of Seath, hong manage the slearly trophics of Malanchip—of that way Malanchip destruct from the sease of Seathing leasting just that sax not be retained, pleasare that is principous, dislight that is but for one weather memory.

But how many keep he touched for our delight in this can group of postant And how heartfully be arranged his short presention of Ode in which he response Grey and Ooften in conficuentity, and trashnia complete in which he plays with the lightest touch and fills with the breath of his own fills the international control of the control hand the play of the control hand of the control hand to the control h

each difference of individual magic by Shelley and Coloridge.

With special reference to the first poon in the following group,—the Ode to a Richtigapie, Designath Robert Englant, to one of the interest in Misse Mitting! ( Gorrespondence dat, Velorus II, page 773), may at Kanta—"The death of the benther weeded that deeply, and it represent to no form that here he began to droup. He wrote his computation Ode to the Hightingale at this time, and as we will be a supported by the second of the contract of the second of the great it to page 10, a law, transfers under-team which affected in maximum palared Houghton says the Ode was negrested by the continued song of a nightingular which, it has paging of 1118), and built its area sheets to Westeverth Rose. "Kanta." says the biographer (Aldine edition, 1876, page 237), "took great pleasure in her song, and one morning took his chair from the breakfast-table to the grass plot under a plum tree, where he remained between two and three hours. He then reached the house with some scraps of paper in his hand, which he seen put together in the form of this Ode." The anecdote as told in the 'Life, Letters, &c.' (Volume I, page 245 of the 1848 edition, and page 207 of the 1867 edition) represents Brown as detecting the poet in the act of thrusting the scraps of the Ode away "as waste paper, behind some books," and names Brown as the person who put them together. I presume Lord Houghton saw afterwards that Brown must have mistaken the bearing of Keats's action, inasmuch as the other evidence does not square with the carelessness implied. It is well to put the two forms of the story together, because the earliest version is still a favourite outting for magazine

and anthology notes.

In Leigh Hunt's review of 'Lamia, Isabella, etc.' in 'The Indicator,' he says of this poem—"There is that mixture in it of real melancholy and imaginative relief, which poetry alone presents us in her 'charmed cup,' and which some overrational critics have undertaken to find wrong because it is not true follow that what is not true to them, is not true to others. If the relief is real, the mixture is good and sufficing A poet finds refreshment in his imaginary wine, as other men do in their real, nor have we the least doubt, that Milton found his grief for the loss of his friend King, more solaced by the allegorical recollections of Lyoidas, (which were exercises of his mind, and recollections of a friend who would have admired them) than if he could have anticipated Dr. Johnson's objections, and mourned in nothing but broadcloth and matter of fact. He yearned after the poetical as well as social part of his friend's nature; and had as much right to fancy it straying in the wilds and oceans of romance, where it had strayed, as in the avenues of Christ's College where his body had walked. In the same spirit the imagination of Mr Keats betakes itself, like the wind, 'where it listeth,' and is as truly there as if his feet could follow it. The poem will be the more striking to the reader, when he understands what we take a friend's liberty in telling him, that the author's powerful mind has for some time past been inhabiting a sickened and shaken body, and that in the mean while it has had to contend with feelings that make a fine nature ache for its species, even when it would disdain to do so for itself;—we mean, oritical malignity,—that unhappy envy, which would wreak

its own tortures upon others, especially upon those that really feel for it already "
The late Mrs. Owen's notes on the Odes of Keats ('John Keats a Study,' 1880)
are perhaps the most sympathetic and luminous parts of a truly sympathetic and

luminous book. At pages 160 to 162 is the following passage -

"But the poetry whose inspiration comes suddenly from a quickly generated sympathy with passing circumstance has a value of its own exceeding in some ways that of more premeditated work, for it pictures to us more vividly the human life of the writer. The actual life of Keats (as moved or touched by human curcumstance), which is revealed in the Odes and Sonnets, makes clearer to us the underlying human truths of 'Endymion' and 'Hyperion.' Such a poem as the 'Ode to a Nightingale' (written on scraps of paper and thrust away as waste behind some books) is a spontaneous expression of the life the poet was then living The nightingale sang in the plum-tree at Wentworth Place, and Keats sat and listened to it, and wrote one of the saddest and sweetest poems in our It was written in the same year and nearly at the same time as 'Lamia,' when the shadow of his approaching doom seemed to be stealing over him, when his brother Tom, whom he had loved so well, had lately died, when he was waking to consciousness of the love that was his fate There is noticeable all through the poem that languor and failure of the springs of life which marks the first approach of death, however distant the event may be, and that remarkably quickened sympathy with all natural life which is so often to be seen in those who are doomed to die It was this sympathy which made Keats

write a few months later. How antenishingly does the charge of leaving the world improve sease of its natural beauties upon and. The simple fewers of our spring are what I want to see again. If was therefore no error postic with, but the expression of a real anchoos, which

brompted the longing to fade away into the expression of a real andaes, which prompted the longing to fade away into the forest diss with the nightingule. Had Hm. Owen irred to revise her little book, she would have found external

Had Mrs. Own lived to revise her little both, she would have lound several new which to work in the light of facts not known in 1820. It might even have chanced that the warts paper legand would have disappeared.

HEF



# POEMS.

## ODE TO A NIGHTINGALE.

My heart aches, and a drowsy numbress pains My sense, as though of hemlock I had drunk, Or empited some chili opiate to the drains One minute past, and Lethe wards had sunk;

One minute past, and Lethe wards had sunk : Tis not through early of thy happy lot,

But being too haploy in thine happiness,—
That thou, light-winged Dryad of the trees,
In some melodious plot
Of beechen green, and shadows numberiess,
Sinvest of summer in full-throated ease.

1

O for a draught of vintage! that hath been Coold a long age in the deep-delved earth, Tasting of Flora and the country green, Dance, and Provencal song and simburnt mirth!

A thin copy of this Olds is written a the end of the Dadymion in fit Charles Dillar's collection, and is detailed May 18 0, 4 orey which scours in Wood-brease's Common-place book in storilary dated. This Olds is also assess these of which there are intrascripts in the British Research and of Rates managerists. The poon was printed as long age as July 1219, in the questionly magnetize called Anniha of the Pinh Arts, added by Manas Bares, but is a prest retart informed Anniha of the Pinh Arts, added by Manas Bares, but is a prest critis informed a surface of the Charles Charles and the Charles Charles

Nightingale, as ers the Musern and Woolkouse transcripts.

L. Lock Haughton and Mr. Palgrave fellow the editions of Galignani and Smith
in printing thy for thine in the sixth line of this stance, but I am not greate

of any understoy for the thomps.

2 Of Event's partiality for elaret energy and too much has been made; but from his oblightful list of desiderate given to his elater in his latter of the 17th of April 1810 it is impossible to restricting on a prose parallel to these two spleaded lines of postry the words, and, please heaves, a little claret wine cool ext of a O for a beaker full of the warm South,

Full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene,

With beaded bubbles winking at the brim,

And purple-stained mouth,

That I might drink, and leave the world unseen,

And with thee fade away into the forest dim:

3.

Fade far away, dissolve, and quite forget
What thou among the leaves hast never known,
The wearness, the fever, and the fret
Here, where men sit and hear each other groan,
Where palsy shakes a few, sad, last gray hairs,
Where youth grows pale, and spectre-thin, and dies;
Where but to think is to be full of sorrow
And leaden-ey'd despairs,
Where Beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes,
Or new Love pine at them beyond to-morrow

•

Away! away! for I will fly to thee, Not charioted by Bacchus and his pards,

cellar a mile deep—with a few or a good many ratafia cakes." In the first line of this stanza the Dilke and Museum manuscripts and the 'Annels' read 'has' for 'hath', in the sixth the Dilke manuscript reads 'true and blushful' and the Museum copy 'true and blissful', and all three manuscripts and the 'Annels' are without the word 'away' which, in the subsequent version published with 'Lamia &c.,' makes the final line of this stanza an Alexandrine. I do not think the circumstances warrant the reduction of this wonderful line to the metric standard of the rest, albeit Lord Houghton has been taken to task for leaving it in its loveliness. To me the introduction of the word away in the version finally given forth by Keats is too redolent of gonius to pass for a mere accident. The perfection thus lent to the echo opening the next stanza exceeds a thousand times in value the regularity got by dropping the word; and that one line with its lingering motive has ample reason to be longer than any other in the poem. Hunt must have been familiar enough with the poem before it was embodied in the 'Lamia' volume, and it is more than possible that he knew all about the history of that one word's introduction. Therefore it is worth while to set down as external evidence that, when he quoted the poem entire in 'The Indicator' and again when he printed it in 'Imagination and Fancy,' he gave the author's last copy that preference which a textual critic is bound to give

3. In the third stanza the Dilke manuscript reads 'have' for 'hast' in line 2 and both manuscripts read 'others' for 'other' in line 4, but the 'Annals' reads as in the text of 1820 The sixth line very clearly bears out Haydon's words connecting the sadness of the poem with the death of Tom Keats, and should be compared with the passage about his sister in the letter to Brown written from Rome on the 30th of November 1820,—"my sister—who walks about my imagination like a ghost—she is so like Tom." In the same letter he says "it runs in

my head we shall all die young".

But on the viewiess wings of Poesy
Though the dull brain perplexes and retards
Already with thee! tender is the night,
And haply the Queen Moon is on her throne,
Cluster'd ground by all her starry Fays

But here there is no light, Save what from heaven is with the breezes blown Through verdurous glooms and winding mossy ways.

>

I cannot see what flowers are at my feet.

Nor what soft meense hangs upon the boughs,
But, in embalmed darkness, greas each sweet

Wherewith the seasonable mouth endows
The grass, the thicket, and the first tree wild

White hawthorn, and the pastoral egiantine;
Fast fading violets covered up in leaves;

And mid May's eldest child,

The coming musk rose, full of dewy wine,

The mirrimous haupt of flies on summer eves.

.

Darkling I listen; and, for many a time I have been half in love with easeful Death,

6. Wootherm reads tell for sect in line 1 of this steam. In the lest line hat one the Dills and Monorm memoripty and the American read research in that delightful look On the fittedy of Gaitle Literature (1867) pages 156 and 1577). Natitive Arack, conjuding the style of Gerthe and the style of Learn, notes that, while Goothe has the power of Greak radiance but and the power of instant large. Each pance at will from the Greak power to that power within it, as I say Golding from this.

What little town, by river or meashors-

[See Ode on a Grecian Urn ] to his :-

White hawthorn and the pasteral eglantiae, Part-fading violets cover'd up in leaves—

or his :--

magis customents, opening on the form Of persons sees, to fairy lands factors—

in which the very same note is struck as in these extracts which I quoted from Oelth remanes, and struck with authorite and unsatinteethic power. 6. Occupars with the second line falley's words in the Frence to Adonate,

to compare with his second me admits of think that the should be buried in a 11 might make one in love with dank to think that the should be buried in so sweet a place. In line 7 of this stance, both the meansoripts and the Americ read thus for forth and line 10 is as follows:

For thy high requiem, become a sod.

Call'd him soft names in many a mused rhyme,
To take into the air my quiet breath,
Now more than ever seems it rich to die,
To cease upon the midnight with no pain,
While thou art pouring forth thy soul abroad
In such an ecstasy!
Still wouldst thou sing, and I have ears in vain—
To thy high requiem become a sod.

7

Thou wast not born for death, immortal Bird!

No hungry generations tread thee down;

The voice I hear this passing night was heard
In ancient days by emperor and clown

Perhaps the self-same song that found a path
Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for home,
She stood in tears amid the alien corn,
The same that oft-times hath
Charm'd magic casements, opening on the foam
Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn

8.

Forlorn! the very word is like a bell

To toll me back from thee to my sole self!

7 In the last line of this stanza the word 'fairy' instead of 'faery' stands in the Dike and Museum manuscripts and in the 'Annals', but the 'Lamia' volume reads 'faery', which enhances the postic value of the line in the subtlest manner—eliminating all possible connexion of fairy land with Ohristmas trees, tinsel, and Santa Claus, and carrying the imagination safely back to the middle ages—to 'Amadis of Gaul,' to 'Palmerin of England,' and above all to the East, to the 'Thousand and one Nights.' It seems to me unlikely that any particular story is referred to, though there are doubtless many stories that will answer more or less nearly to the passage.

8. In the Woodhouse transcript the second line reads

To toll me back from thee unto myself

In the two other manuscripts and in the 'Annals', there is a note of exclamation after 'elf' in the fourth line In the Dilko manuscript the last two lines are pointed thus:

Was it a vision? or a waking dream? Fled is that music? do I wake or sleep

The Museum manuscript agrees with this save that it has a note of interrogation at the end. In the 'Annals' the lines stand thus:

Was it a vision? Or a waking dream? Fled is that music? Do I wake or sleep?

Adieu! the fancy cannot cheat so well
As she is fam'd to do, deceiving elf.
Adieh! a dated! thy plaintive anthem fades
Past the near meadows, over the still stream.
Up the fill-side and now 'tis buried deep
In the next valley-glades
Was it a vision, or a waking dream?
Field is that munc — Do! wake or sleep?

## ODE ON A GRECIAN URN

.

THOU still unravish'd bride of quietness, Thou foster-child of silence and slow time, Sylvan historian, who canst thus express A flowery tale more sweetly than our rhyme; What leaf fring'd legend haunts about thy shape Of dettes or mertals, or of both,

In Tempe or the dales of Arcady?
What men or gods are these? What maidens loth?
What men or gods are these? What maidens loth?
What may pursuit? What struggle to escape?
What pipes and timbrels? What wild ecstasy?

The Ods on a Greekan Ura is mentioned by Lord Hampiton in commerce with the Ods to Mightinguies as bleaging to the Spring of 1819; and we are informed of both silks that, not after they were composed, Kastr repeated, or mather electrical, them to Mr. Barjen, in the next of rectative that the ovell series had been specified by the series of the state of the series of the state of the service of the state of the service beautiful the series blick's soon of Endystates in datable simply 1879; as is a copy in the British Masser manuscript values. The post appeared in Russies IV of the British Masser manuscript values. The post appeared in Russies IV of Lagray (4). It would seem to have appeared in Jenury 1820. Seem to make the second that the second that the second the second that the secon

In the Annala, in the I of this starm, there is a commant after still, which
we do not find in the Lamia volume or in the marmoriph. In fine S in the
Annala we read. What Gods or Mon are these? And both in the magnates.

and in the manuscripts, the last line but one is-

What love? what dance? what struggle to escape?
The vertice of the 1830 volume, given in the text, is an obvious revision.

2.

Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard
Are sweeter, therefore, ye soft pipes, play on;
Not to the sensual ear, but, more endear'd,
Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone
Fair youth, beneath the trees, thou canst not leave
Thy song, nor ever can those trees be bare,
Bold Lover, never, never canst thou kiss,
Though winning near the goal—yet, do not grieve,
She cannot fade, though thou hast not thy bliss,
For ever wilt thou love, and she be fair!

3

Ah, happy, happy boughs! that cannot shed Your leaves, nor ever bid the Spring adieu; And, happy melodist, unwearied,
For ever piping songs for ever new,
More happy love! more happy, happy love!
For ever warm and still to be enjoy'd,
For ever panting, and for ever young,
All breathing human passion far above,
That leaves a heart high-sorrowful and cloy'd,
A burning forehead, and a parching tongue

4

Who are these coming to the sacrifice?

To what green altar, O my sterious priest,
Lead'st thou that heifer lowing at the skies,
And all her silken flanks with garlands drest?

What little town by river or sea shore,

2. Lines 5 and 6 of this stanza stand thus in the 'Annals':

Fair Youth, beneath the trees thou can st not leave Thy song, nor ever bid the spring adieu,

and in line 8 both the 'Annals' and the manuscripts read 'O do not grieve!'

3 In the 'Annals' line 2 has 'never' in place of 'ever'
4. The manuscripts in line 4, read 'sides' in place of 'flanks', and in line 10
'ne'er' stands for 'e'er' in the Dilke manuscript. The reading of line 7,
'Is emptied of this folk', is that of the 'Annals' and the 1820 volume as
well as of the manuscripts It is followed by Galignani (1829); but in 1840
and 1841 Smith printed 'Is emptied of its folk', a reading which goes through
the Moxen and Aldine editions. Palgrave considers it to have "less improbability
than the great majority of the alterations which the ordinary editions present."
He does not, however adopt it. Matthew Arnold, who was not curious about

Or mountain-built with peaceful citadel, Is emptied of this folk, this pous morn? And, little town, thy streets for evermore Will silent be and not a soul to tell. Why thou art desolate, can eler return.

5.

O Attic shape! Fair attitude! with brede Of marble men and maidens overwrought, With forest branches and the trodden weed Thou, silent form, dost tense us out of thought

Eaglish texts, does naturally adopt the reading of the accessfule editions in 1867, when, is the admirable work. On the Stady of Cettle Literature (maps 185), he addroom frees 6, 6, and 7 of this statum as a specimen of the Greak way of leading patters. He says it is not greak as a thing from Henore or Theoritary it is compared with the eye on the edject, a ratheony and helt eleanmen bridge it is compared with the eye on the edject, a ratheony and helt eleanmen bridge.

added. See note on stance 5 of the Ode to a Mirhtingale.

house. See aris or that clear in which sense Kast use the archale word breaks in the first line,—whether he means broadly are conferenced to breakly would give by much the face rooms; and, and it into some, the word was quite in the fine of his lowers reading—as in Canzon's kendul-break for hered-breakly, and especially in the poons in those days attributed to Obsect. The Flower and the Left, which he straight much carefully. There he must have persed and pondered with delight on the first contribute of the contribute of the contribute of the contribute of the first which is straight much much carefully.

And at the last, a path of lital brode.

I found, that erethy had not maid has

on the ether hand Waller, who was less in Kesty's line of reading, has a poem On a Brade of Divers Colours, weven by Peer Ladios —In which the word clearly means calleddary

In the Iffile insuscept; there is a seems after mattern in the 9, and none after overwrought; just the spatiship promotions of the star is in both of the printed versions. In this 7 the manuscripts and the Annain agree in reading "with the shall. The Massers copy reads as friend in line 5. In regard to the two final time the version of the Lamin volume is adopted above. In the assumeripht block were no interest commany and in the Annais this two Phase was

Beauty is Truth, Truth Beauty —That is all Ye know on Earth and all ye need to know

This seem to confirm the limitation of the Un's normal to the fire words indicated in the tart; and, although I have not thought it worth while to note all the variations of pointing and suptialling of the Annals warsien, I find them very characteristic of Leath, and suggestive of accurate printing from a fair memoripie of the. But it I should have been disposed to regard the words

that is all Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know

se part of the Ura's lesson, and not as the post a personal comment.
The late Mrs. Owen (in John Kanta a Study 1890, page 189) says the widereaching thought, the high emosystem, and the represend facility of the Ods on a Greeks Ura makes it perhaps the severating glory of the shorter posses. It is the As doth eternity Cold Pastoral I
When old age shall this generation waste,
Thou shalt remain, in midst of other woe
Than ours, a friend to man, to whom thou say'st,
"Beauty is truth, truth beauty,"—that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.

# ODE TO PSYCHE

O GODDESS! hear these tuneless numbers, wrung
By sweet enforcement and remembrance dear,
And pardon that thy secrets should be sung
Even into thine own soft-conched ear
Surely I dreamt to day, or did I see
The winged Psyche with awaken'd eyes?
I wander'd in a forest thoughtlessly,
And, on the sudden, fainting with surprise,

5

inspiration of one of those hours when the quiet of the great past seems a more powerful influence than the action of the present or purposes of the future. It is not joyful, for its thought is too calm for joy, and it is not sorrowful, for its calm is too deep for sorrow. It has gathered from all time the abiding principle of Beauty, and sees in its undying power the true friend of man." Palgrave points out the variation of the "rhyme formulae in the latter six lines" of the different stanzas, and observes—"Had the first and last stanzas been throughout equal to the second, third, and fourth, this Ode would have had few rivals in our, or any, literature"

Of the Ode to Psyche, under date the 15th of April [1819] Keats virtes to George and his wife, "The following poem, the last I have written, is the first and only one with which I have taken even moderate pains, I have, for the most part, dashed off my lines in a hurry; this one I have done leisurely; I think it reads the more richly for it, and it will I hope encourage me to write other things in even a more peaceable and healthy spirit. You must recollect that Psyche was not embodied as a goddess before the time of Apuleius the Platonist, who lived after the Augustan age, and consequently the goddess was never worshipped or sacrificed to with any of the ancient fervour, and perhaps never thought of in the old religion. I am more orthodox than to let a heathen goddess be so neglected." This is an instance in which Keats seems to have gone beyond Lempridre's Classical Dictionary for his information, but I presume we may not unsafely take the portraiture of Cupid and Psyche in the first stanza as an adapted reminiscence of his other favourite text book, Spence's 'Polymetis,' in Plate VI of which the well known kissing Cupid and Psyche are admirably engraved from the statue at Florence. The holograph of the journal-letter of February-May 1819 quoted above, in which a considerable mass of poetry was transcribed by Kents for his brother and sister-in-law, shows some variations of the 'Ode to Psyche' line 6 has 'awaked' in place of 'awaken d'; line 10 'whisp'ring fun' for 'whisp'ring roof', which is a curious instance of a rhyme deliberately lost; line 14 stands thus—

Blue, freckle-pink, and budded Syrian

107

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33

Saw two fair creatures, couched side by side In deepest grass, beneath the whisp'ring roof Of leaves and trembled blossoms, where there ran A brooklet, scarce espide.

Mid hush d, cool rooted flowers, fragrant-eyed, Blue, silver white, and budded Tyrian,

They lay calm breathing on the bedded grass;
Their arms embraced, and their pintons too
Their lips touch d not, but had not bade adieu,
As if disjoined by soft handed slumber

As if disjoined by soft handed slumber
And ready still past kisses to outnumber
At tender eye-dawn of aurorean love

At tender eye-dawn of aurorean love
The winged boy I knew;
But who wast thou, O happy happy dove?
His Psyche true!

O latest born and loveliest vision far

Of all Olympus' faded hierarchy!
Fairer than Phoebe's sapphiro-region'd star
Or Vesper amorous glow worm of the sky
Fairer than these, though temple thou hast none,

Nor alter heap'd with flowers Nor virgin-choir to make delicious moan

Upon the midnight hours
No voice, no lute, no pipe, no incense sweet

From chain-swing censer teeming;
No shrine, no grove, no oracle, no heat
Of pele-mouth'd prophet dreaming

and the word Syrian is quite unequivocally written in Ben of Tyrian' Line 23 in a question—

His Psyche true? instead of six quiplette enewer—

His Psyche true!

Is this 23 we read hadse for hear, and is the 36 O Hoomiest! for 'O brightest! Line 46 begins with O instead of So; is line 57 charmed stands cancilled for build and is the 62 frame for feign. It the close of this wonderful piece of with Kate has written to modest paythese.

Here endethe ye Ode to Psyche.

90. Brut remarks on this line in The Indicator in a strain jumply conscious but manufactly monomators that the Suith of they was a curricul from the time of his was leaded indicator on the yearper post. When Mr. Keats orn in his postry it is form the IIII management of a post direct,—comberness of times. One or twine, he does not he sents positively lad, like Manthe or Gewing, as in a line in his Old to Propins

At tender eye-dawn of anyerous love; but it is ence or twice only in his present volume.

O brightest! though too late for antique vows, Too, too late for the fond believing lyre, When holy were the haunted forest boughs, Holy the air, the water, and the fire,	
Yet even in these days so far retir'd From happy pieties, thy lucent fans, Fluttering among the faint Olympi ins,	40
I see, and sing, by my own eyes inspired	
So let me be thy choir, and male a moan Upon the midnight hours,	45
Thy voice, thy lute, thy pipe, thy incense sweet	30
From swinged censer teeming,	
Thy shrine, thy grove, thy oracle, thy heat	
Of pale-mouth'd prophet dreaming	
Yes, I will be thy priest, and build a fane	50
In some untrodden region of my mind,	
Where branched thoughts, new grown with pleasant pa	ın,
Instead of pines shall murmur in the wind	
Far, far around shall those dark-cluster'd trees	
Fledge the wild-ridged mountains steep by steep,	55
And there by zephyrs, streams, and birds, and becs, The moss-lain Dryads shall be lull'd to sleep,	
And in the midst of this wide quietness	
A rosy sanctuary will I dress	
With the wreath'd trellis of a working brain,	60
With buds, and bells, and stars without a name,	
With all the gardener Fancy e'er could feign,	
Who breeding flowers, will never breed the same	
And there shall be for thee all soft delight	٥-
That shadowy thought can win,	65
A bright torch, and a casement ope at night,	

42 Mrs Owen (in 'John Keats a Study,' 1830) remarks with insight on this poem —"Again we feel the wondrous power of realising the past and uniting it with the present and the future, which was one of the peculiar inspirations of the genius of Keats This link with the 'faint Olympians' has in it the very principle of continuity, the recognition of the growing soul of the ages. For that prophetic gaze, drawing from the past the undying principle of beauty, which it saw also in a distant future, found a fitness in the absence of Psyche from the deities of long ago."

64-5 Ruskin says of this passage that "Keats, as is his way, puts nearly all that may be said of the pine into one verse, though they are only figurative pines of which he is speaking" After avowing that to read Keats makes him so discontented with his own work as to make it necessary to abstain, he says—"but others must not leave unread, in considering the influence of trees upon the

human soul, that marvellous Ode to Psyche."

To let the warm Love in !

300 "With that new blissful golden melody "A living death was in each gush of sounds.

153

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205

30.

310

315

"Each family of rapturous hurned notes, "That fell, one after one, yet all at once,

"Like pearl beads dropping sudden from their string "And then another, then another strain,

"Each like a dove leaving its olive perch, "With music wing'd instead of silent plumes,

"To hover round my head, and make me sick Grief overcame. "Of lov and grief at once "And I was stopping up my frantic ears,

"When, past all hindrance of my trembling hards, "A voice came sweeter, sweeter than all tune,

"And still it cry'd, 'Apollo! young Apollo! "The morning bright Apollo! young Apollo!"

"I fled, it follow'd me, and cry'd 'Apollo!' "O Father, and O Brethren, had ve felt

"Those pains of mine. O Saturn, hadst thou e "Ye would not call this too indulged tongue

"Presumptuous, in thus venturing to be he rd."

So far her voice flow'd on, like timorous brook 300 That, lingering along a pebbled coast, Doth fear to meet the sea but sea it met. And shudder'd, for the overwhelming voice Of huge Enceladus swallow'd it in wrath

The ponderous syllables, like sullen waves In the half glutted hollows of reef rocks. Came booming thus, while still upon his arm He lean'd, not rising, from supreme contempt, "Or shall we listen to the over wise.

"Or to the over foolish giant, Gods? "Not thunderbolt on thunderbolt, till all

"That rebel Jove s whole armoury were spent, "Not world on world upon these shoulders piled, "Could agonize me more than baby words

"In midst of this dethronement horrible "Speak ! roar ! shout ! yell ! ye sleepy Titans all.

296 The words 'O Father' are of course for Oceanus. 310 This is the punctuation of Keats s edition; but the comma would bring out a finer sense if placed before 'giant' Woodhouse has a comma and a dash after 'G ant',-which may be what his copyist made of a cancelled comma and a

hyphen. 312 13 Woodhouse reads 'was' for 'were', and 'pour d' for 'piled'



k	II HYPERION	153
	Pervaded all the beetling gloomy steeps, All the sad spaces of oblivion,	
	And every gulf, and every chasm old, And every height, and every sullen depth,	300
	Voiceless, or hoarse with loud tormented streams And all the everlasting cataracts,	
	And all the headlong torrents for and near, Mantled before in darkness and huge shade,	305
	Now saw the light and made it terrible	-
	It was Hyperion —a granite peak. His bright feet touch'd, and there he stay'd to view	
	The misery his brilliance had betray'd To the most hateful seeing of itself	370
	Golden his hair of short Numidian curl, Regal his shape majestic, a vast shade	
	In midst of his own brightness, like the bulk	
	Of Memnon's image at the set of sun To one who travels from the dusking East	375
	Sighs, too, as mournful as that Memnon's harp He utter'd, while his hands contemplative	
	He press'd together, and in silence stood	
	Despondence seiz'd again the fallen Gods At sight of the dejected King of Day,	300
	And many hid their faces from the light But fierce Enceladus sent forth his eyes	

Among the brotherhood, and, at their glure, Uprose lapetus, and Creus too, And Phorcus, sea born, and together strode To where he towered on his eminence There those four shouted forth old Saturn's name, Hyperion from the peak loud answered, "Saturn 1" Saturn str are the Mother of the Gods, In whose face was no joy, though all the Gods Cave from their hollow throats the name of "Saturn 1"

335



155

65

Apollo is once more the golden theme ! Where was he, when the Giant of the Sun Stood bright, amid the sorrow of his peers? 30 Together had he left his mother fair And his twin sister sleeping in their bower, And in the morning twilight wandered forth Beside the osiers of a rivulet. Full ankle deep in lillies of the vale 35 The nightingale had ceas'd, and a few stars Were lingering in the heavens, while the thrush Began calm throated Throughout all the isle There was no covert, no retired cave Unhaunted by the murmurous noise of waves, 40 Though scarcely heard in many a green recess He listen'd, and he wept, and his bright tears Went trickling down the golden bow he held, Thus with half shut suffused eyes he stood, While from beneath some cumbrous boughs hard by 45 With solemn step an awful Goddess came, And there was purport in her looks for him. Which he with eager guess began to read Perplex'd, the while melodiously he said "How cam'st thou over the unfooted sea? 50 "Or hath that antique mien and robed form "Mov'd in these vales invisible till now? "Sure I have heard those vestments sweeping o'er "The fallen leaves, when I have sat alone "In cool mid forest Surely I have traced 55 "The rustle of those ample skirts about "These grassy solitudes, and seen the flowers "Lift up their heads, as still the whisper pass'd. "Goddess! I have beheld those eyes before, "And their eternal calm, and all that face, m "Or I have dream'd "-"Yes," said the supreme shape, "Thou hast dream d of me, and awaking up "Didst find a lyre all golden by thy side, "Whose strings touch'd by thy fingers, all the vast

## 27 Woodhouse reads--

And Hyle's, thick dark stemm d beneath the Shade—
Probably Keats left the s out of  $Ha^{-1}c$ —a quite possible spelling for him, and the copying took the z for a y

49 Woodhouse reads 'and while', of course wrongly even if it was so in

the holograph before his copyist.

50. Woodhouse reads 'camest' for 'cam st'.

"Unwearied ear of the whole universe

"Listen'd in pain and pleasure at the birth

"Of such new tuneful wonder. Is't not strange "That thou shouldst weep, so gifted? Tell me, youth, "What sorrow thou canst feel; for I am sad "When thou dost shed a tear: explain thy griefs "To one who in this lonely isle hath been "The watcher of thy sleep and hours of life, "From the young day when first thy infant hand	70
"Pluck'd witless the weak flowers, till thine arm "Could bend that bow heroic to all times. "Show thy heart's secret to an ancient Power "Who hath forsaken old and sacred thrones "For prophecies of thee, and for the sake	75
"Of loveliness new born."—Apollo then, With sudden scrutiny and gloomless eyes, Thus answer'd, while his white melodious throat Throbb'd with the syllables.—"Mnemosyne! "Thy name is on my tongue, I know not how; "Why should I tell thee what thou so well seest?	(3
"Why should I strive to show what from thy hips "Would come no mystery? For me, dark, dark, "And painful vile oblivion seals my eyes: "I strive to search wherefore I am so sad, "Until a melancholy numbs my limbs;	ន
"And then upon the grass I sit, and moan, "Like one who once had wings.—O why should I "Feel curs'd and thwarted, when the liegeless air "Yields to my step aspirant? why should I "Spurn the green turf as hateful to my feet?	03
"Goddess benign, point forth some unknown thing: "Are there not other regions than this isle? "What are the stars? There is the sun, the sun! "And the most patient brilliance of the moon! "And stars by thousands! Point me out the way	95
"To any one particular beauteous star,  "And I will flit into it with my lyre,  "And make its silvery splendour pant with bliss.  "I have heard the cloudy thunder: Where is power?  "Whose band, whose essence, what divinity	100
"Makes this alarum in the elements, "While I here idle listen on the shores "In fearless yet in aching ignorance? "O tell me, lonely Goddess, by thy harp,	105
"That waileth every morn and eventide, "Tell me why thus I rave, about these groves! "Mute thou remainest—Mute! yet I can read	110

HYPERION. Book III.

157 "A wondrous lesson in thy silent face "Knowledge enormous makes a God of me. "Names, deeds, grey legends, dire events, rebellions, "Maiesties, sovran voices, agonies, 115 "Creations and destroyings, all at once " Pour into the wide hollows of my brain, "And deify me, as if some blithe wine "Or bright elixir peerless I had drunk, "And so become immortal "-Thus the God, 120 While his enkindled eyes, with level glance Beneath his white soft temples, stedfast kept Trembling with light upon Mnemosyne Soon wild commotions shook him, and made flush All the immortal fairness of his limbs . 125 Most like the struggle at the gate of death . Or liker still to one who should take leave Of pale immortal death, and with a pang As hot as death's is chill, with fierce convulse Die into life so young Ápollo anguish'd 130 His very hair, his golden tresses famed Kept undulation round his eager neck. During the pain Mnemosyne upheld

# THE END

135

125 After line 125 in Woodhouse's book stand the lines t-Into a hue more roseate than sweet pain Gives to a ravish d nymph when her warm tears Gush luscious with no sob, or more severe. More like the struggle at the gate of death

Hererms as one who prophesied -At length Apollo shriek'd .-- and lo l from all his limbs

but the first three lines are marked through with a pencil, and 'And' is substituted for 'More' in the fourth. 'Most' is what Keats printed.

132, Woodhouse reads 'Keep' for 'Kept'.

Celestial

136. The unfinished has and sentence with which the fragment of 'Hyperion' closes is filled up in pencil in the Woodhouse transcript, wherein we read

> At length Apollo shrick'd-and to from all his limbs Celestial Glory dawn d he was a god!

The words may be confidently attributed to Keats, and it must be assumed that he deliberately preferred to let the fragment, as given to the public, end abruptly, as it does with the word 'Celestial' Apart from the fineness of the recovered line, it is interesting to learn that the fragment did not end, at all events, with one of the "too many Miltonic inversions" which led Keats to abandon the undertaking. Hunt says of this part of the fragment, "It strikes us that there is something too effeminate and human in the way in which Apollo receives the exaltation which his wisdom is giving him. He weeps and wonders somewhat too fondly; but his powers gather nobly on him as he proceeds." I confess that I should be disposed to rank all these symptoms of convulsion and hysteria in the same category as the fainting of lovers which Keats so frequently represented,—a kind of thing which his astonishing powers of progress would infallibly have outgrown had he lived a year or two longer. Hunt does not quit 'Hyperion' in a censorious mood: he says—

"Here the poem ceases, to the great impatience of the poetical reader. If any living poet could finish this fragment, we believe it is the author himself. But perhaps he feels that he ought not. A story which involves passion, almost of necessity involves speech; and though we may well enough describe beings greater than ourselves by comparison, unfortunately we cannot make them speak by comparison. Mr. Keats, when he first introduces Thea consoling Saturn, says that

she spoke

Some mourning words, which in our feeble tongue Would come in these like accents; O how frail To that large utterance of the early Gods!

This grand confession of want of grandeur is all that he could do for them. Milton could do no more. Nay, he did less, when according to Pope he made

God the father turn a school divine."

# POSTHUMOUS

FUGITIVE POEMS.



In regard to the remainder of Keata's Poetical Works, those, namely, which are not to be found in the three volumes published by himself, an endeavour is here made to arrange the whole under one chronology, although it is not possible to adhere literally to the scheme, in view of the fact that, while Otho the Great was being composed, other poems were also written, and must not, obviously be inserted between the scenes of the tragedy. We have not, however, yet completed the tale of the editiones principes of Keats's Works, seeing that his posthuma have from time to time been issued in substantive volumes as distinguished from the mere extension of editions of his works. The first in importance as in date of these posthumous editiones principes is the late Lord Houghton's invalinable contribution of 1848. In 1833, at the villa of Walter Savage Landor "on the beautiful hill-ade of Fiscole," Lord Houghton, then Mr. Richard Monkton Milnes, had met Charles Armitage Brown, whose name is now universally associated with that of Keats, he had previously learnt much about the poet from Joseph Severn, then still (as to the end) at Rome, and he now found that Brown, having carefully guarded the literary remains of Keats, intended to publish them in two or three years on returning to England. Brown returned, got forward with his preparations. wrote his hiographical account of Keats, and had arranged for publication, when he suddenly decided to emigrate to New Zealand. This he did, leaving his Keats collections for Lord Houghton to make use of, "for the purpose of vindicating the character and advancing the fame" of Keats.

Charles Gowden Clarke, Edward Holmes, George Felton Matthew, and Henry Elephens, helped the begrapher and editor with bear recollections. John Hamilton Reynolds "contributed the rach store of his correspondence"; Charles Wentworth Dilke and William Hashan supported the undertaking with letters and renambrances, to John Taylor and James Augustus Hessey, Keatas friendly and helpful publishers, and Charles Ollier who in a less friendly and helpful minner had preceded them in that office, Lori Houghton was "indebted for willing co-operation"; and Mr. Jeffrey, who fall marined Googge Keats's wadow, contributed, in a very lovenly and misleading way, a great mass of letters and data which, notwithstanding his lack of leigenent, experience, and thoroughness, were of quite moverable and the state of the state

son, the Brownings, and others,

son, the providings and outers.

When the both made its appearance, one of the main supporters of the undertaking, who had known intuinistly both Rests and Enouse, was ammest as well as a supporter of the same of the same

Appearances to save his only care;

So things seem right, no matter what they are.

Charles Wentworth Dilke, in quoting thus select water levy and the red of course mean to apply the couplet literally, but the inscription and other notes show how advanced his views of editoral obligation were, for Lord Houghton on scarcely be said to have gone beyond the limits of editorship then usual

Mend Monghison's first contribution to Keata Interature, published in the best of company, may be bibliographically described as consisting of two volumes, foliano cotavo, bound in purple-brown cloth, purglitetralght-grauned, blindblocked on the sides with the same swerse floral scroll design that appear on the fourth edition of Tempson's Count (two volumes, 1886), The Princess' (1847), 'In Memoriam' (1850), Landor's 'Hellenics (1847) and many others. The colour of this cloth is the same as of that used for several editions of 'In Memoriam'. The Keats volumes are gilt-lettered across the back, "Life | Letters &c. | of Keats. | Vol. L[II.]" The title-pages are as follows:—

# LIFE,

# LETTERS, AND LITERARY REMAINS,

OF

# JOHN KEATS.

EDITED BY

RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I. [II.]

# LONDON: EDWARD MOXON, DOVER STREET. 1848.

The half-titles read "Life, Letters, &c. | of | John Keats." Their versos are blank; but those of the titles have the central imprint "London: | Bradbury and Evans, Printers, Whitefriars." In volume I, pages v to vii contain a dedication to Francis (afterwards Lord) Jeffrey, page viii is blank, the preface extends from page ix to page xix, page xx is blank, and page 1 starts with a dropped head reading "Life and Letters of | John Keats." There are 288 pages of the text, with head-lines reading "Life and Letters of" on the versos and "John Keats" on the rectos, save on page 288, where the legend appears in full: the printers' imprint is repeated at the foot. The volume has for frontispiece a print from a steel plate engraved by H. Robinson after the well known half-length portrait of Keats by Severn, three-quarter face, seated behind a table with an open book before him, the right hand resting on the book, the left supporting the chin and cheek (fingers closed), while the elbow rests on the table. An eight-page catalogue of Moxon's publications is generally found in perfect copies, inserted within the glazed primrose end-paper of the recto cover.

Of Volume II the text also starts with a dropped head worded as in Volume I, with which it is uniform as to head-lines up to page 108. Then there is a half-title, "Literary Remains", dividing the posthumous poetry from the Life and

Letters, and the poetry itself occupies the remainder of the volume ending on page 306, and bearing distinctive head lines At the foot of page 306 the printers' inprint recurs, and facing it is a list, headed "Foety", of volumes soil by Moxon; the verso of this is blank. The frontingness to this second volume is a well lithographed fac-simile of a holograph manuscript.—the sone "Shed no tear-O shed no tear"

Values to tear. These facunating volumes have no index of any kind, or even so much as a table of contents; but besides the Literary Remains forming the bulk of the second volume, many poems and fragments are scattered through the first volume some embodied in letters, and some appended at the close of the volume,

after the Notes on Milton there reprinted from the scarce American periodical 'The Dial' A list of these poems is proper to this place.

#### POEMS IN VOLUME I

Pana

252

Sonnet to Spenser	n
, to Chatterton	12
, to Byron	13
on seeing the Elgin Marbles	27
, To Haydon (with the above)	27
both reprinted from 'The Examiner	
On seeing a Lock of Milton a Hair	78
"Hence Burgundy, Claret, and Port"	81
"O thou whose face both felt the Winter's wind"	90
Sonnet on sitting down to read 'King Lear' once again	96
, to the Nile	88
Epistle to John Hamilton Reynolds	113
Dawlish Fair ("Over the Hill and over the Dale")	119
Fragment of an Ode to Mana	135
Sonnet On Vanting the Tomb of Burns	156
, Written in the Cottage where Burns was born	159
Meg Merrilees	160
Sonnet to Ailsa Rock (reprinted)	167
Lines Written in the Highlands (reprinted from ' The Examiner") Staffa	180
Sonnet Written upon the Top of Ben Nevis	186
A Prophecy to George Keats in America	189
Sonnet Translated from Rousard	233
Spenserian Stanzas on Brown	241 289
Spenserian Stanza written at the Close of Canto II, Book V of "The Faerie	209
Oneens "	281
Fragment ("Where's the Poet?")	282
Modern Love	283
Fragment of the "Castle Builder"	283
"Welcome joy, and welcome Sorrow"	285
Cancelled Opening of the Ode on Melancholy	287
0	201
POEMS IN VOLUME II	
(in the continuation of the Life &c.)	
To-("What can I do to drive away")	34
(under the head of Literary Remains)	-
Otho the Great, a Tragedy in Five Acts	111
King Stephen, a Dramatic Fragment	204
The Cap and Bells, or the Jealousies	214
Ode to Apollo	252

									Page
Hymn to	Apollo						•		255
	not of it, sweet one,	80 11	•••				•••	•••	257
	Unfelt, unheard, un			***	•••	•••	•••;	•••	258
	Hush, hush! tread s			***	•••		•••	•••	259
Song (11	I had a dove")	-		•••	•••	•••	•••	•••	260
Foorm S	ong ("Shed no tear!	11/	•••	•••	•••	•••	•••	•••	261
Rong (iii	Spirit here that reign	7 2001 1 111	•••	•••	•••	•••	•••	•••	262
	ong (Ah! woo is me			•••	•••	•••	•••	•••	263
		,	•••	•••	•••	•••	••• ′	•••	264
	from an Opera Dame sans Merci	•••	•••	•••	•••	•••	•••	•••	269
		•••	•••	•••	•••	•••	•••	•••	271
	Four Fairies	•••	•••	•••	•••	•••	•••	•••	
	ndolence	•••	•••	•••	•••	•••	•••	•••	276
	of St. Mark	111	•••	•••	•••	•••	•••	• • •	279
To rann	y ("Physician Natu	rei)	•••	***	•••	•••	•••	•••	284
SONNE'	TS								
I.	"Oh! how I love, or	ı a fair	summer	r's eve '	,				287
	To a Young Lady w					•••		•••	288
	"After dark vapour					• • •	•••		289
IV.	Written on the Blan	k Space	of a I	eaf at I	End of	Chauce		of	
	"The Flower an	l the L	efe" (re	eprinted	from	The Ex	aminer	"	290
٧.	O 41 O			•		•••			291
VI.	On the Sea On Leigh Hunt's Po	om, "T	he Stor	v of Rin	nini"	•••	•••	•••	292
	"When I have fears					•••	•••	•••	293
77117	To Homor		•						294
IX.	Answer to a Sonnet	by J	H. R.	evnolds	("Blue	Tis!	the life	of	
	heaven")	-	•••	•••	•				295
Ά.	To J. H. Reynolds (	"O that	a weel	k could	be an a	ge "1			296
, <u>xī</u> .	To("Time's sea	hath be	en five	vears"-	-renrin	ted from	n "Hoo	i's	
	Magazine")		•••	•••					297
XII.	To Sleep	•••	•••		•••	•••	•••	•••	298
	On Fame ("Fame li			pirl")	•••	•••	•••		299
	On Fame ("How fer				•••	•••		•••	300
	"Why did I laugh t			_ ,	•••		•••	•••	301
	On a Dream ("As H			•••	•••			••	302
XVII	"If by dull rhymes	onr Eno	rligh mr	ist he c	hein'd!	···	•••	•••	303
XVIII	"The day is gone, a	i Ila ha	ta amee	ta ara m	One !!!			•••	304
XIX.	"I cry your mercy-	_nitv	love ! !	rs are g	040 (			•••	305
	Keats's Last Sonnet	III Brin	ht atami	iii.	•••	•••	•••	•••	306
44	Trever a Treer Bonnier	f mile	The proof.	• ,	•••	•••	•••	• • •	OUU

Moxon had already in 1846 reprinted, in his delightful paper-covered 24mo series of Poets, Smith's edition of Keats's "Poetical Works" (1841) with a trifling change of order in the contents; and he now proceeded to publish a reissue in foolscap occavo to accompany the 'Life, Letters, and Literary Remains'. The 1851 itsue of this book ("a new edition") has no biography, but contains the same pertrain print as the Life &c. Since that time no substantive volume of fresh poems by Keats has been published; but additions have been made in one edition after another until the mass has grown very considerably. In the following pages the foot-notes will be found to supply additional particulars concerning the sources of the several poems.

H. B. F.

## POSTHUMOUS AND FUGITIVE POEMS.

### ON DEATH.

CAN death be sleep, when life is but a dream, And scenes of biss pass as a phantom by? The transient pleasures as a vision seem, And yet we think the greatest pain's to dis-

1

How strange it is that man on earth should roam, And lead a life of woe, but not forsake His rugged path, nor dare he view alone His future doom which is but to awake.

#### SONNET.

### TO BYRON

BYRON! how sweetly sad thy melody! Attuning still the soul to tenderness, As if soft Pity, with unusual stress, Had touch'd her plannite lute, and thou, being by, Hadst caught the tones, nor sufferd them to die. O'ershadowing sorrow doth not make thee less Delightful thou thy griefs dost dress With a bright halo, shinning beamily, As when a cloud the golden moon doth rell, Its sides are timed with a resolendent viow.

George Keats assigns the stauras on Death to the year 1814. They were first given in the Library edition from his transcript in the Keats Wylle scrap-book (see Pre-loc, Volume I, page xid. Their chief interest is in the somewhat thoughtful rein they display for a youth of Keats's age at that time—elighten or indiction years.

The summet to Byron was first given in the 'Life, Letters' &c. (1848), under the date December 1814. I know of no authenty for inserting the word 'ever' in the tereinth hose; but it seems highly probable that we should read 'thou thy gnefs down ever dress', and that the word was dropped scoidentally in transcription. Through the dark robe oft amber rays prevail,
And like fair veins in sable marble flow;
Still warble, dying swan 1 still tell the tale,
The enchanting tale, the tale of pleasing woe.

# SONNET.

# TO CHATTERTON.

O CHATTERTON! how very sad thy fate!
Dear child of sorrow—son of misery!
How soon the film of death obscur'd that eye,
Whence Genius mildly flash'd, and high debate.
How soon that voice, majestic and elate,
Melted in dying numbers! Oh! how nigh
Was night to thy fair morning. Thou didst die
A half-blown flow'ret which cold blasts amate.
But this is past: thou art among the stars
Of highest Heaven: to the rolling spheres
Thou sweetly singest: nought thy hymning mars,
Above the ingrate world and human fears.
On earth the good man base detraction bars
From thy fair name, and waters it with tears.

# SONNET.

## TO SPENSER.

SPENSER! a jealous honourer of thine,
A forester deep in thy midmost trees,
Did last eve ask my promise to refine
Some English that might strive thine ear to please.
But Elfin Poet 'tis impossible
For an inhabitant of wintry earth
To rise like Phæbus with a golden quill
Fire-wing'd and make a morning in his mirth.

The sonnet to Chatterton also was first given in the 'Life, Letters' &c. in 1848. Lord Houghton, who first gave the sonnet to Spenser in Volume I of the 'Life, Letters' &c., 1848, appended in the Aldine edition of 1876 the following note:—"I am enabled by the kindness of Mr. W. A. Longmore, nephew of Mr. J. W. [sic, but quære H.] Reynolds, to give an exact transcript of this sonnet as written and given to his mother, by the poet, at his father's house in Little Britain. The poem is dated, in Mrs. Longmore's hand, Feb. 5th, 1818, but it seems to me impossible that it can have been other than an early production and of the especially Spenserian time." The transcript given varies in punctuation from previous

It is impossible to escape from toil
O' the sudden and receive thy spiriting
The flower must drink the nature of the soil
Before it can put forth its blossoming
Be with me in the summer days and I
Will for thine honour and his pleasure try.

#### WOMEN, WINE AND SNUFF.

GIVE me women, wine and snuff Until I cry out "hold, enough !" You may do so sans objection Till the day of resurrection, For bless my beard they aye shall be My beloved Trinty.

#### ODE TO APOLLO.

1

In thy western halls of gold
When thou stitest in thy state,
Bards, that erst sublimely told
Heroic deeds, and sang of fate,
With fervour seite their adamantine lyres,
Whose chords are solid rays, and twinkle radiant fires.

Here Homer with his nervous arms
Strikes the twanging harp of war,
And even the western splendour warms,
While the trumpets sound afar
But, what creates the most intense surprise,
His soul looks out through removated eyes

versions; and I have followed it in the main. But there are two accidental variations, 'honour' for 'honourer' in line 1, and 'but' for 'put' in line 12. Beyond 'escape' for the 'scape' of former editions, I find no other difference of any consequence.

any congenerate.

The couplets on Women, Wine and Sauff were preserved by Kentr's fellow medical student Henry Stephens, and were communicated to me by Mr W. H. Doeg, who leat me the holograph for transcription. The lines first appeared in my one-rotions edition of 1884.

The Ole to Apollo was first given among the Leterary Remains in the second volume of the 'Life Let era' &c. The date to which Lerd Houghton assigns the poem is Pebruary 1816.

3.

Then, through thy Temple wide, melodious swells
The sweet majestic tone of Maro's lyre:
The soul delighted on each accent dwells,—
Enraptur'd dwells,—not daring to respire,
The while he tells of grief around a funeral pyre.

4.

'Tis awful silence then again;
Expectant stand the spheres;
Breathless the laurell'd peers,
Nor move, till ends the lofty strain,
Nor move till Milton's tuneful thunders cease,
And leave once more the ravish'd heavens in peace.

Thou biddest Shakspeare wave his hand,

5

And quickly forward spring
The Passions—a terrific band—
And each vibrates the string
That with its tyrant temper best accords,
While from their Master's lips pour forth the inspiring words.

6.

A silver trumpet Spenser blows.

And, as its martial notes to silence flee,
From a virgin chorus flows
A hymn in praise of spotless Chastity.
'Tis still! Wild warblings from the Æolian lyre
Enchantment softly breathe, and tremblingly expire.

7.

Next thy Tasso's ardent numbers
Float along the pleased air,
Calling youth from idle slumbers,
Rousing them from Pleasure's lair:—
Then o'er the strings his fingers gently move,
And melt the soul to pity and to love.

8.

But when Thou joinest with the Nine,
And all the powers of song combine,
We listen here on earth:
The dying tones that fill the air,
And charm the ear of evening fair,
From thee, great God of Bards, receive their heavenly birth.

#### SONNET.

To a Young Lady who sent me a Laurel Croun.

FRESH morning gusts have blown away all fear From my glad bosom,—now from gloominess I mount for ever—not an atom less Than the proud !urel shall content my bier. No! by the eternal stars! or why sit here In the Sun's eye, and 'gainst my temples press Apollo's very leaves, woven to bless. By thy white fingers and thy spirit clear. Lo! who dares say, "Do this?" Who dares call down My will from its high purpose? Who say, "Stand," Or "Go?" This mighty moment I would from

On abject Cæsars—not the stoutest band
Of mailed heroes should tear off my crown
Yet would I kneel and kiss thy gentle hand!

#### HYMN TO APOLLO.

ı.

God of the golden bow, And of the golden lyre, And of the golden hair, And of the golden fire, Charioteer

Of the patient year,
Where—where slept thine ire,
When like a blank idot I put on thy wreath,
Thy laurel, thy glory,
The light of thy story,

The light of thy story,

Or was I a worm—too low crawling, for death?

O Delphic Apollo!

The Lattel Grown secret was first given by Lord Houghton among the Literary Remain in Volume I of the Vifa, Letter's 64, 14918. It providely belong to the year 1815. See starts 3 of the Hymn to Apolla, which seems to be an apology for the presumption chouseled in the sement. In an undated transcript in the Woelbones book, the eleventh has was written with a blank before moment,—the word 't-ery' being interted in pencil.

The Hymn to Avolto also was fare given in the Literary Remains, where it stood ment to the preceding, storgly undated. A Leaf Houghton relains it between the Ode to Apollo and the stamms To Hope (lated Pebruary 1815) in the chronological Alline scitter, the date Pebruary 1815 may be presumed to be that of the Hymn as well as that of the Ode. A transcript of the poem, headed Pragment of an Ode to Apollo, is in Woodbness's Common place book. In the right like of stamn I be 2

The Thunderer grasp'd and grasp'd,
The Thunderer frown'd and frown'd;
The eagle's feathery mane
For wrath became stiffen'd—the sound
Of breeding thunder
Went drowsily under,
Muttering to be unbound.
O why didst thou pity, and for a worm
Why touch thy soft lute
Till the thunder was mute,
Why was not I crush'd—such a pitiful germ?
O Delphic Apollo!

3.

The Pleiades were up,
Watching the silent air;
The seeds and roots in the Earth
Were swelling for summer fare;
The Ocean, its neighbour,
Was at its old labour,
When, who—who did dare
To tie, like a madman, thy plant round his brow,
And grin and look proudly,
And blaspheme so loudly,
And live for that honour, to stoop to thee now?
O Delphic Apollo!

# SONNET.

As from the darkening gloom a silver dove Upsoars, and darts into the Eastern light, On pinions that nought moves but pure delight, So fled thy soul into the realms above,

reads 'Round' for 'Of', and in the eleventh line 'low-creeping' for 'low crawling'. In stanza 2, line 8 reads

Oh! why didst *Thou* pity, and beg for a worm? In the eleventh line of that stanza, 'I not' stands for 'not I'. In stanza 3, line 3, 'in earth' stands for 'in the Earth'; and line 8 reads thus—

To tie for a moment thy plant round his brow, -...

Lord Honghton gave this sonnet in the Aldine edition of 1876, with the date 1816. Woodhouse dates it similarly in his Common-place book. His text is adopted in some minor details where it appears more likely to be faithful to the original than Lord Houghton's, where we read 'cleav'st' in line 12 and 'pleasure's'

# STANZAS TO MISS WYLIE.

1.

O court Georgiana I the rose is full blown, The riches of Flora are lavishly strown, The air is all softness, and crystal the streams, The West is resplendently clothed in beams.

2.

O come! let us haste to the freshening shades, The quaintly carv'd seats, and the opening glades; Where the facries are chanting their evening hymns, And in the last sun-beam the sylph lightly swims.

3.

And when thou art weary I'll find thee a bed, Of mosses and flowers to pillow thy head: And there Georgiana I'll sit at thy feet, While my story of love I enraptur'd repeat.

4.

So fondly I'll breathe, and so softly I'll sigh, Thou wilt think that some amorous Zephyr is nigh: Yet no—as I breathe I will press thy fair knee, And then thou wilt know that the sigh comes from me.

5.

Ah! why dearest girl should we lose all these blisses? That mortal's a fool who such happiness misses: So smile acquiescence, and give me thy hand, With love-looking eyes, and with voice sweetly bland

The Stanzas to Miss Wylie, which I found in the series of transcripts made by George Keats from his brother's unpublished poetry, are addressed to the object of the poem "Hadst thou liv'd in days of old", and the Sonnet to G. A. W. published in Keats's volume of 1817—to wit the lady who was afterwards the wife of George Keats. For a slight verbal sketch of her, by Henry Stephens, see the note to the first-named piece (Volume I, page 23), which was originally a valentine written at George's request to speed him in his courtship. It seems probable enough that the origin of these stanzas was of the same kind. Though not so good as either of the other pieces addressed to Miss Wylie, they are on an equality with the verses in Keats's Tom Moore manner referred to in the last note. The Stanzas to Miss Wylie belong to the year 1816, and first appeared in the Library edition

Of late has haunted a most motley crew,
Most loggerheads and Chapmen—we are told
That any Daniel tho' he be a sot
Can make the lying lips turn pale of hue
By belching out "ye are that head of Gold."

## SONNET.

Written in Disgust of Vulgar Superstition.

THE church bells toll a melancholy round,
Calling the people to some other prayers,
Some other gloominess, more dreadful cares,
More hearkening to the sermon's horrid sound.
Surely the mind of man is closely bound
In some black spell; sceing that each one tears
Himself from fireside joys, and Lydian airs,
And converse high of those with glory crown'd.
Still, still they toll, and I should feel a damp,—
A chill as from a tomb, did I not know
That they are dying like an outburnt lamp;
That 'tis their sighing, wailing ere they go
Into oblivion;—that fresh flowers will grow,
And many glories of immortal stamp.

# SONNET.

AFTER dark vapors have oppress'd our plains For a long dreary season, comes a day Born of the gentle South, and clears away From the sick heavens all unseemly stains.

In Tom Keats's copy-book the sonnet against Superstition is headed as above and dated "Sunday Evening, Dec. 24, 1816". The transcript (agreeing with Tom Keats's) referred to in the note to the preceding sonnet, is supplemented by the information that the sonnet was "written by J. K. in 15 minutes". In the Aldine edition, where the sonnet first appeared, it is headed "Written on a Summer Evening". I give the text from the transcripts, which vary in some details from the Aldine text. The latter reads 'toll'd' for 'toll' in line 1, 'To some blind spell' in line 6, 'Fond' for 'And' in line 8, and 'as' for 'ere' in line 12.

The sonnet 'After dark vapors' appeared in 'The Examiner' for the 23rd of February 1817, and is dated January 1817 in Lord Houghton's editions. Woodhouse, in his Common-place book gives the 31st of January 1817 as the date of

this Sonnet, reading the fifth line thus-

The anxious mouth relieving from its pains

And oftentimes he feels the dewy drops Come cool and suddenly against his face, And by the wandering melody may trace Which way the tender-legged linnet hops.

Reynolds dated the 27th of February 1817 which should not henceforth be dissociated from that of Keats. It is this:

## SONNET-TO KEATS

On reading his Sonnet written in Chaucer.

Thy thoughts, dear Keats, are like fresh-gathered leaves, Or white flowers pluck'd from some sweet lily bed; They set the heart a-breathing, and they shed The glow of meadows, mornings, and spring eves, Over the excited soul. Thy genius weaves Songs that shall make the age be nature-led. And win that coronal for thy young head Which Time's strange hand of freshness ne'er bereaves. Go on! and keep thee to thine own green way, Singing in that same key which Chaucer sung;-Be thou companion of the Summer day, Roaming the fields, and olden woods among:-So shall thy Muse be ever in her May; And thy luxuriant Spirit ever young.

It should perhaps be recorded in this place that Professor Skeat finds in the language and prosody of 'The Floure and the Lefe' very strong grounds for rejecting it from the roll of Chaucer's works. The artless way in which it is made to appear towards the close that the narrator is a woman smacks, not of a dramatic narrator,

but of an actual narrator.

In the Chaucer the written poem is of course unheaded. Woodhouse, who professes to have copied it from Keats's writing, and follows the distinctive readings of the holograph, save in giving 'has' for 'hath' in line 9, heads it "Sonnet Written on a blank space at the end of Chancer's tale 'The Floure and the Lefe'." Hunt describes it similarly in 'The Examiner'; and Lord Houghton heads it "Written on the blank space of a leaf at the end of Chaucer's Tale of 'The Flowre and the Lefe'." It is now headed to represent more nearly the ascertained facts; and some excellent readings of the holograph are adopted. Provious versions give 'so' for 'do' in line 2, 'has' for 'hath' in line 9, and line 11 thus:-

# I that do ever feel a thirst for glory

which is wholly inferior to Keats's very plainly written line. It should perhaps be specified what edition of Chaucer this was that Keats not only decorated with a sonnet in his best hand-writing, but also, unless I am greatly mistaken, marked in such a manner as to show which passages in 'The Floure and the Lefe' he dwelt upon. The title-page of the 12th volume, in which the poem and sonnet occur, is as follows :-

"The | Poetical Works | of | Geoff. Chaucer. | In Fourteen Volumes. | The Miscellaneous Pieces | From Urry's Edition 1721. | The Canterbury Tales | From Tyrwhitt's Edition 1775. | [half a page of mottees] Vol. XII. | Edinburg: | at the Apollo Press, By the Martins. | Anno 1783."

There are frontispieces by Stothard; and the fourteen volumes are done up in

green cloth in seven.

II.

# On seeing the Elgin Marbles.

My spirit is too weak—mortality
Weighs heavily on me like unwilling sleep,
And each imagin'd pinnacle and steep
Of godlike hardship, tells me I must die
Like a sick Eagle looking at the sky.
Yet 'tis a gentle luxury to weep
That I have not the cloudy winds to keep,
Fresh for the opening of the morning's eye.
Such dim-conceived glories of the brain
Bring round the heart an undescribable feud;
So do these wonders a most dizzy pain,
That mingles Grecian grandeur with the rude
Wasting of old Time—with a billowy main—

A sun—a shadow of a magnitude.

# SONNET.

# ON A PICTURE OF LEANDER.

COME hither all sweet maidens soberly,
Down-looking aye, and with a chasten'd light,
Hid in the fringes of your cyclids white,
And meekly let your fair hands joined be,

reading the sonnets; and he addressed the following letter on the subject to the poet:

My dear Keats.

March, 1817.

Many thanks, my dear fellow, for your two noble sonnets. I know not a finer image than the comparison of a poet unable to express his high feelings to a sick eagle looking at the sky, where he must have remembered his former towerings amid the blaze of dazzling sunbeams, in the pure expanse of glittering clouds; now and then passing angels, on heavenly errands, lying at the will of the wind with moveless wings, or pitching downward with a fiery rush, eager and intent on objects of their seeking...

I feel deeply the high and enthusiastic praise with which you have spoken of me in the first sonnet. Be assured you shall never repent it. The time shall

come, if God spare my life, when you will remember it with delight.

God bless you!

B. R. HAYDON.

This letter is from that interesting book 'Benjamin Robert Haydon: Correspondence and Table-Talk' (176). It occurs in Volume II, at page 2.

The sonnet on a picture of Leander appeared in the year 1829 both in 'The Gem, a Literary Annual,' edited by Thomas Hood, and in Galignani's edition of Shelley, Keats, and Celeridge. In the same volume of 'The Gem' wherein Hood

2.

Do not look so sad, sweet one,— Sad and fadingly; Shed one drop, then it is gone, O'twas born to die.

3.

Still so pale? then dearest weep; Weep, I'll count the tears, And each one shall be a bliss For thee in after years.

4.

Brighter has it left thine eyes Than a sunny rill; And thy whispering melodies Are tenderer still.

the poem again, headed "To ——" and subscribed "abt. 11 Novr. 1817. from K's M.S." The rough draft shows a cancelled opening quatrain:—

Think not of it gentle sweet
It is not worth a tear
Will thine heart less warmly beat
Thy voice less clear?

In the Common-place book the stanza agrees with the text, but has 'but' for 'and' in line 3. Stanza 2 appears to have been originally written with the two final lines,

Shed one drop then only one Sweetly did it die,

which are cancelled in favour of those of the text. Lord Houghton's reading of 1848,

Shed one drop (and only one),

may perhaps be deduced from the presence of a cancelled 'an[d]' beneath 'then'. Woodhouse's Common-place book has the line thus—

Shed one drop then.—It is gone.—

3. For stanza 3 there are the three rejected lines,

Wilt thou mourn, and wilt thou sob Art indeed so and wan... And for each one for thee I'll keep...

and finally the stanza is left as given in the text and in the Aldine edition, Lord Houghton's earlier reading of line 3,

For each will I invent a bliss,

being struck out. Woodhouse in his book reads 'Weep!' in line 2.

4. The 1848 reading 'more tender' for 'tenderer' in stanza 4 does not appear at all. The version of the text, which is also that of the Aldine edition,

5

Yet—as all things mourn awhile At fleeting blisses, Let us too! but be our dirge A dirge of kisses

## LINES

.

UNFELT, unheard, unseen,
I've left my little queen,
Her languid arms in silver slumber lying.
Ah! through their nestling touch,
Who—who could tell how much

There is for madness—cruel, or complying?

2

Those faery lids how sleek! Those lips how moist!—they speak,

seems to me the better it leaves the metre of stanza 4 in conformity rather with that of stanza 5 than with that of the first three Woodhouse's book has 'hill' for 'rill' in line 2.

6 In stanza 5 there is a cancelled reading 'dying' for 'fleeting' in the second line, and the draft reads 'E en let us too' in line 3. Lord Houghton omits 'E en' from both his editions, and is confirmed by Woodhouse s transcript of the finished Manuscript.

The lines 'Unfeit, unheard, unseen,' stand next to the preceding in the Laterary Remains, and are also assigned to the year 1817, and the quotation from Shakespears in the second stants reads—

Love doth know no fullness and no bounds

Of a manuscript draft of the Ianes there is a fac-simile in an American edition of 1883, showing several revisions of text. The third line of Stanza 1 seems to have been intended to end with 'dying' and then with 'kissing'; and there is a cancelled line 4 which appears to have been

And stufing up {the all }touch

Stanza 2 shows a cancelled opening-

How sleek those facey lids
How moist { that } lip that bids
E en in

 The fourth line in the stanza originally opened with L on in their quiet stillness In ripest quiet, shadows of sweet sounds:
Into my fancy's ear
Melting a burden dear,
How "Love doth know no fullness nor no bounds."

3.

True!—tender monitors!
I bend unto your laws:
This sweetest day for dalliance was born.
So, without more ado,
I'll feel my heaven anew,
For all the blushing of the hasty morn.

# SONNET.

## ON THE SEA.

IT keeps eternal whisperings around
Desolate shores, and with its mighty swell
Gluts twice ten thousand Caverns, till the spell
Of Hecate leaves them their old shadowy sound.
Often 'tis in such gentle temper found,
That scarcely will the very smallest shell
Be mov'd for days from where it sometime fell,
When last the winds of Heaven were unbound.

and the final line of the stanza was

That every Joy and Grief and Feeling drowns.

This is struck out in favour of

How Love doth know no fulness nor no bounds.

That reading was adopted by Lord Houghton in his Aldine edition. It is noteworthy here how the artist comes out even in the elaboration of such a trifle as this. The quotation substituted for the weak original line with its bad rhyme made the poem beautiful. There are two cancelled openings for Stanza 3—

So that my sight is dim

and

And so no faults nor flaws.

The Sonnet on the Sea, when given among the Literary Remains in Volume II of the 'Life, Letters' &c. (1848), was dated August 1817. Woodhouse, in his Common-place book, records that it was published in 'The Champion' for the 17th of August 1817; and this probably accounts for Lord Houghton's mistake as to the date. That the real time of composition was much earlier there can be no doubt; for the sonnet occurs in a letter written by Keats from Carisbrooke to John Hamilton Reynolds on the 17th of April 1817. "But the sea, Jack, the sea," he writes, "the little waterfall—then the white oliff—then St Catherine's

Oh yel who have your eye balls vexd and tird,
Feast them upon the wideness of the Sea.
Oh yel whose cars are dinard with uproar rude,
Or fed too much with cloying melody—
Sit ye near some old Cavern's Mouth, and brood

Until ye start, as if the sea nymphs quir'd !

## SONNET.

On Leigh Hunt's Poem " The Story of Rimirs"

Wito loves to peer up at the morning sun,
With half shut eyes and comfortable cheek,
Let him, with this sweet tale, full often seek.
For meadows where the little rivers run,
Who loves to linger with that brightest one
Of Heaven—Hesperus—let him lowly speak.
These numbers to the night, and starbight meek,
Or moon, if that her hunting be begun
He who knows these delights, and too is prone
To moralize upon a smile or tear,
Will find at once a region of his own,
A bower for his sprint, and will steer

Hill... From want of regular rest I have been rather morrous—and the purage in Leor—10 pour not hear the sea?"—has haunted me literally "The follows the somet, and that again is followed by a firstly dated close to the letter—the new date being the 18th of Agrils hence the somet was written are before the 17th. I think he actually write it on the 17th, because on the 18th he says "I fall foll cannot exist without Potty." I had become all in a Tremble from not having written anything of lists—the Sonnet over leaf did no good. I slept the better last might for it—this Morning, however, I am nearly as the slept the better last might for it—this Morning, however, I am nearly as the house reads "there," doubless following a corrected copy. Mrs. Gene (14th Keata Stings," 1880) apps 1741 points or that, to the last, the thought of the wideness of the sea was with Keata, "and associated always with comforting and restoration." She cited from the last sometime the lines

The moving waters at their priest-like task Of pure ablution round earth's human shores.

The sounce on Hant's 'Rimint' was given in the Literary Romains next to the preceding, and dated 1817. 'The Story of Rimini' had been published early in 1816.

To alleys where the fir-tree drops its cone, Where robins hop, and fallen leaves are sear.

# ON OXFORD.

# A PARODY.

I.

The Gothic looks solemn,
The plain Doric column
Supports an old Bishop and Crosier,
The mouldering arch,
Shaded o'er by a larch
Stands next door to Wilson the Hosier.

2.

Vicè—that is, by turns,—
O'er pale faces mourns
The black tassell'd trencher and common hat;
The Chantry boy sings,
The Steeple-bell rings,
And as for the Chancellor—dominat.

3.

There are plenty of trees,
And plenty of ease,
And plenty of fat deer for Parsons;
And when it is venison,
Short is the benison,—
Then each on a leg or thigh fastens.

These "Nonsense Verses" on Oxford first appeared in a foot-note to a letter at page 74 in Volume IV of the Library Edition. They were given from a copy preserved by Charles Brown, apart from any context; but they were also transcribed in the Common-place book of Woodhouse, who connects them with an extract from a letter which Keats wrote to Reynolds from Oxford, and thus greatly increases their interest. They were written at Oxford in September 1817, and were meant for a parody of a poem by Wordsworth. The letter as far as it is preserved by Woodhouse will be found in its place among Keats's Letters, duly illustrated by the poem of Wordsworth which it criticizes. Woodhouse gives 'Lives' instead of 'Stands' as the first word of line 6, stanza 1; and he reads lines 2 and 3 of stanza 2 thus—

O'er pale visages mourns The black tassel trencher, or common-hat, THE POET. 165

5

#### THE POET .

#### A FRAGMENT.

WHERE'S the Poet? show him! show him, Muses nine! that I may know him! Tis the man who with a man Is an equal, be he King, Or poorest of the beggar clan, Or any other wondrous thing A man may be 'twist age and Plato; Tis the man who with a bird, Wren or Engle, finds his way to All its instincts, he hath heard 10 The Lion's roaring, and can tell What his horny throat expresseth, And to him the Tiger's yell Comes articulate and presseth On his ear like mother tongue 15

#### MODERN LOVE.

AND what is love? It is a doll dress'd up For idleness to cosset, nurse, and dandle, A thing of soft misnomers, so divine That silly youth doth think to make itself

'The Poet' is one of a group of four undated compositions printed at the end of Volume I of the 'Life, Letters' &c. (1848) Lord Houghton gave these four pieces in the Life, instead of among the Literary Remains, as being so fragmentary as more becomingly to take their place in the narrative of the author's life, than to show as substantive compositions"; but that position was not maintained in the Aldine edition, where all four pieces ranked with the rest of the works. Indeed Lord Houghton himself says "it is, perhaps, just in verses like these that the individual character pronounces itself most dustinctly, and confers a general interest which more care of art at once elevates and diminishes." In the British Museum volume of Keats manuscripts, a transcript of it is dated 1818, and ends with a semi-colon after tongue and a line of dots indicating incompleteness. I have ventured to add an obvious distinctive title.

'Modern Love' follows 'The Poet' in the group of undated pieces at the end of Volume I of the 'Life, Letters' &c. The following words of Lord Houghton are particularly apposite to 'Modern Love's "The occasional verses of a great poet are records, as it were, of his poetical table-talk, remembrances of his daily self and its intellectual companionship, more delightful from what they recall, than for what they are-more interesting for what they suggest, than for what

they were ever meant to be."

5 Divine by loving, and so goes on Yawning and doting a whole summer long, Till Miss's comb is made a pearl tiara, And common Wellingtons turn Romeo boots; Then Cleopatra lives at number seven, 10 And Antony resides in Brunswick Square. Fools! if some passions high have warm'd the world, If Queens and Soldiers have play'd deep for hearts, It is no reason why such agonies Should be more common than the growth of weeds. 15 Fools! make me whole again that weighty pearl The Queen of Egypt melted, and I'll say That ye may love in spite of beaver hats.

# Fragment of "The Castle Builder."

TO-NIGHT I'll have my friar—let me think About my room,—I'll have it in the pink; It should be rich and sombre, and the moon, Just in its mid-life in the midst of June, Should look thro' four large windows and display 5 Clear, but for gold-fish vases in the way, Their glassy diamonding on Turkish floor; The tapers keep aside, an hour and more, To see what else the moon alone can show; 10 While the night-breeze doth softly let us know My terrace is well bower'd with oranges. Upon the floor the dullest spirit sees A guitar-ribband and a lady's glove Beside a crumple-leaved tale of love; 15 A tambour-frame, with Venus sleeping there, All finish'd but some ringlets of her hair; A viol-bow, strings torn, cross-wise upon A glorious folio of Anacreon; A skull upon a mat of roses lying, 20 Ink'd purple with a song concerning dying; An hour-glass on the turn, amid the trails

The fragment of 'The Castle Builder' follows the preceding fragment in the first volume of the 'Life, Letters' &c. It is most tantalizing in its opening and close; and one would gladly recover more of 'The Castle Builder.' In line 17 Lord Houghton reads 'A viol, how-strings torn', which must, I think, be an instance of printing-house punctuation.

Of passion-flower;—just in time there sails A cloud across the moon,—the lights bring in!

And see what more my phantas, can wn It is a gorgeous room, but somewhat sad, The drapenes are so, as tho' they had Been made for Cleopatry's winding, sheet,	25
And opposite the stedfist eye doth meet A spacious looking glass, upon whose face, In letters raven sombre, you may trace Old "Mene, Mene, Tekel Upharsin"	30
Greek busts and stiturry have ever been Held, by the finest spirits, fitter far Than vase grotesque and Samesain jar, Therefore its sure a want of Attic taste That I should rather love a Gothic waste	25
Of eyesight on cinque coloured potter's clay, Than on the mirble fairness of old Greece. My table coverlits of Jisons fleece. And black Numidian sheep wool should be wrought, Cald black and hear face the Lorentzeit by	40
Gold, black, and heavy, from the Lamt brought My ebon sofa's should delicious be With down from Ledy's cygnet progeny My pictures all Salvator's, save a few Of Titun's portruiture, and one, though new,	45
Of Haydon's in its fresh mignificence My wine—O good! 'tis here it my desire, And I must sit to supper with my frint	

PRAGMENT OF THE CASTLE BUILDER."

187

#### A SONG OF OPPOSITES

Under the flar
Of each his faction they to battle bring
Their embryon atoms, '-Milton

WFLCOME Joy, and welcome sorrow, Lethe's weed and Hermes' feather, Come to day, and come to morrow, I do love you both together! I love to mark sad faces in fair weather,

A Bong of Opposites is the fourth of the undeted competitions at the and of Volume I of the 'Mist, Letters &c.' Like the fragment i Wherea the Post'? it stands dated 1818 among the Museum transcripts. Another transcript of it is in Woodbones a Common place book. Both manuscripts read frames burn under thine 9, storm weeked for she browched to like 18,2 and appiret for aspic in line 17; and in the Museum copy lines 14 and 15 are transposed. Here again it has seemed justifiable to apply a titid,—and in this cast to drop the word



#### SONNET.

#### TO A CAT.

CAT I who hast pass'd thy grand climacteric,
How many mice and rats hast in thy days
Destroy'd?—How many it bits stolen? Gaze
With those bright languid segments green, and prick
Those velve ears—but prythee do not stick
Thy latent talons in me—and upraise
Thy gentle mew—and tell me all thy frays
Of fish and nuce, and rats and tender chick.
Nay, look not down, nor lick thy dainty wrists—
For all the wheery asthma,—and for all

Thy tail's tip is nick'd off—and though the fists Of many a maid have given thee many a maul, Still is that fur as soft as when the lists In youth thou enter'dist on glass bottled wall

#### Lines on seeing a Lock of Milton's Hair.

CHIEF of organic numbers!
Old Scholar of the Spheres!
Thy spirit never slumbers,
But rolls about our ears,
For ever, and for ever!
O what a mad endeavour
Worketh he,

This somet was addressed by Kents to a cat belonging to Mrs. Reprofid of Little Britist, the mother of his friend Join Hamilton Haynolds. Mrs. Reprofid communicated it to her son in law Thomas Hood, who published it in 'The Ocmo Annual' for 1830. It was by Reprofid's youngest sates, Charlott, that my attention was called to this currous prediction, first published as Kents's in the Library edition. When Woodboas's Common place book came to light, it appeared that he also had preserved the sonnet as Kents's. He gives the 16th of January 1813 as it date and Sonnet on Mrs. Deproducts out in study, and does not follow the Book best in crediting Kents with maspelling 'climateric' and hand to ends this transcenty with 'glass bottle wall', while Hood great the preferable reading 'spass bottled wall' in line 8 Woodhouse has a gunuine xanation of synthety, tender's Ken's 'danary'.

In a letter to he frend Euley, dated the 20rd of January 1818, Kests says—
"Year at Hun's the other day, and he surpraed me with a real anthenticated
lock of Mulon's hair I knew you would like what I wrote thereon, so here it
is—as they say of a Sheep in a Kurcery Book." And after transcribing the poem
he adds—"This I did at Hunts, at his request—perhaps I should have done
something better slows and at home". On looking over some manuscripts of

THES ON SEEING A DOOR OF MILLION'S HAIR-	191
When every childish fashion Has vanish'd from my rhyme, Will I, grey gone in passion, Leave to an after time, Hymning and harmony	25
Of thee, and of thy works, and of thy life; But vain is now the burning and the strife, Pangs are in vain, until I grow high rife With old Philosophy, And mad with glimpses of futurity!	30
For many years my offering must be hush'd; When I do speak, I'll think upon this hour, Because I feel my forehead hot and flush'd, Even at the simplest vassal of thy power,— A lock of thy bright hair,— Sudden te simple.	25

# I thought I had beheld it from the flood. SONNET.

And I was startled, when I caught thy name Coupled so unaware.

Yet, at the moment, temperate was my blood

40

On sitting down to read King Lear once again,

O GOLDEN tongued Romance, with serene lute! Fair plumed Syren, Queen of far away! Leave melodizing on this wintry day, Shut up thine olden pages, and be mute

23 The copy in Sir Charles Dike's 'Endymion' reads 'passion' here as well as in line 25—presumably through oversight.

23. Lord Houghton in 1848 and 1857 read 'we'd' for 'mad', but substituted 'mad' in the 'Aldine' edition of 1878, in accordance with Bir O Dilke's manueripts. The copy in the felto Bikketpeare reads 'at' for 'o'd.

36 Cancelled manuscript reading, At the most simple .
37-8 These form one line in both manuscripts.

The sonnet on 'King Lear' appears to have been written on the 22rd of January 1816 in the fulls Bakerpears containing the manuscript of the preceding poem; but I think Keats must have deathed it before writing in the Shakerpears; and indeed the copy he made when writing to his brothers on the 23rd of January 1818 exent to be an earlier copy There is a third matureript in first Charles Dike a copy of 'Endymion'; and a transcript occurs in Woodhouse's Common place book. Keat says to his brothers —

"I think a little change has taken place in my intellect lately—I cannot bear to be uninterested or unemployed, I, who for so long a time have been addicted to And think that I may never live to trace

Their shadows, with the magic hand of chance,
And when I feel, fair creature of an hour,
That I shall never leaf upon the more

That I shall never look upon thee more, Never have relish in the facry power

Of unreflecting love,—then on the shore Of the wide world I stand alone, and think Till love and fame to nothingness do sink

#### SHARING EVE'S APPLE.

O BLUSH not so! O blush not so! Or I shall think you knowing, And if you smile the blushing while, Then maidenheads are going

- 2

There's a blush for wont, and a blush for shan't, And a blush for having done it There's a blush for thought and a blush for nought, And a blush for just begun it

3

O sigh not so! O sigh not so! For it sounds of Eves sweet pippin, By these loosen d lips you have tasted the pips And fought in an amorous nipping

given above accords entirely with that manuscript. In Woodbone's Gemmen place book the date is given as February 1818, but, as Keats in his letter to Reynolds of the Slat of Janasry copies the somet as his latest, after extemporang in verse it should stand before the extemporated pieces. Woodbours reads 'feel' for 'tinna' in line 7 Mrs. Owen apply remarks in 'John Keats a Stady' (1830, page 177) that this somet 'has now the pathes and sacredness of a fulfilled prophery'

"Sharing Eve's Apple" is a part of a notable letter to Roynolds belonging to the Slat of January 1818 and not completely published in any elition of Kestis Latters except mine of 1895. See the foot-note to the next peem. The present supplify affine seems to non-notem more not leave worthy of Kastis's reputables than the Duny Song in the Extracts from an Opera, but, notwithstanding the brilliant qualities of some of the stance, I should have kentacted to be instrutrall an adding it to the poets published works, latt in not been handed about many and more than once copied. It first appeared in my Library edition.

m

25

30

35

40

God of the Meridian,
And of the East and West,
To thee my soul is flown,
And my body is earthward press'd
It is an awful mission,
A terrible division ,
And leaves a gulph austere
To be fill'd with worldly fear.
Aye, when the soul is fled
To high above our head,
Affrighted do we gaze
After its airy maze,
As doth a mother wild,
When her young infant child
Is in an eagle's claws —
And is not this the cause
Of madness?—God of Song,
Thou bearest me along
Through sights I scarce can bear:
O let me, let me share
With the hot lyre and thee,
The staid Philosophy.
Temper my lonely hours,
And let me see thy bowers
More unalarm'd!

#### SONNET.

#### TO THE NILE.

SON of the old moon-mountains African I
Chief of the Pyramid and Crocodile!
We call thee fruitful, and, that very while,
A desert fills our seeing's inward span:

said page 11 the last twelve lines remain; and he has dated the composition February 1818. The lines show no variation from the printed text save a comma for a colon at the end of line 35

35 In the 'Lafe, Letters' &c. 'bare' stands in p'ace of 'bear'; and very likely Keats wrote 'bare' here as he often did elsewhere for 'bear'.

The senant to the Min seems to have been composed on the 4th of Estrany 1983; for in withing to his brothern ('tifle, Letter' dee, 1983; Voltres 1, page 36) on the 16th of that mouth, a Monday, Katta says—"The Wednesday before last, Shelley, Huttan all, wrede such a Sonate on the Rurer Min, some day row hall read them all." Mondrouse (Common-place book) records the 6th of February 1818 as the date of the Sonate, and is thus at varance by two days with Kattle

Nurse of swart nations since the world began, Art thou so fruitful? or dost thou beguile Such men to honour thee, who, worn with toil, Rest for a space 'twixt Cairo and Decan?

own statement. There is a fair copy of the Sonnet among those written in Sir Charles Dilke's copy of 'Endymion.' From this manuscript there are three verbal variations in Lord Houghton's editions, 'Stream' for 'Chief' in line 2 (Woodhouse has 'Stream'), 'Those' for 'Such' in line 7, and 'them' for 'for' in line 8; and the punctuation of the sestet is different—more correct grammatically, but less rapid metrically, and I think less characteristic. Woodhouse transcribed lines 6 to 8 thus:

Art thou so beautiful, or a wan smile Pleasant but to those men who, sick with toil, Rest them a space 'twixt Cairo and Dekan?

Line 10 he gives as

And ignorance doth make a barren waste...

Lord Houghton appended Keats's sonnet to the letter, together with Leigh Hunt's, and Shelley's 'Ozymandias.' The Nile sonnet of Shelley, discovered within the last few years, is as follows:

## TO THE NILE.

Month after month the gather'd rains descend,
Drenching you secret Æthiopian dells,
And from the Desert's ice-girt pinnacles,
Where Frost and Heat in strange embraces blend
On Atlas, fields of moist snow half depend.
Girt there with blasts and meteors, Tempest dwells
By Nile's aërial urn, with rapid spells
Urging its waters to their mighty end.
O'er Egypt's land of memory floods are level,
And they are thine, O Nile! and well thou knowest
That soul-sustaining airs and blasts of evil,
And fruits and poisons spring where'er thou flowest.
Beware, O man! for knowledge must to thee,
Like the great flood to Egypt, ever be.

Leigh Hunt's (from his 'Foliage') is as follows:-

#### THE NILE.

It flows through old hush'd Ægypt and its sands, Like some grave mighty thought threading a dream; And times and things, as in that vision, seem Keeping along it their eternal stands,— Caves, pillars, pyramids, the shepherd bands That roam'd through the young world, the glory extreme Of high Sesostris, and that southern beam, The laughing queen that caught the world's great hands. Then comes a mightier silence, stern and strong, As of a world left empty of its throng, And the void weighs on us; and then we wake, And hear the fruitful stream lapsing along 'Twixt villages, and think how we shall take Our own calm journey on for human sake.

O may dark fancies err! they surely do;
'Tis ignorance that makes a barren waste
Of all beyond itself, thou dost bedew
Green rushes like our rivers, and dost taste

The pleasant sun rise, green isles hast thou too,
And to the sea as happily dost haste.

#### SONNET

#### To a Lady seen for a few Moments at Vauxhall.

TIME's sea hath been five years at its slow ebb Long hours have to and fro let creep the sand, Since I was tangled in thy beauty's web, And snared by the ungloving of thine hand And yet I never look on indinght sky, But I behold thine eyes' well memory'd light, I cannot look upon the rose's dye, But to thy cheek my soul doth take its flight I cannot look on any budding flower, But my fond ear, in fancy at thy lips And hearkening for a love sound, doth devour Its sweets in the wrong sense —Thou dost eclipse Every delight with sweet remembering, And grief unto my darling joys dost bring

The sonnet to a Lady seen at Vanilall was published in 'Hood's Maganne' for April 1644, headed "Sonnet by the late John Katat' and was given by Lard Hooghton in 1848 among the Laterary Remann, undated, and headed "To—", with a foot-hoot to the effect of the heading here adopted. "The two versions must be from different manucupts, that used by Lord Houghton probably the later I at he Maganne line 1 u—".

Life s sea hath been five times at its slow ebb,

and line 7 reads 'I never gaze' for 'I cannot look', in line 9 'never' stands in place of 'cannot'; and the final couplet is-

Other delights with thy remembering And sorrow to my darling joys doth bring

Woodhouse preserves a text corresponding with that given above, and dates the Sonnet 4 February 1818. Below the sonnet 12 written a note, 'See the lines p. 3 probably written to the same person.' Unfortunately p. 3 is one of those cut cut of the Woodhouse book.

# SONNET.

# Written in answer to a Sonnet ending thus:-

Dark eyes are dearer far
Than those that mock the hyacinthine bell—
By J. H. REYNOLDS.

BLUE! 'Tis the life of heaven,—the domain Of Cynthia,—the wide palace of the sun,—The tent of Hesperus, and all his train,—The bosomer of clouds, gold, grey and dun. Blue! 'Tis the life of waters:—Ocean And all its vassal streams, pools numberless, May rage, and foam, and fret, but never can Subside, if not to dark blue nativeness.

The sonnet of John Hamilton Reynolds to which this is a reply appeared in 1821 in 'The Garden of Florence' &c., and is as follows:

Sweet poets of the gentle antique line,

That made the hue of beauty all eterne;

And gave earth's melodies a silver turn,—

Where did you steal your art so right divine?—

Sweetly ye memoried every golden twine

Of your ladies' tresses:—teach me how to spurn

Death's lone decaying and oblivion stern

From the sweet forehead of a lady mine.

The golden clusters of enamouring hair Glow'd in poetic pictures sweetly well;—
Why should not tresses dusk, that are so fair On the live brow, have an eternal spell In poesy?—dark eyes are dearer far Than orbs that mock the hyacinthine-bell.

From a letter signed "A. J. Horwood" which was published in 'The Atheneum' of the 3rd of June 1876, it would seem that this poem, like many others, must have been written out more than once by Keats; for, in a copy of 'The Garden of Florence' mentioned in that letter, Keats's sonnet is transcribed, seemingly, from a different manuscript from that used by Lord Houghton when he gave the sonnet in the 'Life, Letters, and Literary Remains' (Volume II, page 295) in 1848. The transcript quoted in 'The Athenæum' reads 'hue' for 'life' in line 1, and 'bright' for 'wide' in line 2, and gives line 6 thus—

With all his tributary streams, pools numberless,

a foot too long: it also reads 'to' for 'of' in line 9. These strike me as decidedly genuine variations, but indicative of an earlier state of the poem than that adopted in the text. The punctuation of 'The Athenæum' version is characteristic of Keats; and I have adopted it in part. A holograph manuscript of the Sonnet found its way to America; and a so-called facsimile of it, now shorn of its first line, appeared in 'The Century Guild Hobby Horse' for July 1826. Line 8 and those

Blue! Gentle cousin of the forest green,

Married to green in all the sweetest flowers,-Forget me not,-the Blue bell,-and, that Queen Of secrecy, the Violet what strange powers

Hast thou, as a mere shadow! But how great, When in an Eye thou art, alive with fate !

#### SONNET

#### To John Hamilton Revnolds

O THAT a week could be an age, and we Felt parting and warm meeting every week, Then one poor year a thousand years would be, The flush of welcome ever on the cheek. So could we live long life in little space, So time itself would be annihilate. So a day's journey in oblivious haze

To serve our joys would lengthen and dilate O to arrive each Monday morn from Ind ! To land each Tuesday from the rich Levant!

following it seem to have exercised the poet a good deal. Mr Horwood's variation is not shown by this copy, but, as far as the 'Hobby Horse' reproduction is legible, the intentions seem to have been as follows:-

> Pools numberless And all his vassal streams, Lakes Waterfills Lakes Pools and Seas And Waterfalls and Fountains never ran Or { well d } or slept but still

Line 8 stands thus-

Subside but to a dark blue Nativeness

Line 11 originally opened with "The Violet"; line 12 shows the curious nonn 'Hiddenness', struck out in favour of 'Secrecy'; in line 13 'then how high' is cancelled for 'But how great', and line 14 originally began with the word 'Trembling' Woodhouse's transcript of the sonnet (Common place book) corresponds verbally with the text of this edition; he gives the date as the 8th of February 1318. The scholast of the "Hobby Horns" "fac simile" memorial may acceptance of the "Athenaum" variant of the 6 are genume or the ground that we ' have before us Keats' [sic] first draft of the sonnet," and that, ' having got his line right in his first draft, Keats probably did not spoil it in his second." This reasoning assumes the 'Hobby Horse' draft to be the first and ignores the probability that, as in other cases, there were scrappy pencillings, any of which might have passed into another version written out at a different time

The sonnet 'O that a week could be an age ' was first given among the Liferary Remains, in the 'Life, Letters' &c. (1848), not dated, but standing next to the

sonnet on blue eyes, which is dated February 1818.

In little time a host of joys to bind,
And keep our souls in one eternal pant!
This morn, my friend, and yester-evening taught
Me how to harbour such a happy thought.

# WHAT THE THRUSH SAID: Lines from a Letter to John Hamilton Reynolds.

O THOU whose face hath felt the Winter's wind, Whose eye has seen the snow-clouds hung in mist, And the black elm tops 'mong the freezing stars To thee the spring will be a harvest-time.

O thou, whose only book has been the light Of supreme darkness which thou feddest on Night after night when Phœbus was away, To thee the Spring shall be a triple morn.

O fret not after knowledge—I have none, And yet my song comes native with the warmth.

O fret not after knowledge—I have none, And yet the Evening listens. He who saddens At thought of idleness cannot be idle, And he's awake who thinks himself asleep.

'What the Thrush said' occurs in an undated letter to Reynolds bearing the postmark "Hampstead, Feb. 19, 1818" ('Life, Letters' &c., 1848, Volume I, page 87). Keats writes—"I was led into these thoughts, my dear Reynolds, by the beauty of the morning operating on a sense of Idleness—I have not read any Books—the Morning said I was right—I had no idea but of the morning, and the thrush said I was right, seeming to say,"—and these fourteen lines of blank verse follow immediately on the word say, so that the title I have ventured to give the lines accords at all events with the facts. Keats seems to have been really writing in a kind of spiritual parallelism with the thrush's song: it will be noted that line 5 repeats the form of line I, line 8 of line 4, while lines II and I2 are a still closer repetition of lines 9 and 10; so that the poem follows in a sense the thrush's method of repetition. A later poet, perhaps a closer and more conscious observer than Keats, namely Robert Browning, says of the same bird in his 'Home-Thoughts from Abroad'—

That's the wise thrush; he sings each song twice over Lest you should think he never could recapture The first fine careless rapture!

Having seen the original letter to Reynolds, I have collated the text of Keats's lines with the manuscript, wherein they are not indented as above. Having regard to the varieties of sonnet metre used by Keats, his bold boyish attempt (Volume I, page 82) at emancipation in making five syllables without a rhyme serve as a full line, and his sonnet protest further on in the present volume against chaining our English "by dull rhymes", I think it hardly fantastic to suppose that he consciously translated the wild melody of the thrush into an unrhymed sonnet-structure.

#### SONNET.

#### THE HUMAN SEASONS.

Four Seasons fill the measure of the year;
There are four seasons in the mind of man:
He has his lusty Spring, when fancy clear
Takes in all beauty with an easy span:
He has his Summer, when luxurously
Spring's honied cud of youthful thought he loves
To ruminate, and by such dreaming nigh
His nearest unto heaven quiet coves
His soul has in its Autumn, when his wings
He furleth close; contented so to look

The 'Haman Seasons' and the somet to Alies Rock were first published, with the signature "It', in Leigh Hant's 'literary Pockel-Bock; or, Companion for the Lorer of Nature and Art,—the first number, that for 1819, in which Shelley's 'Marianne's Draman' appeared with the signature "A". The critic of 'Blackwood's Magazane' must have discovered the secret of the signatures by some means, and was of course not above making use of this discovery; for nothing the 'Pockel-Book' he describes these somets with characteration rhability as "two feats of John Parks," The Spinish led Congregatest to say that his brother state of the Magazane's the second product of the second product of

by such dreaming high Is nearest unto Heaven

transcribe the version entire :

is nearest unto research that of the text as given above; but I should not venture to adopt it without knowing upon what manuscript authority, as the other seems to me the more characteristic in its strum after originality of expression. I take 'migh' to be a verb, and I think students will admit that 'migh his nearest unto heaven', for 'approach his nearest unto heaven', is tame compared with some of the novelties of 'Endymona'. In Woodhouse's Common place book is a copy of the letter to Euley written from Tengmonth in March 1818, the Somet appears with very interesting variations. Indeed there is scarcely a line, after the first, identical with the published text: and it is best to

Four seasons fill the measure of the year,
Four seasons are there in the mind of Man.
He bath his lusty Spring, when Fancy clear
Takes in all beauty with in earsy span
He chews the bouned and of fair spring thoughts,
He chews the bouned and of fair spring thoughts,
Till in his soul, dissolv'd, they come to be
Fart of himself. He hath his Autumn Ports
And havens of repose, when his tured wings
Are folded up, and he content to look
On mints in diffecest to let fair things
Are folded up, and he content to look
On mints in diffecest to let fair things
He hath his winter too of Pale misfeature,
Or else he would forget his mortal nature,

On mists in idleness—to let fair things
Pass by unheeded as a threshold brook.
He has his Winter too of pale misfeature,
Or else he would forego his mortal nature.

# EXTRACTS FROM AN OPERA.

O! WERE I one of the Olympian twelve,
Their godships should pass this into a law,—
That when a man doth set himself in toil
After some beauty veiled far away,
Each step he took should make his lady's hand
More soft, more white, and her fair cheek more fair;
And for each briar-berry he might eat,
A kiss should bud upon the tree of love,
And pulp and ripen richer every hour,
To melt away upon the traveller's lips.

# DAISY'S SONG.

ī.

The sun, with his great eye, Sees not so much as I; And the moon, all silver-proud, Might as well be in a cloud.

2.

And O the spring—the spring! I lead the life of a king! Couch'd in the teeming grass, I spy each pretty lass.

3.

I look where no one dares, And I stare where no one stares, And when the night is nigh, Lambs bleat my lullaby.

The Extracts from an Opera were first given among the Literary Remains in Volume II of the 'Life, Letters' &c. (1848), and assigned to the year 1818.

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#### FOLLY'S SONG.

When wedding fiddles are a playing, Huzza for folly O! And when maidens go a Maying, Huzza, &c. When a milk pail is upset, Huzza, &c And the clothes left in the wet, Huzza, &c When the barrels set abroach, Huzza, &c. When Kate Eyebrow keeps a coach, Huzza, &c When the pig is over roasted, Huzza, &c. And the cheese is over toasted, Huzza, &c When Sir Snap is with his lawyer, Huzza, &c. And Miss Chip has kiss'd the sawyer, Huzza, &c.

Oh, I am frighten'd with most hateful thoughts I Perhaps her voice is not a nightingale's, Perhaps her teeth are not the furiest pearl, Her eye lashes may be, for aught I know, Not longer than the Maw fly's small fan homs; There may not be one dimple on her hand, And freckles many, ah i a careless nurse, In haste to teach the little thing to walk, May have crumpt up a pair of Dian's legs, And warpt the nory of a Juno's neck.

SONG.

١.

The stranger lighted from his steed, And ere he spake a word, He seiz'd my hady's hilly hand, And kiss'd it all unheard.

Among Dante Gabriel Resetti's notes upon Keats I find one to the effect that the sone, 'The stranger lighted from his steed? "reminds one somewhat of Blake's 'The Will and the Way.'" 2.

The stranger walk'd into the hall, And ere he spake a word, He kiss'd my lady's cherry lips, And kiss'd 'em all unheard.

3.

The stranger walk'd into the bower,—
But my lady first did go,—
Aye hand in hand into the bower,
Where my lord's roses blow.

4.

My lady's maid had a silken scarf,
And a golden ring had she,
And a kiss from the stranger, as off he went
Again on his fair palfrey.

\* \* \* \*

Asleep! O sleep a little while, white pearl!
And let me kneel, and let me pray to thee,
And let me call Heaven's blessing on thine eyes,
And let me breathe into the happy air,
That doth enfold and touch thee all about,
Vows of my slavery, my giving up,
My sudden adoration, my great love!

# FAERY SONGS.

T.

SHED no tear—O shed no tear!
The flower will bloom another year.
Weep no more—O weep no more!
Young buds sleep in the root's white core.

The two Faery Songs appeared in the 'Life, Letters' &c. (1848) among the Literary Remains; and a fac-simile of the manuscript of No. 1 was inserted in the second volume by way of frontispiece. The variations shown by the manuscript according to this reproduction are mainly in minute details; and I have adopted many of them as characteristic—not, however, the curious orthography 'Paradize' in line 6, or 'bow' for 'bough' in line 12.

FAERY SONGS.	205
Dry your eyes—O dry your eyes, For I was taught in Paradise To ease my breast of melodies— Shed no tear	5
Overhead—look overhead 'Mong the blossoms white and red— Look up, look up—I flutter now On this flush pomegranate bough— See me—'tis this silvery bill	19
Ever cures the good mans ill— Shed no tear—O shed no tear! The flower will bloom another year Adieu—Adieu—I fly, adieu, I var ish in the heaven s blue— Adieu, Adieu!	15
II	
Ah! woe is me! poor silver wing! That I must chant thy lady's dirge, And death to this fair haunt of spring, Of melody, and streams of flowery verge,— Poor silver wing! ah! we is me! That I must see These blossoms snow upon thy lady's pall! Go, pretty prage! and in her ear Whisper that the hour is near!	5
Sofily tell her not to fear Such calm favonian burn! Go, pretty page! and soothly tell,— The blossoms hang by a melting spell, And fall they must, ere a stru runk thrice	10
Upon her closed eyes, That now in vain are weeping their last tears, At sweet life leaving, and these arbours green,— Rich dowry from the Spirit of the Spheres,— Alas 1 poor Queen 1	15
SONNET	
TO HOMER.	

STANDING aloof in giant ignorance, Of thee I hear and of the Cyclades,

The admirable sonnet to Hemer occurs in manuscript in Sir Charles Dilke a copy of 'Endymien' and in Woodhouse's Common place book; and it was included

As one who sits ashore and longs perchance
To visit dolphin-coral in deep seas.
So thou wast blind;—but then the veil was rent,
For Jove uncurtain'd Heaven to let thee live,
And Neptune made for thee a spumy tent,
And Pan made sing for thee his forest-hive;
Aye on the shores of darkness there is light,
And precipices show untrodden green,
There is a budding morrow in midnight,
There is a triple sight in blindness keen;
Such seeing hadst thou, as it once befel
To Dian, Queen of Earth, and Heaven, and Hell.

# SONG.

Written on a blank page in Beaumont and Fletcher's Works, between "Cupid's Revenge" and "The Two Noble Kinsmen."

I.

SPIRIT here that reignest! Spirit here that painest! Spirit here that burnest! Spirit here that mournest!

by Lord Houghton in the Literary Remains. The date given in all three places is 1818. The evidence of the manuscript on this point is of consequence as bearing on the relative positions of this sonnet and that 'On first looking into Chapman's Homer' (Volume I, page 77). I understand the "giant ignorance" of line 1 to have reference to Keats's inability to enjoy Homer in the original Greek, and not to an entire ignorance of the 'Iliad' and 'Odyssey' such as might have characterized the period before the sonnet on Chapman's version was written in 1816. Indeed the second quatrain seems to me to be too well felt for so vague an attitude as Keats's must have been towards Homer before he knew any version at all; but the late Dante Gabriel Rossetti, whose intuitions in such matters were of the keenest, and entitled to the most careful consideration, held that the present sonnet must have preceded that of 1816, and received with considerable reserve the evidence as to the date which I communicated to him in the course of our correspondence. It will be of interest to many lovers both of Keats and of Rossetti to learn that the later poet considered this sonnet to contain Keats's finest single line of poetry—

There is a budding morrow in midnight,

a line which Rossetti told me he thought one of the finest "in all poetry." No one will dispute that it is an astonishing line, more particularly for a young man of Keats's years in 1818. The text given above is that of Sir Charles Dilke's manuscript, in which, however, the word 'spumy' in line 7 is altered to 'spermy' in what seems to me to be the handwriting of Mr. Dilke, the grandfather of the present Baronet. Woodhouse reads 'So wast thou' for 'So thou wast' in line 5.

The song written in Beaumont and Fletcher was first given among the Literary Remains in 1848 as an independent song; but included in the Aldine edition

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Spirit, I bow
My forehead low,
Enshaded with thy pinions.
Spirit, I look
All passion struck
Into thy pale dominions

Spirit here that laughest I
Spirit here that qualiest I
Spirit here that dancest I
Noble soul that prancest I
Spirit, with thee
I join in the glee
A nudging the elbow of Momus
Spirit, I dush
With a Bacchanal blush
Just fesh from the Banquet of Comus

#### TEIGNMOUTH

"SOME DOGGEREL."

SENT IN A LETTER TO B R HAVDON.

T

HERE all the summer could I stay,
For there's Bishop s teign
And King's teign
And Coomb at the clear teign head—
Where close by the stream
You may have your cream
All spread upon barley bread,

among 'Thery Songs' with the two endings on page 205. The fact that the Song was written where is was leads me to prefer the extreme arrangement. The variation from the punted text shown by the manuscript in the third and fourth has of each stanza is careed, namely 'burneth', 'mointenth, 'danceth', and 'spanceth'. There are several differences of punchasion which I have sloped, and there is a recode "While mudgung" in than 2 or stanza b. Lord Hengthon the reads "While mudgung" in than 2 or stanza b. Lord Hengthon

The 'doggerel' on Telgamouth and its surroundings has collateral interest out of all proportion to its morits. Keats s correspondence for the Spring of 1818 shows that on his surrival in Devonshire be had on his hands, besides attendance

2.

There's arch Brook
And there's larch Brook
Both turning many a mill;
And cooling the drouth
Of the salmon's mouth,
And fattening his silver gill

3.

There is Wild wood,
A Mild hood
To the sheep on the lea o' the down,
Where the golden furze,
With its green, thin spurs,
Doth catch at the maiden's gown.

4.

There is Newton marsh
With its spear grass harsh—
A pleasant summer level
Where the maidens sweet
Of the Market Street,
Do meet in the dusk to revel.

on his sick brother, the final work connected with the publication of 'Endymion' At the end of the first ten days he writes to Haydon of having copied the fourth book for the press; and between the completion of that operation and the end of April, when the poem was out, he must have been more or less busy with it. The greater part of 'Isabella' was composed at Teignmonth, whence he wrote of it to Reynolds towards the end of his stay, as about to be copied out. These circumstances would account for the limited extent of the series of poems special to Devonshire. These, although inferior in interest to the Scottish series of the Summer of 1818, are full of the individuality of Keats. The first piece belongs to the 14th of March 1818. It occurs in a letter to Haydon published by Mr. Tom Taylor in Haydon's Autobiography without any date beyond "Teignmouth, Saturday morning"; but the verses form, with the next song, the staple of the letter, and appear from the context to have been written off as a part of it, and not copied into it. The date of the letter is to be fixed thus: Keats says in the prose paragraph of which the verses are the continuation—"the six first days I was here it did nothing but rain; and at that time having to write to a friend I gave Devenshire a good blowing up—it has been fine for almost three days, and I was coming round a bit; but to day it rains again—with me the County is yet upon its good behaviour. I have enjoyed the most delightful Walks these three fine days beautiful enough to make me content..." Now on the 25th of March Keats wrote to Reynolds of the weather as if the county's trial had lasted three weeks: this gives the 4th as the day of his arrival; and the tenth day from that (when he was writing to Haydon) would be the 14th, which was a Saturday. Keats describes these verses as "some e.

There's the Barton rich
With dyke and ditch
And hedge for the thrush to live in
And the hollow tree
For the buzzing bee
And a bank for the wasp to hive in.

6.

And O, and O
The dasses blow
And the primroses are waken'd,
And violets white
Sit in silver plight,

And the green bud's as long as the spike end.

dorgrel." If he had cathered all their local details in the three fine days, he had not been idle; for he had been exploring both sides of the Estuary of the Teign. Starting from Teignmonth along the right-hand bank he would come to Bishop's Teignton about three miles distant, and King's Teignton or Teignton Regis about five miles distant; and crossing the ferry at Teignmouth to get to the left-hand bank he would go through Shaldon and Ringmore to get to the village of Coombin-Teign Head-perhaps three or four miles from his lodgings. He could not have had his cream and barley bread close to the stream in the village proper; but twenty or thirty years later, and onwards, there was certainly every accommoda-tion of that kind in a group of curious old cottages perched up over the mud banks, and known as Coomb Cellars—a favourite place for pic-nics, not so celebrated for cream as for cockles, raked out of the mud bottom of the Estuary at low tide. He would cross Arch Brook, or Archy Brook, by a single-arch bridge just before he reached Coomb Cellars. Of 'Larch Brook' I know nothing except that it rhymes with 'Arch Brook.' It may be either the brook in Brimley Vale or the brook in Coomb Vale, both on the Teignmouth side of the Estuary. The "Wild wood" of stanza 3 answers to any of the thick plantations of little Haldon on the Exeter road. -a down such as Keats describes-furre and all. Newton Abbot, about six miles from Teignmouth, hes in a marshy situation enough though the name of "the Marsh" has been appropriated to a spot near the Railway station. The town still has, like most country towns of any consequence, a Market Street. Of the dyke ditches &c. of "the Barton" I can give no account, as I do not know to what particular manor-house and demesne the term was ever applied at Teignmouth. There is a touch of "local colour" in the white violets of stanza 6; for, though primroses and violets are found in almost all parts of the country, white violets are not quite common about Teignmouth, but are to be found at Bishop's Telepton. It is a pity that this choice little bit of trifling should be disfigured by the false rhyme critics and Prickets Keats does not seem to have been quite certain when he despatched his letter whether his "doggerel" had been written seriously or not; for he resumes prose with-"I know not if this rhyming fit has done anything; it will be safe with you, if worthy to put among my Lyrics." We must consider these trifles worthy to go among his lyrics, in virtue of their fine sense of rhythm and their keen relish for out of door life. It is clearly to the present poem, and not to the Epistle to Reynolds, that the title 'Teignmouth' belongs of right; and I have therefore headed it accordingly. The text has been 7.

Then who would go
Into dark Soho,
And chatter with dack'd hair'd critics,
When he can stay
For the new-mown hay,
And startle the dappled Prickets?

# THE DEVON MAID:

STANZAS.

SENT IN A LETTER TO B. R. HAYDON.

I.

Where be ye going, you Devon Maid?
And what have ye there in the Basket?
Ye tight little fairy just fresh from the dairy,
Will ye give me some cream if I ask it?

2.

I love your Meads, and I love your flowers, And I love your junkets mainly,

very copiously amended from the original letter—quite clearly written; and I need not detain the reader with the details of the absurd perversion of it by Mr. Taylor. But I must mention that "Barton" as a place-name instead of "the Barton" was suspicious on the face of it, as there is no such place there; that the critics are clearly described, not as dark-hair'd or as dank-hair'd, but as dack'd hair'd (-shook-headed); and that the dappled creatures are certainly not crickets, but Prickets, or two-year-old deer.

'The Devon Maid' is from the letter of Saturday the 14th of March 1818, embodying the preceding verses headed "Teignmouth": this song occurs after a prose break consisting merely of the words which Mr. Taylor printed as—"There's a bit of doggrel; you would like a bit of botheral." What Keats wrote was no such nonsense, but "Here's some doggrel for you—Perhaps you would like a bit of B——hrell"—which is more witty than elegant, and need scarcely be translated. The first line of the song is not of the most authentic Devonian diction, though 'have ye' and 'Will ye' are, essentially; but these forms are always pronounced by the indigenous Devon maid 'have 'e' and 'will 'e'. 'Ye' in the first and third lines is bad Devonian: it should be 'You'; but, as u in Devonshire is pronounced as in tu (French) or itbel (German), Keats may at first have taken 'You' for 'Ye': indeed, in a letter to his brother Tom written from Dumfries in July 1818 (see Letters) he says—"In Devonshire they say, 'Well, where be ye going?"—an inaccuracy leading almost certainly to this conclusion. The late

But 'hind the door I love kissing more, O look not so disdainly.

3-

I love your hills, and I love your dales, And I love your flocks a bleating— But O, on the heather to lie together, With both our hearts a-beating!

A.

I'll put your Basket all safe in a nook, Your shawl I hang up on the willow, And we will sigh in the daisy's eye And kiss on a grass green pillow.

Dante Gabriel Rossetta pointed out in one of his letters to me that the first verse "is undoubtedly a remanscence from one of the sours in 'Ella' becaming

'As Eleanor by the green lessell was sitting'—

which again (as shown by Editors) is a reminiscence from a passage in Tem d'Urfey's 'Phils to Parge Melancholy.'" The stanza of Chatterton referred to is as follows:—

> Mie husbande, Lorde Thomas, a forrester boulde, As ever clove pynne, or the baskette, Does no cherysauncys from Elynour houlde, I have ytte as scome as I aske ytte.

The parallelum lends a trung literary interest to Kant's little prus of expris, seeing that within five days of the time when "The Beron Mant' (as I have entired to call the angly was writen, he was inscribing 'Endymine' "as I have entered to call the angly was writen, he was inscribing 'Endymine' "a delication in the thing the protest scarces Sharhpeara, Tomass Chatterion" — a delication in the Laplace of the protest protest was very arrives to see retained; it will be found along with the cancelled Praface in Volume I (rage 65). Lend Houghton onits ratura Z. The text of the "The Devon Maid' has been restored, the that of "Tedgemonth," from the letter there is no doubt about any one word . and I am at a loss to understand Mr Taylor's changes, especially 'divinely' for 'disclamly', which make good sense and good rhyun, though a honestors form.

60

65

90

ode ",---

Three rows of oars are lightening, moment whiles, Into the verd'rous bosoms of those isles; Towards the shade, under the Castle wall, It comes in silence,—now 'tis hidden all. The Clarion sounds, and from a Postern-gate An echo of sweet music doth create A fear in the poor Herdsman, who doth bring His beasts to trouble the enchanted spring,—He tells of the sweet music, and the spot, To all his friends, and they believe him not.

O that our dreamings all, of sleep or wake, Would all their colours from the sunset take: From something of material sublime, Rather than shadow our own soul's day-time 70 In the dark void of night. For in the world We jostle,—but my flag is not unfurl'd On the Admiral-staff,—and so philosophize I dare not yet! Oh, never will the prize, High reason, and the love of good and ill, 75 Be my award! Things cannot to the will Be settled, but they tease us out of thought; Or is it that imagination brought Beyond its proper bound, yet still confin'd, Lost in a sort of Purgatory blind, 80 Cannot refer to any standard law Of either earth or heaven? It is a flaw In happiness, to see beyond our bourn,— It forces us in summer skies to mourn, 85 It spoils the singing of the Nightingale.

Dear Reynolds! I have a mysterious tale, And cannot speak it: the first page I read Upon a Lampit rock of green sea-weed Among the breakers; 'twas a quiet eve, The rocks were silent, the wide sea did weave An untumultous fringe of silver foam Along the flat brown sand; I was at home And should have been most happy,—but I saw Too far into the sea, where every maw

<sup>73.</sup> In the Aldine edition we read 'to' for 'so'.
77. Rossetti also notes that this line "is anticipative of the Grecian Urn

Thou, silent form, dost tease us out of thought ...

The same may be said of "the milk-white heifer lows," in line 21.

90. The Aldine edition reads 'weave'; but the 1848 version has 'wave'.

EPISTLE TO JOHN HAMILTON REYNOLDS.	215
The greater on the less feeds evermore -	\$5
But I saw too distinct into the core	
Of an eternal fierce destruction,	
And so from happiness I far was gone.	
Still am I sick of it, and the, to-day,	
I've gather'd young spring leaves, and flowers gay	100
Of periwinkle and wild strawberry,	
Still do I that most fierce destruction see,-	
The Shark at savage prey, -the Hawk at pounce,-	
The gentle Robin, like a Pard or Ounce,	
Ravening a worm,-Away, 3e hornd moods !	103
Moods of one s mind! You know I hate them well.	

## DAWLISH PATE

OVER the Hill and over the Dale. And over the Bourne to Dawlish, Where unger bread wives have a scanty sale, And ginger bread nuts are smallish.

You know I d sooner be a clapping Bell To some Kamtschatean Missionary Church, Than with these horrid moods be left if the lurch.

The Rut Of a And Still l've Of p Still The

Fragment of an Ole to Mais, wri ten on May Day 1818.

MOTHER of Hermes! and still youthful Main! May I sing to thee As thou wast hymned on the shores of Bure? Or may I woo thee In earlier Sicilian? or thy smiles Seek as they once were sought, in Grecian isles.

105 I do not know whether a line has been lost, or whether Keats is himself responsible for the want of a rhyme to this line.

The scrap heared 'Dawlish Fair' occurs in a letter to James Rice, written from Teignmenth on the 25th of March 1818, and published by Lord Honehton in the first volume of the 'Life, Letters' &c. (1848). Keats cloves his letter with "I went yesterday to Dawlish fair", and this quatrain. The hilly walk to Dawlish is re-corded with topographical accuracy Whether the rest is observation or (as is more probable) mere thyme. I cannot say

The Main fragment was first given in the 'Life Letters' &c. (1818) in a letter to Reynolds from Teignmouth, dated the 3rd of May 1818, wherein Keats says-"it is impossible to know how far knowledge will console us for the death of a friend, and the ill that fesh is heir to. With respect to the affections and Poetry you By bards who died content on pleasant sward,
Leaving great verse unto a little clan?
O, give me their old vigour, and unheard
Save of the quiet Primrose, and the span
Of heaven and few ears.
Rounded by thee, my song should die away
Content as theirs,
Rich in the simple worship of a day.

# ACROSTIC:

# Georgiana Augusta Keats.

GIVE me your patience Sister while I frame Exact in Capitals your golden name Or sue the fair Apollo and he will Rouse from his heavy slumber and instil Great love in me for thee and Poesy. Imagine not that greatest mastery And kingdom over all the Realms of verse Nears more to Heaven in aught than when we nurse And surety give to love and Brotherhood.

Anthropophagi in Othello's mood; Ulysses stormed, and his enchanted belt Glow with the Muse, but they are never felt 10

5

must know by a sympathy my thoughts that way, and I dare say these few lines will be but a ratification: I wrote them on May-day—and intend to finish the ode all in good time." Lord Houghton very aptly observes—"It is much to be regretted he did not finish this Ode; this commencement is in his best manner: the sentiment and expression perfect, as every traveller in modern Greece will recognize." An Ode so propitionsly begun would, if completed, have been a worthy ending for the Devonshire series, though including 'Isabella.'

The acrostic on the name of Keats's sister-in-law seems to have been written at the foot of Helvellyn on the 27th of June 1818; for, although it is in the Winchester journal-letter of September 1819, it purports to be copied from an old letter which reached Liverpool after the George Keatses had sailed for America, and which was therefore returned to the poet. It first appeared in a New York newspaper, 'The World,' on the 25th of June 1877. When it was written, Keats (with his friend Charles Armitage Brown) was on the way to Carlisle, to take coach there for Dumfries and begin the walking tour in Scotland on which the first serious breakdown of his health occurred. Leaving London about the middle of June, they had seen the George Keatses off from Liverpool for America, and had then started walking from Lancaster; so that, by the time Keats was writing the acrostic, he had already been walking several days; and four days later the friends reached Carlisle, ending there the English portion of their walk.

Unbosom'd so and so eternal made, Such tender incense in their Laurel shade, To all the regent sisters of the Nine As this poor offering to you sister mine.

15

Kind sister! aye, this third name says you are; Enchanted has it been the Lord knows where. And may it taste to you like good old wine, Take you to real happiness and give Sons, daughters and a home like homed hive.

20

### SONNET.

## On visiting the Tomb of Burns.

THE town, the churchyard, and the setting sun,
The clouds, the trees, the rounded hills all seem,
Though beautiful, cold—strange—as in a dream,

I dreamed long ago, now new begun. The short-liv'd, paly Summer is but won

From Winter's ague, for one hour's gleam; Though sapphire-warm, their stars do never beam:

22. In: MClare's Magarine' for October 1895 is a fac-simile reproduction of this accretic form the boligraph, said to be then in the hands of Mr. J. G. Beed, George Kest's grandene. The manuscript shows no variation of any consequence from the printed text; but has 3 reads 'appollo' with a small a, time 10 'Chichelo's with one I, and line 14 'unennee' for 'unennee'; and the commass are wanting after 'wuner' in line 19 and 'sons' in line 21.

The Sonnet on Burns's Tomb, with which the Scotch series begins, was not a very "prosperous opening". It seems to have been written on the 2nd of July 1818, and was first given by Lord Houghton in the 'Life, Letten,' dc. in 1848, as part of a letter to Tom Kests, wherein the post sufficiently explains the comparative

poverty of the production, thus :--

"You will see by this sonnet that I am at Dumfries. We have daned in Scotland. Burnis's tomb is in the Chrichyard corner, not very much to my tasks, though on a scale large enough to show they wanted to homer him. Mrs. Burns have in this place; most likely we shall see her tecomorow. Chis sensed I have the thing the state of the contract of the contract of the same of the tothe Houses, all seem and Greenan and ann-Charlemagnish. I will endeavour to get raid of my prejudioses and tell you fairly about the Sottch."

It is well to say at once that the precise dates assigned to this sense of poems are not absorbity certain for Kast immself was notionously inercat about dates, and, according to his own confession, "never knew". Thus the next published lotter, containing the Mey Merriche poem, is deled "Anotheronin, "3d day" in the content of the day of t

All is cold Beauty; pain is never done:
For who has mind to relish, Minos-wise,
The Real of Beauty, free from that dead hue
Sickly imagination and sick pride
Cast wan upon it! Burns! with honour due
I oft have honour'd thee. Great shadow, hide
Thy face; I sin against thy native skies.

## MEG MERRILIES.

I.

OLD MEG she was a Gipsy,
And liv'd upon the Moors:
Her bed it was the brown heath turf,
And her house was out of doors.

2

Her apples were swart blackberries, Her currants pods o' broom; Her wine was dew of the wild white rose, Her book a churchyard tomb.

2nd, he says he shall be at Kirkoudbright the next day; speaks of visiting Burns's tomb "yesterday"; and says he has so many interruptions he cannot fill a letter in one day. Unfortunately these interruptions sometimes occurred in the middle of a paragraph, and one cannot always be sure at what point the date changes.

Keats and Brown seem to have started from Dumfries again on the 2nd of July, "through Galloway—all very pleasant and pretty with no fatigue when one is used to it", as he writes to his sister, adding "We are in the midst of Meg Merrilies' country of whom I suppose you have heard", and giving her forthwith a

copy of the poem. Lord Houghton says of this stage-

"The pedestrians passed by Solway Frith through that delightful part of Kirkcudbrightshire, the scene of 'Guy Mannering.' Keats had never read the novel,
but was much struck with the character of Meg Merrilies as delineated to him by
Brown. He seemed at once to realise the creation of the novelist, and, suddenly
stopping in the pathway, at a point where a profusion of honeysuckles, wild rose,
and fox-glove, mingled with the bramble and broom that filled up the spaces
between the shattered rocks, he cried out, 'Without a shadow of doubt on that
spot has old Meg Merrilies often boiled her kettle.'"

On the 3rd of July he writes to Tom from "Auchtercairn" (meaning, I presume, Auchencairn, some six miles east of Kirkoudbright)—"We are now in Meg Merrilies' country, and have, this morning, passed through some parts exactly suited to her. Kirkoudbright County is very beautiful, very wild, with oraggy hills, somewhat in the Westmoreland fashion. We have come down from Dumfries to the sea-coast part of it. The following song you will have from Dilke, but perhaps

you would like it here".

3

Her Brothers were the craggy hills, Her Sisters larchen trees— Alone with her great family She liv'd as she did please,

.

No breakfast had she many a morn, No dunner many a noon, And 'stead of supper she would stare Full hard against the Moon

5

But every morn of woodbine fresh She made her garlanding, And every night the dark glen Yew She wove, and she would sing

6.

And with her fingers old and brown She plaited Mats o' Rushes,

I thould judge that the scene given by Brown to Lord Houghton belonged rather to the morning of the Sud, and that Keats took out his current letter to his satter at Auchencairs on passing there to break fast, and wrote his power most in when he began a fresh letter to Time with it. State, and wrote his power most power in the state of the sun terms of the Tolka. The only copy I have seen is that for his natter, from which I have resused the tart. It is written no stanus of four ince—not eight as formerly geven—the final stanna having thus two cutra lines instead of being unfaished as it appears in persons editions. In this manuscrip very few variations of consequence occur. Stanna 4 shows a cancelled reading 'taly' for recome,' in lime I, and stanna 6 affects a rejected variant of the Earl

And sometimes with her fingers old

The band-dear of stanza 7 is clearly 'a chip bat', and not 'a ship bat' as in the older text. It is confirm a supprisen of the late Dante Galvaiel Reasetti who wrote to me that he considered 'chip' made better sense (as it obreasty does) and that he believed it stood so in 'Hood a Ringame' where the posm first appeared,—a belief which reference to the magrame for 1844 shows to be correct. Reasetts throught it 'is a pity to tack the posm on to the novel', and otted 'Hood Magraties' in support of the tols' ""Old Ring which accurate much better "" Thir is one of the very few punts on which I find myself in disagreement with Rossetti. It is true that the poem is headed 'Old Mage' in the magrains, and has no title at all in the letter in which Lett Houghton gars it in the 'lafe, letters' dee, or in that to Ramy Rests, but I think the structs given above so distinctly connect it with the next as to render 'Mage Mernheis' the most proper thin

And gave them to the Cottagers She met among the Bushes.

7.

Old Meg was brave as Margaret Queen And tall as Amazon:
An old red blanket cloak she wore;
A chip hat had she on.
God rest her aged bones somewhere—
She died full long agone!

## A SONG ABOUT MYSELF.

I.

THERE was a naughty Boy, A naughty boy was he, He would not stop at home, He could not quiet be— 5 He took In his Knapsack A Book Full of vowels And a shirt With some towels-10 A slight cap For night cap— A hair brush, Comb ditto, 15 New Stockings For old ones Would split O I This Knapsack Tight at's back He rivetted close 20

<sup>&#</sup>x27;A Song about Myself,' first published in the Library edition, is from the letter to Keats's sister mentioned in the note to 'Meg Merrilies.' He makes a fresh start with—"since I scribbled the Song we have walked through a beautiful country to Kirkoudbright—at which place I will write you a song about myself". He then proceeds with this very curious piece of doggerel, and excuses himself on the plea of fatigue. The variety of the pieces of this class addressed to different correspondents is worth noting. Compare this with the Devon pieces sent to Haydon, and more particularly with 'The Gadfiy', sent to Tom a little later than this. I presume this piece should be dated the 3rd of July 1818.

And followed his Nose To the North, To the North, And followd his nose To the North.	25
2.	
There was a naughty boy And a naughty boy was he, For nothing would he do But scribble poetry— He took	30
An ink stand In hus hand And a Pen Big as ten	
In the other, And away In a Pother He ran To the mountains	35
And fountains And ghostes And Postes And witches	40
And ditches And wrote In his coat When the weather Was cool, Fear of gout,	45
And without When the weather Was warm— Och the charm	<b>50</b> -
When we choose To follow one's nose To the north, To the north,	55
To follow one's nose To the north!	
There was a naughty boy And a naughty boy was he,	60
<ol> <li>This is a genuine autobiographic reminiscence of the time when the atses lived with their grandmother after the death of their parents.</li> </ol>	young

A SONG ABOUT MYSELF.

He kept little fishes In washing tubs three In spite Of the might Of the Maid Nor afraid	65
Of his Granny-good— He often would Hurly burly Get up early And go By hook or crook	70
To the brook And bring home Miller's thumb, Tittlebat	75
Not over fat, Minnows small As the stall Of a glove, Not above The size	80
Of a nice Little Baby's Little fingers—	85
O he made 'Twas his trade Of Fish a pretty Kettle A Kettle— A Kettle Of Fish a pretty Kettle A Kettle	90
4. There was a naughty Boy, And a naughty Boy was he, He ran away to Scotland The people for to see— Then he found	95
That the ground Was as hard, That a yard	100

<sup>4.</sup> There is an under-current of dissatisfaction with things Caledonian in this fourth stanza; and indeed I do not think Keats ever got entirely rid of this during the whole of the tour, albeit he enjoyed many transient visitations of true enthusiasm inspired both by fine scenery and by associations.

### A SONG ABOUT MYSELF.

Was as long, That a song Was as merry, That a cherry 105 Was as red-That lead Was as weighty, That fourscore Was as eighty, 110 That a door Was as wooden As in England-So he stood in his shoes And he wonder'd. 115 He wonder'd, He stood in his shoes And he wonder'd.

5

10

15

### A GALLOWAY SONG.

Ah! ken ye what I met the day Out oure the Mountains A coming down by craggifels grey An mossie fountains-A[h] goud hair'd Marie yeve I pray Ane minute's guessing-For that I met upon the way Is past expressing As I stood where a rocky brig A torrent crosses I spied upon a misty rig A troup o' Horses-And as they trotted down the glen I sped to meet them To see if I might know the Men To stop and greet them

On board a shallop 20

The Galloway song is the opening of a letter to Tom Xests begun at Ballantrae on the 10th of July 1818. "The reason," he says, "for my writing these hase was that Brows wanted to impose a Galloway song upon Dilbe-but it world to The subject I got from meeting a wedding just as we cane down into this place." The letter and using first appeared in my Lukary edition.

First Willie on his sleek mare came At canting gallop His long hair rustled like a flame

Then came his brother Rab and then Young Peggy's Mither		
And Peggy too—adown the glen		
They went togither—		
I saw her wrappit in her hood		25
Fra wind and raining—		
Her cheek was flush wi' timid blood		
Twixt growth and waning—		
She turn'd her dazed head full oft		
For there her Brithers		30
Came riding with her Bridegroom soft		
And mony ithers.		
Young Tam came up an' eyed me quick		
With reddened cheek—		
Braw Tam was daffed like a chick—	•	35
He coud na speak—		
Ah Marie they are all gane hame		
Through blustering weather		
An' every heart is full on flame		
An' light as feather.		40
Ah! Marie they are all gone hame		
Fra happy wedding,		
Whilst I—Ah is it not a shame?		
Sad tears am shedding.		

## SONNET.

## TO AILSA ROCK.

HEARKEN, thou craggy ocean pyramid!
Give answer from thy voice, the sea-fowls' screams!
When were thy shoulders mantled in huge streams?
When, from the sun, was thy broad forehead hid?

From Kirkcudbright the tourists went to Newton Stewart and thence through Wigtonshire to Port Patrick, visiting Glenluce and Stranzaer on the way. From Port Patrick they crossed in the mail packet to Ireland, reaching Donaghadee on the 5th of July. They walked from Donaghadee to Belfast and back, having abandoned the idea of seeing the Giant's Causeway on account of the expense,—crossed again so as to sleep at Port Patrick on the 8th, and then resumed their Scotch walk. Lord Houghton says—

"Returning from Ireland, the travellers proceeded northwards by the coast, Ailsa Rock constantly in their view. That fine object first appeared to them, in the full sunlight, like a transparent tortoise asleep upon the calm water, then, as they advanced, displaying its lofty shoulders, and, as they still went on, losing its

١

How long 1s't since the mighty power bid Thee heave to very sleep from fathorn dreams? Sleep in the lap of thunder or sunbeams, Or when grey clouds are thy cold coverlid Thou answer'st not, for thou art dead asleep, Thy life is but two dead eternities-The last in air, the former in the deep . First with the whales, last with the earle shies Drown'd wast thou till an earthquake made thee steep, Another cannot wake thy giant size.

### SONNET

### Writes in the Cettage where Barns was born.

THIS mortal body of a thousand days Now fills. O Burns, a space in thine own room, Where thou didst dream alone on budded bays. Happy and thoughtless of thy day of doom I My pulse is warm with thire own Bules bree. My head is light with pledging a great soul, My eyes are wandering, and I cannot see, Fancy is dead and drunken at its goal,

distinctness in the mountains of Arran and the extent of Cantre that rose behind. The Mographer records that the scanet to Atlas Rock was written in the inn at Girran; and, as Keats was at Maybole on the 11th, and Girran is more than three quarters of the way from Port Patrick to Maybele, the scane' should be dated the 10th or 11th of July 1818. It appeared in Leigh Hunt a 'Literary Pocket book' for 1819 from which I give the text, and the title -with the preportion to,' not 'on' as in other editions.

In giving the sonnet on the Burns Cottage in the Life, Letters &a next to that on Vinting the Tomb of Borns, Lord Houghton recorded that it was written "in the whisky shop into which the cottage where Barns was bern was converted ". The date however is not the same as that of the other as the travellers made the detour to the coast and across to Ireland already described, before coming to Burns's Birthplace. The following extract from a letter of Kenta s accompanies the sounce to the 'Life's-"The 'bonnie Doon' is the sweetest river I ever naw -overhung with fine trees as far as we could see. We stood some time on the brig' o'er which Tam o Shanter fed -we took a pinch of annil on the key stone -then we proceeded to the anid Kirk of Alloway Then we went to the cottage in which Burns was born, there was a board to that effect by the door's side; it had the same effect as the same sort of memorial at Stratford upon Avon. drank some toddy to Burns a memory with an old man who knew him. There was something good in his description of Burns a melancholy the last time he saw him. I was determined to write a sonnet in the cottage: I did, but it was so had I cannot venture it hera.' Lord Houghton gave this as from a letter to Haydon: it is really an edited extract from a letter to Tom Keats which happens to have been pasted into Haydon's journal.
On the 11th of July, at Maybole, Keats began a letter to Reynolds, the whole

Yet can I stamp my foot upon thy floor,
Yet can I ope thy window-sash to find
The meadow thou hast tramped o'er and o'er,—
Yet can I think of thee till thought is blind,—
Yet can I gulp a bumper to thy name,—
O smile among the shades, for this is fame!

# Lines written in the Highlands after a Visit to Burns's Country.

THERE is a charm in footing slow across a silent plain,
Where patriot battle has been fought, where glory had the gain;
There is a pleasure on the heath where Druids old have been,
Where mantles grey have rustled by and swept the nettles
green:

There is a joy in every spot made known by times of old, New to the feet, although each tale a hundred times be told;

of which is very interesting (see Letters); but the following passage is, in this connexion, peculiarly so:—

"I begin a letter to you because I am approaching Burns's cottage very fast. We have made continual enquiries from the time we saw his tomb at Dumfries—his name of course is known all about—his great reputation among the plodding people is 'that he wrote a good mony sensible things.' One of the pleasantest ways of annulling self is approaching such a shrine as the Cottage of Burns—we need not think of his misery—that is all gone, bad luck to it—I shall look upon it hereafter with unmixed pleasure, as I do on my Stratford-on-Avon day with Bailey. I shall fill this sheet for you in the bardie's country, going no further than this till I get to the town of Ayr which will be a nine miles' walk to Tea."

Probably the proceedings related to Tom Keats took place on the 12th: the travellers must have passed no great way from Burns's cottage on the road to Ayr, seeing that the cottage is some two miles south of the town; but they may have wished to start with renewed vigour after a night's rest on this quasi-religious part of their pilgrimage. To Reynolds also Keats spoke disparagingly of the sonnet, as too bad for transcription; and to Bailey he wrote that it was "so wretched" that he destroyed it. Nevertheless it fortunately survived; and I heartily conour in the opinion of the late Dante Gabriel Rossetti, who observes in a letter to me that this sonnet, "for all Keats says about it himself, is a fine thing." Lord Houghton comments thus—"The 'local colour' is strong in it: it might have been written where 'Willie brewed a peck o' mant,' and its geniality would have delighted the object of its admiration".

After leaving Ayr Keats and Brown appear to have been detained by rain at some place twelve miles along the road, when Keats took the opportunity of going on with his letter to Reynolds begun at Maybole. They were en route for Glasgow (casually mentioned in a letter to Bailey begun at Inverary on the 18th of July), which they took on their way from Ayr to Loch Lomond and Inverary. The poem given above is mentioned to Bailey as having been written within a few days of the sonnet in Burns's cottage, so that, although Keats is responsible for the title

There is a deeper joy than all, more solemn in the heart, More parching to the tongue than all, of more divine a smart, When weary steps forget themselves upon a pleasant turf, Upon hot sand, or finity road, or sea shore iron scurf,

Toward the castle or the cot, where long ago was born One who was great through mortal days, and died of fame

unshorn
Light heather bells may tremble then, but they are far away,

Light heather belis may tremble then, but they are far away, Wood lark may sing from sandy fern,—the Sun may hear his lay.

Runnels may kiss the grass on shelves and shallows clear, 15 But their low voices are not heard, though come on travels drear;

Blood red the Sun may set behind black mountain peaks, Blue tides may sluice and drench their time in caves and weedy creeks.

Eagles may seem to sleep wing wide upon the air, Ring doves may fly convuls'd across to some high cedar'd lair, 20

as given above, it seems more probable that the term Hochkende was used us a lax popular came than that the piece was composed after the vant to Staffle. Indeed in the letter to Balley be speaks of the whole tour as un the Highlands. Keats expected to be by Lock Lemond dows the 15th of July, and may have written this poem on high ground anywhere about the Lock, with the secnery of which he was very much impressed. They do not assorad Ben Lemond as intended, being

deterred by expense and need of rest.

In the Monghun collection as a holograph management of the poem, at the end of which Keats has written the title as given in the sitten, and another copy was "cross-cribed," as Keats says, on his letter to Badler of the 18th of Jaby 1312. There is a management samong those at the end of Sir Chairles Dikes 'I-Maymon',' and a transcript house it James when the six of the policy of the six of the policy of the six of the policy of the six manuscripts. In 'The Brammer' for the 16th of Jaby 1822 is a complete with of the policy has papared in "a list Number of the 'New Houthly Magainse," and that it was forwarded to the citizer of that magainmentume. The 'Drainment extra crosspools throughout with his which when the six of the policy of the six of the policy of the p

There is a charm in footing slow across a { silent plain grand camp

I suppose the cancelled grand comp would have been grand companys if Keats had not thought better of it before familing the him. In an 2 ends in the holograph with 'when glory had the gain', not 'where'. Line 5 was originally written

In every spot there is a joy made known by times of old

but the words 'in every spot' and 'there is a joy' are marked for transpontion. The Mureum transport and 'The Examiner' also read 'in days of old' for 'by times of old' in line 6

13. The Monghton holograph shows the cancelled reading 'Blue heather bells' for 'Light heather bells'

The Museum transcript reads 'Wood larks' for 'Wood lark'.

16. The Houghton holograph reads 'from' for 'on'

But the forgotten eye is still fast lidded to the ground, As Palmer's, that with weariness, mid-desert shrine hath found. At such a time the soul's a child, in childhood is the brain; Forgotten is the worldly heart—alone, it beats in vain.-Aye, if a madman could have leave to pass a healthful day To tell his forehead's swoon and faint when first began decay, He might make tremble many a one whose spirit had gone forth a To find a Bard's low cradle-place about the silent North! Scanty the hour and few the steps beyond the bourn of care, Beyond the sweet and bitter world,—beyond it unaware! 30 Scanty the hour and few the steps, because a longer stay Would bar return, and make a man forget his mortal way: O horrible! to lose the sight of well remember'd face, Of Brother's eyes, of Sister's brow-constant to every place; Filling the air, as on we move, with portraiture intense; 35 More warm than those heroic tints that pain a painter's sense, When shapes of old come striding by, and visages of old, Locks shining black, hair scanty grey, and passions manifold. No. no, that horror cannot be, for at the cable's length Man feels the gentle anchor pull and gladdens in its strength:-One hour, half-idiot, he stands by mossy waterfall, 41 But in the very next he reads his soul's memorial:-He reads it on the mountain's height, where chance he may sit down

Upon rough marble diadem—that hill's eternal crown. Yet be his anchor e'er so fast, room is there for a prayer That man may never lose his mind on mountains black and bare; That he may stray league after league some great birth-place to

And keep his vision clear from speck, his inward sight unblind.

<sup>21.</sup> Rejected reading of the holograph, 'keeps' for 'is'.

<sup>23.</sup> The Dilke manuscript reads 'world's a child'—the Houghton, 'soul's a child': world's is doubtless an error of transcription induced by the presence of worldly in the next line.

<sup>25-9.</sup> In the Houghton manuscript 'a' is substituted for 'the 'before 'Madman'; and in line 27 'many a Man' is rejected for 'many a one'. Line 29 originally began with 'Short is the hour' instead of 'Scanty the hour'.

<sup>35.</sup> In the holograph 'one' is written by mistake for 'on'.

<sup>38.</sup> The first word of line 38 was originally 'Hair', but was altered to 'Locks'.
44-5. In the Houghton holograph line 44 originally opened with 'Upon its marble diadem',—'its' being struck out for 'rough'. In line 45 'the anchor' and 'our anchor' are rejected in favour of 'his anchor'. The above text follows generally the Dilke manuscript.

### THE GADELY.

ALL gentle folks who owe a grudge To any living thing Open your ears and stay your t[r]udge Whilst I in dudgeon sing

2.

The Gadfiv he hath stung me sore-O may he ne'er sting you! But we have many a horrid bore He may sting black and blue.

Has any here an old grey Mare With three legs all her store, O put it to her Buttocks bare And straight she'll run on four.

Has any here a Lawyer suit Of 1743. Take Lawyer's nose and put it to't And you the end will see.

ς.

Is there a Man in Parliament Dum[b-]founder'd in his speech, O let his neighbour make a rent And put one in his breech,

hundred and forty three."

<sup>&#</sup>x27;The Gadfiy' is from a letter to Tom Keats-first published in the Library edition. On the 17th of July 1818 the travellers were approaching Inversey, and Keats began the letter at "durn-something", having walked fifteen miles to Preakfast through "two tremendous Glens". One of these was Glencroe and the other perhaps a smaller glen at the southern extremity of Glenfyne. Glencroe is mentioned later on in the letter and is also identifiable by a place called "Eest mentioned later on in the review and is also increments by a place cause. Local and be thankfull "which the poet names; and at the said of the smaller gien is Cairndow not far from the northern extremity of Loch Tyne, a bathe in which was the occasion of the balled given above—a bathe to which the gaddies were though drawback (see Letters). The balled may be assigned to the 17th of July 1818. 4. Line 2 is of course to be read "Of seventeen forty three", not "Of seventeen

6.

O Lowther how much better thou Hadst figur'd t'other day When to the folks thou mad'st a bow And hadst no more to say

7.

If lucky Gadfly had but ta'en His seat \* And put thee to a little pain To save thee from a worse.

8.

Better than Southey it had been, Better than Mr. D----, Better than Wordsworth too, I ween, Better than Mr. V----

9.

Forgive me pray good people all For deviating so— In spirit sure I had a call— And now I on will go.

10

Has any here a daughter fair Too fond of reading novels, Too apt to fall in love with care And charming Mister Lovels,

6-8. I have not met with any account of the particular circumstances in which one of the members for Westmoreland figured in the manner described in stanza 6; but probably the contemporary newspaper press might show what episode Keats was contemplating in the memorable campaign in which the whigs tried to upset the then time-honoured influence of the House of Lowther, which had nominated the then time-honoured induonce of the House of Lowther, which had hominated the two county members, undisputedly, for a long time. The particular Lowther of stanza 6 was probably the Treasury Lord who was afterwards second Earl of Lonsdale. Wordsworth's 'Two Addresses to the Freeholders of Westmoreland' Lonsdale, Wordsworth's 'Two Addresses to the Freeholders of Westmoreland' are probably glanced at in stanza 8; "Mr. V——" would doubtless be the then Chancellor of the Exchequer, Nicholas Vansittart; and "Mr. D——" may perhaps have here here had held office in a president particular that this haps have been Mr. Dundas, who had held office in a previous ministry; but this last name rests upon mere conjecture.

10. The reference is doubtless to the here of Scott's novel 'The Antiquary,' properly the Honourable William Geraldin, heir to the Earl of Glenallan, but

known throughout the book as Mr. Lovel

II.

O put a Gadfly to that thing
She keeps so white and pert—
I mean the finger for the ring,
And it will breed a wort

12.

Has any here a pious spouse Who seven times a day Scolds as King David pray'd, to chouse And have her holy way—

. .

O let a Gadfiy's little sting Persuade her sacred tongue That noises are a common thing, But that her bell has rung.

1.4

And as this is the summum bonum of all conquering, I leave "withouten wordes mo" The Gadfiy's little sting.

#### SONNET.

On hearing the Eag-pipe and seeing "The Stranger" played at Inversey.

OF late two dainties were before me plac'd Sweet, holy, pure, sacred and innocent, From the ninth sphere to me benignly sent That Gods might know my own particular taste:

12. Perhaps the reference is to Paalm cir, verse 164, "Seven times a day do I praise thee because of thy righteous judgments"; but there is certainly no in tentional direspect to David, the word 'chouse' being the exclusive property of the pions could.

. The Bag-pape sonnet, first given in the Library edition, is from the same letter as 'The Gadiy'. It would seem to have been still the 17th of July when Keats and Brown "came round the end of Loch Pape to Inversey", as the poet tells his brother Tom in continuing the letter began at Cairndow; for he makes a fresh

First the soft Bag-pipe mourn'd with zealous haste, The Stranger next with head on bosom bent Sigh'd; rueful again the piteous Bag-pipe went, Again the Stranger sighings fresh did waste. O Bag-pipe thou didst steal my heart away—

O Stranger thou my nerves from Pipe didst charm—

O Bag-pipe thou didst re-assert thy sway— Again thou Stranger gav'st me fresh alarm— Alas! I could not choose. Ah! my poor heart Mum chance art thou with both oblig'd to part.

## STAFFA.

# NOT Aladdin magian Ever such a work began;

start with "last evening," and lower down another fresh start dated July 20th in which he speaks of the lapse of two days. The letter to Bailey already mentioned is also dated "Inverary, July 18"; and that was doubtless the day on which he recounted to Tom the arrival at Inverary. Keats had been excruciated by a solo on the bag-pipe on the way, "I thought," he says "the brute would never have done—yet was I doomed to hear another. On entering Inverary we saw a Play Bill—Brown was knock'd up from new shoes—so I went to the Barn alone where I saw the Stranger accompanied by a Bag-pipe. There they went on about 'interesting creaters' and 'human nater'—till the curtain fell and then came the Bag-pipe. When Mrs. Haller fainted down went the curtain and out came the Bag-pipe—at the heartrending, shoemending reconciliation the Piper blew amain. I never read or saw this play before; not the Bag-pipe nor the wretched players themselves were little in comparison with it—thank heaven it has been scoffed at lately almost to a fashion ". The sonnet given above follows this passage without a break; and I presume we may safely assign it to the 18th of July 1818. It was published in 'The Athenaum' of the 7th of June 1873. Without being in any sense a good sonnet, it is highly interesting as the record of a mood, and of Keats's attitude towards the wretched but once renowned work of August von Kotzebue, translated into English and performed at Drury Lane as long ago as 1798. The part of Mrs. Haller has been graced by no less a player than Mrs. Siddons. The manuscript of the sonnet shows a cancelled reading in line 8, sighed in discontent, rejected of course as upsetting the metre. After a detention of a few hours at Inverary owing to Brown's suffering from sore feet, the travellers started again on the 19th of January, walked along "20 miles by the side of Looh Awe"—southward, I suppose, for they next paused "between Craignish and the sea just opposite Long Island," where Keats gives a very minute account to Tom of the locale (see Letters). They then pushed on to Oban, "16 miles in a soaking rain"—due north again. At Oban Keats finished the letter to Tom containing 'The Gadfly' and the 'Stranger' sonnet, and posted it, announcing that the travellers had given up the idea of Mull and Staffa on account of the expense. This was probably on the 22nd of July.

'Staffa,' first published by Lord Houghton in 1848, is by far the most characteristic of the Scotch series of poems. On the 23rd of July Keats began a fresh letter to Tom, stating that just after he had posted the other the guide to Mull came in

STAFFA.

221

Not the wizard of the Dee Ever such a dream could see: Not St John, in Patmos' Isle, In the passion of his toil. When he saw the churches seven. Golden aisl'd, built up in heaven, Gaz'd at such a rugged wonder. As I stood its roofing under, 10 Lol I saw one sleeping there. On the marble cold and bare While the surges wash'd his feet. And his garments white did beat 15 Drench'd about the sombre rocks. On his neck his well grown locks. Lifted dry above the main. Were upon the curl again. "What is this? and what art thou?" Whisper'd I, and touch'd his brow "What art thou? and what is this?" Whisper'd I, and strove to kiss The spirit's hand, to wake his eyes, Up he started in a trice "Î am Lycidas," said he, 25 "Fam'd in funeral ministrelsy!

and made a bargain with them. This latter letter is headed "Dun an collen": but probably the place indicated is Derrynaculen, which is at a situation on the walk through the southern part of the Isle of Mull corresponding with Keats's narrative This narrative seems to show that on the 23rd of July they crossed from Oban to Kerrera by one ferry and from Kerrera to Mull by another, and walked across the south of the Island to the western extremity to cross to Iona by boat. By the 26th, Keats resumed his letter to Tom at Oban, and narrated that the thirty seven miles of walking had been very miserable and that he and Brown had taken a boat at a bargain to carry them from Iona to Staffa, and land them finally at the head of Loch Nakeal, whence they could return to Oban by a better route. There is good reason to think that the Staffa poem was in the main written on the spot in the enthusiasm of the moment, for a copy of it down to the end of the present line 46, in a less mature state, exists in the writing of Brown, who sent it to Severn; this Mr William Sharp gives in a note at page 35 of 'The Lafe and Letters of Joseph Severn' (1892) On resuming his letter to Tom, Keats vividly described Staffa, including Fingal's Cave and, after saying "But it is impossible to describe it, inserted a matured version of the poem, with the following lines added to what Brown had copied for Severn

> Tis now free to stupid face To cutters, and to Fashion boats, To cravats and to peticoats — The great sea shall war it down For its fame shall not be blown. At each farthing Quadrille dance, So saying with a spirit's glance He dived.

I look into the chasms, and a shroud Vapourous doth hide them,—just so much I wist Mankind do know of hell; I look o'erhead, And there is sullen mist,—even so much Mankind can tell of heaven, imst is spread

Before the earth, beneath me,—even such, Even so vague is man's sight of himself!

Here are the craggy stones beneath my feet,—
Thus much I know that, a poor witless elf,
I tread on them,—that all my eye doth meet
Is mist and crag, not only on this height,
But in the world of thought and mental might

BEN NEVIS:

A Dialogue (Persons: Mrs. Cameron and Een Nevis.)

MRS. C

Upon my Life Sir Nevis I am pique'd That I have so far panted tugg'd and reek'd To do an honor to your old bald pate And now am sitting on you just to bate,

before praking on to Fort William and Laverness. The second of Ben Navis was made on the Sand of August. Level Houghton says in the 'Life, Letters' &co., makes this somet first agent. —"Prom Fort William Kasts monated Ben Navis. When on the summate a cloud excelepted hum, and sixting on the stoness, as it alony! waffed away, showing a tremendous precipics into the valley below, he wrote these lines."

these lines."
The late Dante Cabrel Rossetti wrote to me of this sonnet as "perhaps the most thoughtful of Keats, and greatly superior in execution to the draft on Allies Origin." I must confest to finding a little want of spontanety—not to be wondered at when we counder that Keats, though writing so bravely to his finends, had undertaken a task far beyond his physical strength, and probably one which laid the foundations of his mortal illness. He speaks to Tom highly enough of "as hight size throat"; but in a letter which Evora wrote from laveness on the 7th of Angust, he says "Mix. Keats will leave me, and I am full of sorrow about it, ... a volent cold and an uncertact threat make it a matter of produces that he

... a volent cold and an ulcerated threat make it a matter of predence that he should go to London in the Packett be has been unrell for some time, and the Payancian here is of opinion been the receiver if he journeys on foot thro' all writer and the partial of the packet of the cold of the packet of the pack

The Ben Nevis dialogue, first published in the Library edition, occurs in Keata's holograph letter to his brother Tom, just mentioned. He describes the ascent

Without your paying me one compliment. 5 Alas 'tis so with all, when our intent Is plain, and in the eye of all Mankind We fair ones show a preference, too blind! You Gentle man immediately turn tail— O let me then my hapless fate bewail! 10 Ungrateful Baldpate have I not disdain'd The pleasant Valleys—have I not madbrain'd Deserted all my Pickles and preserves My China closet too—with wretched Nerves To boot-say wretched ingrate have I not 15 Leff t my soft cushion chair and caudle pot. 'Tis true I had no corns—no! thank the fates My Shoemaker was always Mr. Bates. And if not Mr. Bates why I'm not old! Still dumb ungrateful Nevis—still so cold! 20

Here the Lady took some more w[h]iskey and was putting even more to her lips when she dashed [it] to the Ground for the Mountain began to grumble—which continued for a few minutes before he thus began,

## BEN NEVIS.

What whining bit of tongue and Mouth thus dares
Disturb my slumber of a thousand years?
Even so long my sleep has been secure—
And to be so awaked I'll not endure.
Oh pain—for since the Eagle's earliest scream
I've had a dam[n]'d confounded ugly dream,
A Nightmare sure. What Madam was it you?
It cannot be! My old eyes are not true!
Red-Crag, my Speciacles! Now let me see!
Good Heavens Lady how the gemini
Did you get here? O I shall split my sides!
I shall earthquake————

## Mrs. C.

Sweet Nevis do not quake, for though I love You[r] honest Countenance all things above

graphically for his young brother's edification, and adds—"After all there was one Mrs. Cameron of 50 years of age and the fattest woman in all Invernessshire who got up this Mountain some few years ago—true she had her servants—but then she had herself... 'Tis said a little conversation took place between the mountain and the Lady. After taking a glass of W[h]iskey as she was tolerably seated at ease she thus began."

22. The manuscript reads 'distur'd' for 'disturb'.

26. It is not quite clear whether the word in the letter is 'dam'd' or 'darn'd'.

29. As regards 'Bed-Crag', Keats explains "A domestic of Ben's".

Truly I should not like to be convey'd So far into your Bosom—gentle Maid Loves not too rough a treatment gentle Sir— Pray thee be calm and do not quake nor strr No not a stone or I shall go in fits—

BEN NEVIS I must-I shall-I meet not such tit bits-40 I meet not such sweet creatures every day-By my old night cap night cap night and day I must have one sweet Buss-I must and shall ! Red Crag !-What Madam can you then repent Of all the toil and vigour you have spent 45 To see Ben Nevis and to touch his nose? Red Crag I say! O I must have them close! Red Crag, there lies beneath my farthest toe A vein of Sulphur—go dear Red Crag, go-And rub your flinty back against it-budge! 50 Dear Madam I must kiss you, faith I must ! I must Embrace you with my dearest gust ! Block head, d'ye hear-Block head I'll make her feel There hes beneath my east leg's northern heel A cave of young earth dragons-well my boy 55 Go thither quick and so complete my joy Take you a bundle of the largest pines And when the sun on fiercest Phosphor shines Fire them and ram them in the Dragon's nest Then will the dragons fry and fizz their best 60 Until ten thousand now no bigger than Poor Alffligators-poor things of one span-Will each one swell to twice ten times the size Of northern whale-then for the tender prize-The moment then-for then will Red Crab rub 65 His flinty back-and I shall kiss and snub And press my dainty morsel to my breast,

O Muses weep the rest— The Lady fainted and he thought her dead So pulled the clouds again about his head And went to sleep again—soon she was rous'd By her affrighted servants—next day hous'd Safe on the lowly ground she bless'd her fate That fainting fit was not delayed too late,

Block head make haste!

<sup>53.</sup> Keats explains that Block head is "Another domestic of Ben a" 74. He adds here in plain prese "But what surprises me above all is how this Lady got down again. I felt it hornbly "Twas the most vile descent—shook me all to pieces."

Translation from a Sonnet of Rongard.

NATURE withheld Cassandra in the skies. For more adornment, a full thousand years; She took their cream of Beauty's fairest dyes, And shap'd and tinted her above all Peers: Meanwhile Love kept her dearly with his wings, And underneath their shadow fill'd her eyes

The translation from Ronsard seems to have been made about September 1818. It was first given by Lord Houghton in the 'Life, Letters' &c. (1848) in a letter to Roynolds, undated, but belonging to that time. The sonnet follows the words "Here is a free translation of a Sonnet of Ronsard, which I think will please you—I have the loan of his works—they have great Beauties". Lord Houghton supplied the couplet thus :-

> So that her image in my soul upgrew, The only thing aderable and true.

In the copy of Shakespeare's Poetical Works given to Keats by Reynolds, and containing the manuscript of Keats's last sonnet, there is also a manuscript of these three quatrains, wanting, like the version adopted by Lord Houghton, the last two lines. The readings of this manuscript are greatly inferior to those of the other version, which I have adopted above, merely substituting 'd' for 'ed' in some few words, and 'dyes' for 'dies' in line 3; but to show the variations fully I here transcribe the manuscript:

> Nature withheld Cassandra in the skies For meet adornment a full thousand years; She took their cream of Beauty, fairest dies And shaped and tinted her above all peers. Love meanwhile held her dearly with his wings And underneath their shadow charm'd her eyes To such a richness, that the cloudy Kings Of high Olympus uttered slavish sighs-When I beheld her on the Earth descend My heart began to burn-and only pains They were my pleasures—they my sad Life's end— Love pour'd her Beauty into my warm veins...

This manuscript, which shows a cancelled reading of line 10—

My heart began to burn-my head to daze-

is something of a curiosity. Keats wrote it with a pencil; and the pencilling has been gone over with a pen and ink. After a very careful examination I am confident that Keats did not ink over his pencil draft himself, and almost equally confident that this was done by Woodhouse—perhaps at the request of Severn, to whom the book passed from Keats. Beneath the unfinished sonnet is a pencilled memorandum in Woodhouse's writing, signed "E. W.", as follows:

"This is a translation from one of Ronsard's sonnets (a book I lent Keats)—It

begins

'Nature ornant Cassandre qui devoit Де вез forcer les plus rebelles.'

Ibelieve I have the translation complete at home." It must, however, be borne in mind that, after writing it down for Reynolds, Keats himself said "I had not the original by me when I wrote it, and did not recollect the purport of the last

10

With such a richness that the cloudy Kings Of high Olympus utter'd slavish sighs When from the Heavens I saw her first descend, My heart took fire, and only burning pains, They were my pleasures—they my Life's sad end; Love pour'd her beauty into my warm veins.

. . . . .

#### A PROPHECY. TO GEORGE KEATS IN AMERICA.

TIs the witching hour of night, Orbed is the moon and bright, And the stars they glisten, glisten, Seeming with bright eyes to listen— For what listen they?

For a song and for a charm, See they glisten in alarm, And the moon is waxing warm To hear what I shall say

To hear what I shall say

Moon! keep wide thy golden ears—

Hearken, stars! and hearken, spheres!—

linea." The original connet is the second connet in 'Les Amours de Cassandre', and is as follows

Nature, ornant Cassandra, qui denoit De sa donour forcer les plus robiles, La compasa de cent besuites nouvelles, La compasa de cent besuites nouvelles, Que dès mille asse en espargne elle sanut—De tous les hens qu' Amour su Chel counor to Commo un trévo chercment sous ess ales, Elle serrobit les graces immortalles Des on he devel qui les Druce semanours.—Du Chel à peuno elle settot decendre Ocand o la vey quand mon assen esperduï En deuit folle, et d'un a pognant truit, Aronor couls ses beautes en mes veines, Qu' autres plausirs le nos sens que mes peuces Xy autres hour qu' adore son portrait.

Cas andre, it should be explained, was, as Lord Houghton records in the 'Lafe, Letters' &c, "a damosel of Blois," beloved of Master Peter Ronsard.

'A Prophecy' is from the letter to George and Georgiana Keats finished on the 28th of October 1818, and was first given by Lord Houghton in the 'Lufe, Letters' &c. The lines follow numediately upon this passage.—

Hearken, thou eternal sky!	
I sing an infant's lullaby,	
A pretty lullaby.	
Listen, listen, listen,	15
Glisten, glisten, glisten, glisten,	
And hear my lullaby!	
Though the rushes that will make	
Its cradle still are in the lake—	
Though the linen that will be	20
Its swathe, is on the cotton tree—	
Though the woollen that will keep	
It warm, is on the silly sheep—	
Listen, starlight, listen, listen,	
Cliston gliston gliston gliston	a
Glisten, glisten, glisten, glisten,	25
And hear my lullaby!	
Child, I see thee! Child, I've found thee	
Midst of the quiet all around thee!	
Child, I see thee! Child, I spy thee!	**
And thy mother sweet is night hee!	30
Child, I know thee! Child no more,	
But a Poet evermore!	
See, see, the lyre, the lyre,	
In a flame of fire,	
Upon the little cradle's top	35
Flaring, flaring,	
Past the eyesight's bearing.	
Awake it from its sleep,	
And see if it can keep	
Its eyes upon the blaze—	40
Amaze, amaze!	
It stares, it stares, it stares,	
It dares what no one dares!	
It lifts its little hand into the flame	
Unharm'd, and on the strings	45
Paddles a little tune, and sings,	
With dumb endeavour sweetly—	
Bard art thou completely l	
Little child	
O' th' western wild,	50
Bard art thou completely!	
Sweetly with dumb endeavour,	
A Poet now or never,	
Little child	
O' th' western wild,	55
A Poet now or never!	

<sup>&#</sup>x27;3. This couplet recalls curiously one in the Daisy's Song in 'Extracts from pera,' page 202 of this volume.

### STANZAS

\_

Is a dreat nighted December,
Too I apply, happy tree,
Thy branches neer remember
Their green felicity
The north cannot undo them,
With a sleety whistle through them;
Nor frozen thawings plue it ern
From budding at the prime.

-

In a drear nighted December, Too happy, happy brook, Thy bubblings reer remember Apollo's summer look, But with a sweet forgetting, They stay their crystal feeting, Never, never petting About the frozen time.

3.

Ah ' would 'twere so with many A pentle girl and boy!

Of the statum (In a dreaming to Devember). I have east fined as east or pint than that the Alarmai set than (Ed-Loy, Reta, and Concept prility). In 1200 of appeared is 'The liver, a liverary Annual. Also great managerin supplied children the accordance of the time are set that have as Meers. But 1,00, which are Hodge arouns on the 18th of Jero 100 and was prochased by Mr. Charles Law for his auto-space policition. Mr. Law lest it to me at the stony and examinate alward that each ratum berum with 'In dream opinion December'; the second shappy' in the 2 of statum I was a finited; the aid had been instead afterwaring in statum 3, line 2, 'happy' noted cancelled in favour of 'pentic', and his 6 was greatly Lifeting to the spread of women of the text in stood than.

#### The feel of not to fee it.

This help raph was signed "I hears", is trent dated. We obthers a Genmen place book compares a transcript, either from this maneurist efform another not further advanced. In the last line but two We oblicase has an accidental error, 'not' for 'none', and in the last but two a valuable re-time, "sizes" according altered principles and the last but was a valuable re-time, "sizes" according altered principles. In 'The Green' we read 'stold for last fight with the last histories been principle. In 'The Green' we read 'stold for last fight with the last histories been principles. We consider the last fight with the last properties to "also Green's principles and the last principles and the last principles and the last principles and the last principles are also been principles.

But were there ever any
Writh'd not at passed joy?
To know the change and feel it,
When there is none to heal it,
Nor numbed sense to steel it,
Was never said in rhyme.

## SPENSERIAN STANZA.

Written at the close of Canto II, Book V, of "The Faerie Queene."

In after-time, a sage of mickle lore
Yclep'd Typographus, the Giant took,
And did refit his limbs as heretofore,
And made him read in many a learned book,
And into many a lively legend look;
Thereby in goodly themes so training him,
That all his brutishness he quite forsook,
When, meeting Artegall and Talus grim,
The one he struck stone-blind, the other's eyes wox dim.

The Spenserian stanza on the beneficence of typography, given by Lord Houghton in the 'Life, Letters' &c. (1848), Volume I, page 281, was preceded by

the following note:-

"The copy of Spenser which Keats had in daily use, contains the following stanza, inserted at the close of Canto II, Book V. His sympathies were very much on the side of the revolutionary 'Gyant,' who 'undertook for to repair' the 'realms and nations run awry,' and to suppress 'tyrants that make men subject to their law,' 'and lordings curbe that commons over-aw,' while he grudged the legitimate victory, as he rejected the conservative philosophy, of the 'righteous Artegall' and his comrade, the fierce defender of privilege and order. And he expressed, in this ex post facto prophecy, his conviction of the ultimate triumph of freedom and equality by the power of transmitted knowledge."

I have no data whereby to fix the period of this commentary of Keats on the political attitude of Spenser; but I should judge it to belong to the end of 1818 or thereabouts. The copy of Spenser in which the stanza was written is not now forthcoming; it passed into the hands of Miss Brawne, and was lost, with other

books, many years after Keats's death.

### LIST OF WORDS IN THE 1820 VOLUME ALTERED SO AS TO CONSIST WITH KEATS'S BULE OR PRACTICE.

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	Part	Line	Į.	SŁ	Line		St.	Line
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robed		76	, <sup>1</sup> "	bella		inspired	-	43
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paced	*	134		TAVIII	7	keen-eyed	м	278
						cried		293
insphered	10	183		IIIVII	3	CLING	п	
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End of Volume IL